

MATTHEW FOWLDS

Centenarian Weaver

And Other Fenwick Worthies

J. K. FAIRLIE

Editor

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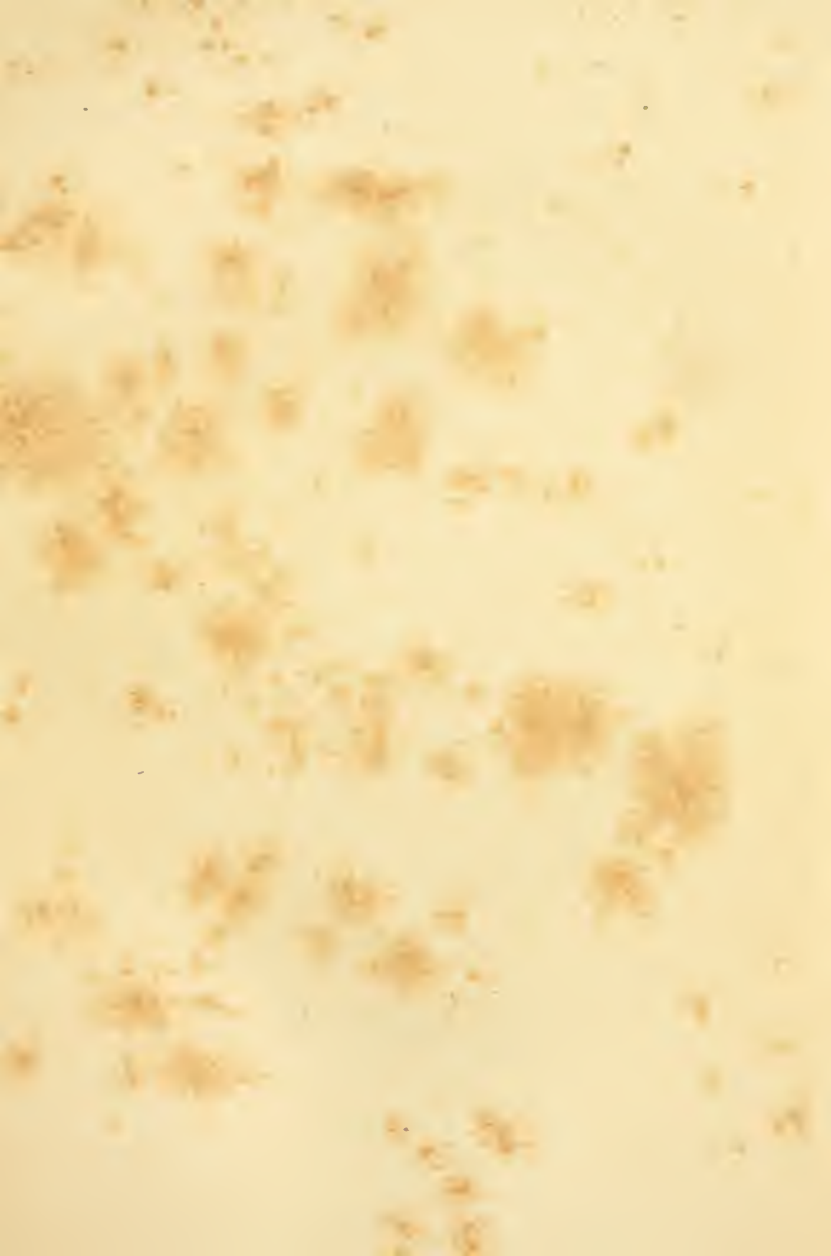


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MATTHEW FOWLDS

AND

Other Fenwick Worthies





MATTHEW FOWLDS

CENTENARIAN WEAVER

1806—1907

AND

Other Fenwick Worthies

WITH

BRIEF HISTORIES

OF

The Martyrs and Covenanters of Fenwick,

The Secession Church, and

The Weavers' Society

EDITED BY

REV J. KIRKWOOD FAIRLIE

KILMARNOCK

"STANDARD" PRINTING WORKS

1910

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

For fully a hundred years Matthew Fowlds lived and wrought in the parish of Fenwick, and, for the greater part of that time, he was one of the best known and most highly respected men in the countryside. After his death in 1907, it was felt by many of his relatives and friends that some permanent memorial of his long and useful life was an object worthy of being undertaken. It was found, however, that the uneventful, quiet course of a customer weaver's life, even though extended over a whole century, afforded slender material for forming what might be called a biography. Yet it was evident that there were many matters of parochial and general interest associated with the story of the Centenarian's life, and that, if the scope of the volume were so enlarged as to include these, there would be no difficulty in preparing what might be an appropriate memorial of one whose name ought not soon to be forgotten. Arrangements were therefore made to secure from various friends and relatives contributions in the nature of reminiscences of the old man, and articles dealing with matters associated more or less intimately with his history. The result is the present memorial volume.

Rev. James Barr, B.D., of St. Mary's U.F. Church, Govan, whose early life was spent at Beanscroft, a farm about half a mile from Greystone Knowe, going back to the time when Fenwick came into existence as a parish, relates the story of the Fenwick Covenanters, from the most famous of whom Matthew Fowlds traced his descent. He also contributes "Reminiscences of a Centenarian." A brief account of the rise of the Secession Church in Scotland, and its first taking root in Fenwick, in the formation of the congregation (which came to number Mr. Fowlds among its members for eighty-four years), and of its progress under three pastorates, has been compiled by the Rev. J. K. Fairlie, the present minister. Mr. Thomas W. Orr, son of the Rev. William Orr, who for half a century ministered to the congregation, has found congenial labour in preparing some account of the Fenwick weavers and other worthies.

Two of the sons of Matthew Fowlds—William, the second son, of Louth, and George, the youngest, now Minister of Education in New Zealand, have contributed reminiscences of early days at Greystone Knowe. Mrs. Gibson, of Turnberry Farm, who, as Jeannie Clelland, faithfully watched over the old man in his declining days, has also added some tender recollections.

The Rev. David Landsborough, LL.D., of the Henderson Church, Kilmarnock, tells of numerous conversations with the old man, and of visits paid to his home in the course of his frequent rambles through the parish. The late Mr. A. W. Meiklejohn, for many years the honoured and beloved master of Hareshaw School, Waterside, has furnished reminiscences which

associate Mr. Fowlds with a school in which he always took the deepest interest.

It was in weakness and weariness, borne with fortitude and patience of hope, that our friend, Mr. Meiklejohn, penned these affectionate tributes to his Fenwick friends and scholars, and that other to Matthew Fowlds, which forms a later chapter of this volume. On the 23rd of October, 1909, in his seventy-second year, he entered into rest. His memory is cherished with honour and affection by friends and pupils in Fenwick and in far-off lands. One of his distinguished scholars, Rev. Wm. Lindsay, M.A., was privileged to conduct his Funeral Service.

“ Hush ! Blessed are the dead
In Jesus’ arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.”

Mr. James Dunlop, of Hallhouse, formerly of Midland, a confidential friend of Mr. Fowlds in his latter days, and one who was for ten years associated with him in the office of the eldership, has found something of interest to tell, suggested by such unpromising material as the old Rent Receipt Book of Greystone Knowe Feu.

A long and interesting letter from Canada, written in 1845 to Mr. Fowlds by an intimate friend, throws light upon incidents in Fenwick of that period, as well as upon matters in the United States and Canada. Age seems to have dealt more hardly with old letters and manuscripts preserved by Mr. Fowlds, than with himself, so that it has not been easy to find among these much that could be reproduced. Mr. Orr has, however, succeeded in deciphering some that are worthy of

preservation in this volume of memorial. An account of three memorable occasions in the life of the Centenarian—the Golden Wedding, the Elder's Jubilee, and the celebration of his hundredth year—forms a section of much importance in the record of a remarkable life.

The circumstances surrounding the old man's passing from the scene of his long labours, and some details of the Funeral Service and Funeral Sermon, are naturally the subject of the closing chapter, to which are added, in an appendix, a selection from numerous tributes to the good man's memory.

A photogravure of Mr. Monro S. Orr's admired painting of Mr. Fowlds, seated at his loom, in his hundredth year, forms the frontispiece of the volume. Numerous views, sketched by Miss Nellie B. Workman, grand-daughter of Rev. William Orr, of places in or near Fenwick, referred to in this memorial, as also a number of photographic views, portraits, copies of old documents and of Ordinance Maps, will add, it is hoped, pleasing illumination to the printed record. Through the kindness of Mr Andrew Melrose, the publisher of Dr. Smellie's "Men of the Covenant," we are enabled to reproduce the portraits, from that work, of the Rev. James Guthrie, the martyr, and of his cousin, the Rev. William Guthrie, the first minister of Fenwick.

A word of correction and sincere apology is needful with respect to the footnote, page 22. It was the grandmother of Principal Robertson who was a Howie of Lochgoin, not his mother.

In Dr. Robertson, now in the home-land, Fenwick is proud to greet a distinguished scion of its oldest

covenanting family. Matthew Fowlds was uncle to the present Mrs. Howie of Lochgoin, and so that hallowed spot is a centre of interest to the Robertson and the Fowlds families alike.

CHAPTER I

THE MARTYRS AND COVENANTERS OF FENWICK PARISH

No apology is needed for the presence of this chapter in the present Memorial Volume. Matthew Fowlds gave a very considerable place in his memory and in his conversation to the history, traditions, and succession of the Covenanters, and when we consider that his own recollection carried him back to the early decades of the nineteenth century, and that other two such long links would take us back to the very days of the Covenant, we may be led to ascribe to tradition a higher value and a greater stability than we might otherwise have assigned to it.

There were also more tender links that linked our friend and hero with one of the most illustrious of the Fenwick Covenanters. He was a direct descendant of Captain John Paton of Meadowhead. I have before me a regularly drawn and duly attested marriage contract, of date 1725, between James Fowlds of Glaister and Mary taillor of Craigends, in which a lineal forebear of Matthew Fowlds and a direct descendant of Captain Paton, "having conceived a mutual love and affection etch of them for another . . . binds and obliges them by the faith and trouble of ther bodies to compleat and solemnise the holy bond of matrimony with all solemnities requisit."

But there are more general reasons. It was a Covenanting mould in which our centenarian friend was cast. Warp and woof in the web of his life, in the

intertexture of his daily weaving, were alike of threads all spun from blood-dyed wool, home grown on the Fenwick moors. No account of any Fenwick Worthy would be complete that did not go back here for his spiritual ancestry. Nor can any parish boast a nobler lineage. In Fenwick we lived unknown till persecution dragged us into fame; but the fame is unique, far flung, and undying. Our flag, with its legend, "Phinigh for God, Cwntry, and Covenanted Work of Reformations," waved conspicuously on every battlefield of the Covenant. Our galaxy of illustrious martyrs and Covenanters is not outshone by any parish in Scotland. And so it was that in his famous sermon at Fenwick in 1853, entitled "The Cloud of Witnesses or Scottish Martyrology," Dr. William Anderson was able to say:—"Inhabitants of Fenwick: I have spoken of the Cloud of Witnesses which overshadows Scotland: you dwell under its very focus. They speak of classic ground: yours is sacred. Not a stream but gave drink, not a green knoll among the heather but gave a resting place, not a thrash bush but gave footing through the moss to the Martyrs of the Covenant."

WILLIAM GUTHRIE, A.D. 1620-1665

In his youth William Guthrie had made a great surrender. He had laid aside every weight that he might run with freedom and with endurance the arduous race that was set before him. Eldest son and sole heir of the Laird of Pitforthly in Angus, he gave the succession of his estates to the only brother of five who did not enter the ministry. Like John Wesley, he panted to sing—

"No foot of land do I possess."

In a literal sense he left houses and lands for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, and he received an hundredfold and more, even in this life. For a day in the teeming

porches of Fenwick Kirk was better than a thousand on the broad acres of Pitforthly, and the gleanings of his adopted moors more than the golden harvests of Angus.

Fenwick almost missed the incomparable prize of William Guthrie's ministry. From the time they heard him in Galston the Covenanters of Fenwick were determined to have none other for the first minister of their newly erected parish. But Lord Boyd, the patron, was an unbending Royalist, and he long resisted the settlement. Thus early had Fenwick a foretaste of the anti-patronage struggle in which she was yet to play so conspicuous a part.

Guthrie had already taken his side among the stalwarts of the Covenant. At the University of St. Andrews, he was at once bed-fellow and student of his cousin, James Guthrie, "the short man who could not bow." There also he sat at the feet of Samuel Rutherford, who was as uncompromising in public affairs as he was seraphic in his letters and sermons. Therefore Guthrie sided with the Remonstrants against the Engagers, and with the Protesters against the Resolutionists, and was ever forward at Presbytery and Synod with uncompromising motions and addresses, a glorious "ringleader of sedition and schism" like John Milton, opposed even at the Restoration to the back-bringing and crowning of Charles the Second, a man as he foretold "who would soon welter in the best blood of Scotland." Wodrow has justly pictured him as a man honest, brave and firm, straight and steadfast in the public cause. He changed not with the men of a thousand shifts and wiles—a man of rock, a man of the everlasting yea, a man whose yea was yea, and his nay, nay.

Yet withal, he was a man of the blithest spirit. A man of moods, a great melancholian, he could yet mount up by octaves at a time, and anon cover a whole gamut scale of keys and notes. From the most boisterous fun, that yet was not without repentance, he could pass at once to the most devout frame, and in the midst of a

conversation on the deep things of the soul he would shock more austere saints by starting up and exclaiming, "I go a fishing."

The Rev. Robert Traill tells us that he had "singular sallies of wit and innocent mirth." Humorist, musician, sportsman, his violins, fowling pieces, fishing tackle, and his curling stone of black whinstone still preserved in Craufurdland Castle, are all so many witnesses against the vulgar notion that the Covenanters were lacking in humanity and humour. Who ever heard of a curler lacking either in the one or the other ?

" Say not that they were harsh and stern and sour,
Or say they were so, but not therefore base ;
We reap in ease what they did sow in toil,
And rate them harsh and stern, and sour the while."

In pulpit power William Guthrie stood without a rival in the West of Scotland. Matthew Crawford, minister at Eastwood, one of his contemporaries, says:—"He converted and confirmed many thousand souls, and was esteemed the greatest practical preacher in Scotland." Sometimes there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole church ; and it was in recognition of his pulpit pre-eminence, as well as of a certain sympathy with the Protector, that he was appointed one of Cromwell's "Triers of Preachers" for the Province of Glasgow and Ayr. His Sunday hearers came from places as far distant as Glasgow, Paisley, Hamilton, Lanark, and Strathaven. In those days the week-end ticket was taken out for Fenwick as regularly as it now is for a popular seaside resort, only the journey, sometimes 20 miles or more either way, was then performed on foot ; until every Saturday to Monday Fenwick was as busy, and as overtaxed for accommodation, as it now is on the Glasgow Fair holidays. The large church could not contain the multitudes that flocked from all parts. But those who could not gain access were fain to hover around the doors and windows. Nor were they disappointed ; for in Wodrow we are told that "Guthrie's



JAMES GUTHRIE.



WILLIAM GUTHRIE, OF FENWICK.

A Portrait prefixed to some Editions of "The Christian's Great Interest."

strong and clear voice enabled him to extend the profit of his discourses to the many hundreds who were obliged to keep without doors." But his more ardent admirers were not satisfied with an occasional week-end. They must settle down in Fenwick; and so they chose the site of their dwellings out of convenience to their church, where now we think rather of access to a railway station or the amenity of an eligible suburb. And so we are told by the famous John Livingstone of Ancrum:—"In his doctrine Mr. William Guthrie was as full and free as any man in Scotland had ever been, which, together with the excellence of his preaching gift, did so commend him to the affections of people, that they turned the cornfield of his glebe to a little town, everyone building a house for his family upon it, that they might live under the drop of his ministry."

But William Guthrie was a special adept in the art of man fishing. He caught many with guile. His biographer, Dunlop, says that in the disguise of a sportsman he gained some to a religious life, whom he could have little influence upon in a minister's gown. To the house of a godless family he would go in the disguise of a traveller, and talk with them about the strange new minister that had come to Fenwick, whom they should on no account miss hearing. Or going by nightfall and craving lodging, he would sit by the fire and talk the night away, and "the time flew by with tentless speed," for such a night of fun they never had, till Guthrie startled them all by asking if they did not take family worship before going to bed; nor would he take any denial till he had them all down on their knees, and the hitherto profane goodman ejaculating, "O Lord Thou knowest that this man would have me to pray, but Thou knowest that I cannot pray." To the poacher who excused himself from church on the ground that Sunday was his best day in all the week, Guthrie gave half-a-crown, his average drawing for the day, on condition that for once he would go to church instead. So did Guthrie allure to brighter worlds.

And his pawky ingenuity was richly rewarded. \ They who went to Fenwick Church one Sabbath of compulsion went ever after of choice; the once disguised traveller was now welcomed at the moorland farm as the father in Christ; the man who could not pray would now spend hours at a throne of grace, and it was no longer he that was compelled of Guthrie, but contrariwise the great Covenanter, ever as he came on his ministerial rounds, was obliged ere he left to lead the family devotions; and so the man who had been forced to go one mile with Guthrie now compelled Guthrie to go twain with him. As for the poacher, in due course he was ordained an elder in Fenwick Church; the half-crown now went into the plate, the creature itself was delivered, and the hares and rabbits on Fenwick moors rejoiced that their "mortal foe was noo awa'." So Guthrie went on till Fenwick Church was crowded with saints, all of whom had a history.

He was at special pains with those who had doubts and fears, or were perplexed by their spiritual experience. He himself, as his biographer tells us, had often been plunged into great depths of trouble and sorrows, doubts and fears; for him deep waters had crossed life's pathway, he knew all the rocks and sandbanks, all the rapids and cross currents and whirlpools in the soul's voyage back to God, and having voyaged much in these waters in other days, he was now employed as pilot steering distressed passengers up the perilous and perplexing stream. He had much experience, in himself and others, of the soul's afflictions and fractures, and so he came to be known far and near as "an eminent chirurgeon at the jointing of a broken soul, and at the stating of a doubtful conscience." To him, therefore, broken-hearted sinners repaired from all parts of the West of Scotland, and those who had come lame, broken down, and dejected, went away walking and leaping and praising God. And in this work he found his chiefest joy. Ah! William Guthrie was in his glory when the frost came down on Fenwick moors, and the

loch was bearing, and the curlers were at their roaring game, and he “the king o’ a’ the core,” but William Guthrie had a yet rarer joy, and that was when, like another celebrated Covenanter, he held his “levees” of wounded souls. His heart was all in this work ; he had “a flaming zeal for the glory of his blessed Master, and a tender compassion to the souls of men.” This was the determined purpose of his ministry ; “he would have stolen folk off their feet to his Lord before ever they were aware.” And great was his reward. Dunlop tells us that there was scarce a house in the whole parish that did not afford some real converts to a religious life. And on that Sabbath morning in Fenwick when he had preached his last sermon, and his pulpit was rudely closed to him for ever, this was his consolation—that the Lord “hath given me some success and seals of my ministry, upon the souls and consciences of not a few who are gone to heaven, and of some who are yet in the way to it.”

But Guthrie’s most conspicuous title to fame is in his book, “The Christian’s Great Interest.” It is but a small book, yet few have ever read it through. That is perhaps the highest compliment we can pay it. It is not easy, even were it seemly, to wade through a crop of thick-set growing corn all drop ripe, or a field of the finest of the wheat with rich laden ears overhead. This little book has gone through at least 60 editions, and has been translated into French, German, Dutch, and one at least of the Eastern tongues. Of the book and its author John Owen said :—“That author I take to have been one of the greatest divines that ever wrote ; it is my vade mecum, and I carry it and the Sedan New Testament still about with me. I have written several folios, but there is more divinity in it than in them all.” Queen Mary the Second said she admired it, and should never part with it while she lived. Dr. Chalmers spoke of it as a work of prime importance, and as, he thought, the best book he had ever read. And lastly, C. H. Spurgeon said of it :—

“There are many good books, like the saints of old, wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins—old Puritans—destitute, afflicted, tormented, that will bear witness for Christ yet. You remember how Guthrie’s ‘Saving Testimony,’ long forgotten in Scotland, was found by a shepherd lad, taken to a minister, and read, and how there broke out, from the reading of that old book that had wellnigh gone out of date and notice, a blessed revival of evangelical religion.”

Charles the Second had no sooner come to the throne than, despite all his pledges, he rescinded the Acts in favour of Presbyterianism, passed Acts restoring Patronage and Episcopacy, and above all, an Act of Supremacy, declaring the King supreme and his word law, not only in civil but equally in ecclesiastical affairs. Only those ministers were to be permitted to continue in their charges, who consented to receive presentation from patrons, and institution from bishops. All others were to be forfeited of their livings, interdicted from preaching, and ordered to remove their families from their parishes before the first of November, 1662. A month before that time, on St. Bartholemew’s Day, in a like cause, nearly two thousand ministers of the Church of England laid down their charges, and came out to lay broad and deep the foundations of English Non-Conformity. Now, on Scotland’s appointed day, three hundred ministers are driven from their manses and churches to wander for wellnigh thirty years on the mountains and moorlands, illustrated henceforth for all time by their preaching, their sufferings, and their blood. That Guthrie did not at first share their fate was nowise due to his great eminence, for our Scottish persecutors rather believed, like Tarquinius Superbus, in lopping off the heads of the tallest poppies. Nor was it that Guthrie was less faithful or stalwart than he had been; on the contrary, his voice and his courage rose with the gathering hurricane, and in Presbytery and Synod he was submitting uncompromising and outspoken motions and addresses to Crown and to Parliament.

Rather was his respite due to the influence at Court of his two powerful friends, the Earl of Eglinton and the Earl of Glencairn. Like another of Scotland's greatest sons he could say :—

I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me.

And so it came that he was not expelled from his church till the 24th of July, 1664, and as if there were still a hand behind the throne he was permitted to remain in Fenwick till October, 1665, grieving only over the silent Sabbaths. The scene on the 24th of July is perhaps the most notable in the history of the parish. That bright Summer Sabbath morn Guthrie spread a rich farewell feast for his people. Beginning at four o'clock in the morning he put in two services, and preached two sermons from the one text—Hosea xiii. 9, before the arrival of the ejectment party at nine o'clock. There had been no small difficulty on the part of the Archbishop of Glasgow in securing a man to intimate the sentence against the great preacher, but at last the Curate of Calder readily consented on promise of a £5 reward, for £5 was much to the curates of those days, of whom a landlord in the North said that after the eviction of the Covenanting ministers his tenants could hardly get herdboys, for all the shepherd lads had been taken away to make curates in the South. In the parley of this morning the curate is dwarfed by the manliness and the majesty of the great Covenanting leader, yet in the bosom of this unbending stalwart the warmest kindness glows, and to the attending soldiers he mingles words of warning with prayers to Heaven for their forgiveness :—“ As for you, gentlemen, I wish the Lord may pardon you for countenancing this man in his business.”

Like the early Christians Guthrie had panted for the martyrs' crown. Like the noble Ignatius he was fain to say —“ I would rather die for Jesus Christ than

rule to the utmost ends of the earth." Long ago he had said regretfully to his cousin, James Guthrie:—"Ye will have the advantage of me, for ye will die honourably before many witnesses, with a rope about your neck; and I will die whining upon a pickle straw." He was determined at all hazards to be present at the execution of James Guthrie at Stirling, but his Session prevailed upon him, though not without difficulty, to lay aside the rash design, as Wishart put off John Knox with the saying:—"One is sufficient for one sacrifice."

But though he might not visit the scene, or share its full glory, yet that martyrdom haunted him all his life, sealing the Covenant upon his heart, and stirring him up to yet nobler testimony. And ever there rang in his ears, as there rings through Scotland to this hour, his cousin's request to his mother that if any one ever asked her why her son lost his head, she was to say, "It was in a good cause," and his declaration at the place of execution that he would not "exchange that scaffold with the palace or mitre of the greatest prelate in Britain."

But although among Covenanters William Guthrie was an uncrowned king, yet nobly did he die. In intense and racking pain he cried out:—"Though I should die red wood mad, yet I know I shall die in the Lord. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord at all times, but more especially when a flood of errors, snares, and judgments are beginning or coming upon a Church, nation, or people." So in his native Angus he passed at the early age of 45, and after all won his crown.

But Guthrie dead was more powerful than Guthrie living. His ejection, banishment, and death riveted home the Covenant upon the hearts of his people. The "silent Sabbaths" in Fenwick were more eloquent than the days of glorious preaching, the voice of the exiled Covenanter still resounded through bog and hillside on the Fenwick uplands, and now that he was gone his spirit leapt up anew in a thousand hearts. "From crag to crag the signal flew;" from hag and fen they sprang

up vowing that the great Covenanter's principles should never die :—

They garrisoned the glen
At once with full ten thousand men.

It was Guthrie that gave Fenwick her goodly company of martyrs, her shining army of stalwart saints. He gave them hearts of oak. He tempered their steel. He bathed their swords in heaven. So to this one man was there given his own cloud of witnesses, his own galaxy of unsetting stars in the Scottish Covenant, his own bright host who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and then bleached them white in the blood-shot sun of that day of fiery persecution. And thus it was that the man that coveted the martyrs' crown, but never could obtain it for himself, yet placed this immortal diadem on the brow of many a Covenanter, till his own crown caught up the many jewelled radiance, and now it shines with multi-splendour for ever and ever.

The monument to his memory in Fenwick Churchyard bears this humble and restrained tribute :—

“ His active and self denied ministry, through the divine blessing, produced a deep and lasting impression. This stone is erected, 1854, as a token of gratitude by the Christian public.

“ With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord ;
Finished my course and kept the Faith,
Depending on His Word.”

JOHN PATON OF MEADOWHEAD

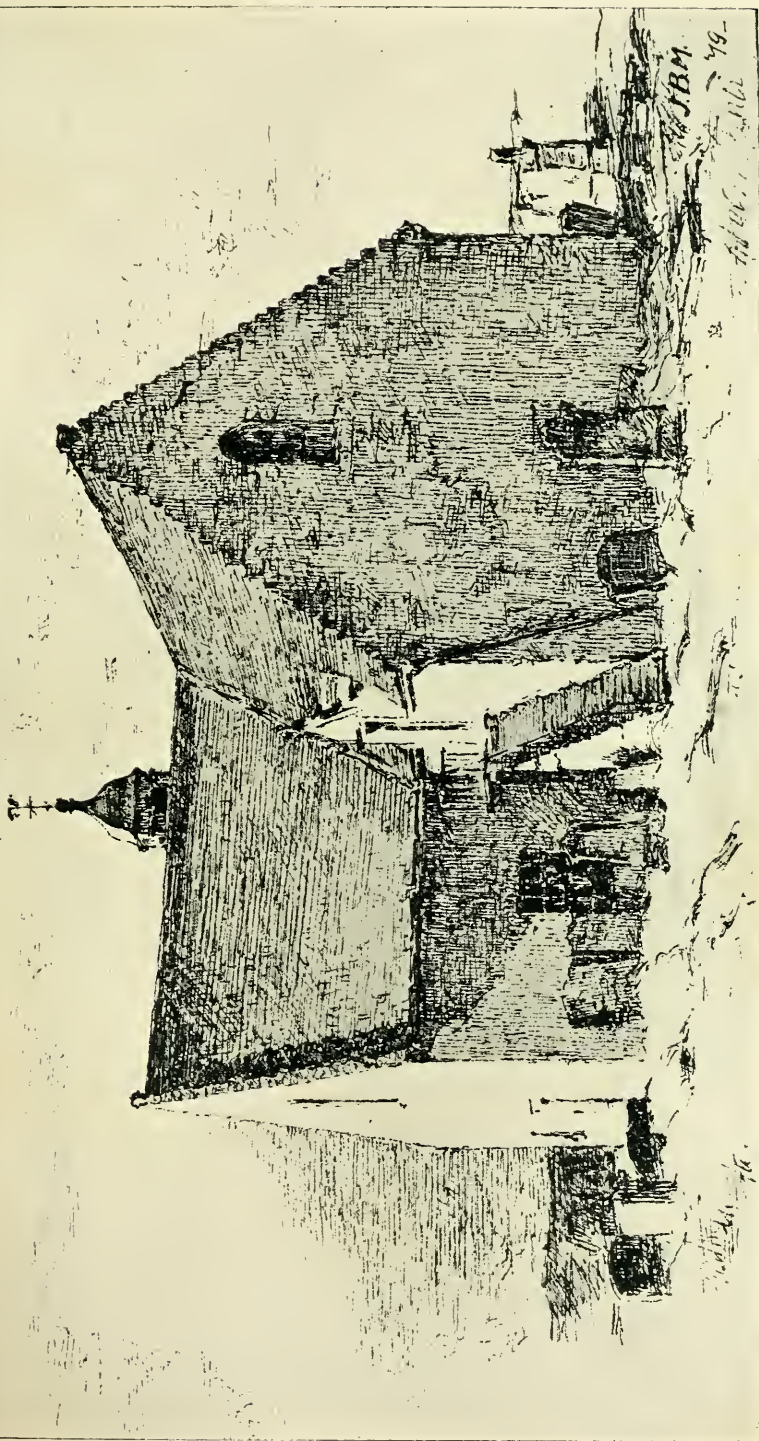
Away on the uplands of Fenwick parish lies the farm of Meadowhead. Hard by is Artnock, linked with it in old time tenancies, and not far is Craigen-

dunton, where there is still pointed out a well chosen cave that formed a secure hiding place in the days of the Covenant. Far behind stretch vast reaches of bog and peat and soft moss-hag that gave a sure retreat, impassable for their enemies, to the hunted Covenanters. It was of such a country, not far away as the crow flies, and of such a home, that Pollok wrote :—

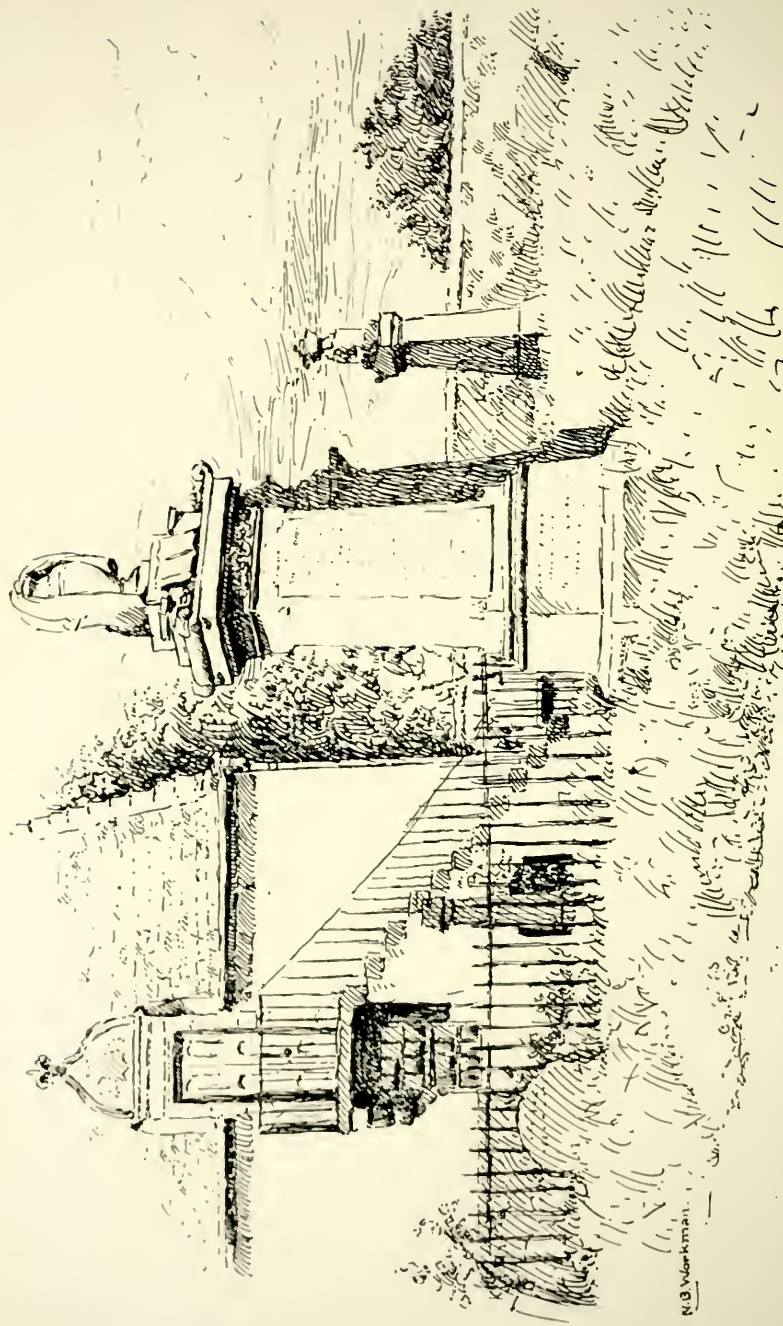
“ In humble dwelling born, retired, remote ;
In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,
And melancholy deserts, where the Sun
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here
And there, watching his little flock, or heard
The ploughman talking to his steers.”

Here then, at Meadowhead, and amid such surroundings, John Paton was born, and grew up to manhood's estate.

We are accustomed to boast that the world has grown small in our days, and that places once far off have been brought nigh. But in many ways the Continent of Europe was nearer us 300 years ago than it is to-day. It was the destination of emigrants from our shores. Scottish merchants and packmen carried their goods to the appointed “ staple ” towns in Flanders and elsewhere, and from these centres spread all over the countries of Europe. Scottish soldiers of fortune enlisted for service in the great Continental wars. In Holland our political and religious refugees ever found a congenial home. John Knox preached to English congregations at Frankfort and Geneva. John Robinson ministered to the pilgrim exiles at Leyden. John Brown, of Wamphray, exiled in the cause of the Covenant, became pastor of the Scots congregation at Rotterdam. Then as really, though not as widely as now, we had our Scots of the Dispersion, and in 1647 the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland issued a Pastoral Letter addressed :—“ Unto the Scots merchants and others, our country people scattered in Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and Hungary,” and speaking of the



GUTHRIE'S CHURCH.



Wm. Guler's Monument Cyrr Talons Monument

“many thousands of you our countrymen, who are scattered abroad,” and of the “many several places of your habitation or traffic.”

And so it came that in his quiet and remote home on the edge of the moor John Paton heard of the great battles that were being waged on the Continent. It was the period of the Thirty Years' War. Gustavus Adolphus, the renowned Snow King, had joined the veteran forces of Sweden to the Protestant armies of Germany in the war against the Catholic League, and he led them on from victory to victory until on 6th November, 1632, the Protestant forces finally triumphed, though the victor himself lay dead on the stricken field of Lutzen. While these campaigns were going forward, nothing would hold our Scottish Cincinnatus but he must beat his ploughshare into a sword, and join the ranks of the Protestants on the Continent. Nor could he long remain in the rank of a private soldier, for through his heroic achievements in the taking of a certain city he was speedily raised in rank, and was henceforth known as Captain John Paton. He had been so long on the Continent and was so changed the while, that when he returned home his parents scarcely knew him.

But he did not return home to hang the trumpet in the hall and study war no more. He fought with the Scots Army against the Royalist forces at Marston Moor on July 2, 1644; and with the Covenanters against Montrose at Kilsyth, August 15, 1645, and at Philiphaugh, September 13th of that year. He took part on the Covenanting side in the skirmish at Mauchline on 12th June, 1648. And like so many misguided Scots he fought for Charles the Second against Cromwell at the battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, and he lived to see the day when he might have said almost in the words of the great Marquis of Argyle:—“I fought to place the crown on the King's brow, and now he hastens me away to a better crown than his own.”

But now these wars accomplished, like a veritable Cincinnatus, he went back to his plough. He now

became himself tenant of the ancestral farm. He married Janet Lindsay, who only survived a few months, and was succeeded, after a due interval, by Janet Millar from Eaglesham, whose father fell at Bothwell Bridge. Of this second marriage six children were born, who, as they grew up wrought together the farms of Meadowhead and Artnock. Captain Paton himself was now sitting under the ministry of William Guthrie, and was a member of Guthrie's Session.

But he "now behoved to take the field again." He was at Rullion Green, November 28, 1666, commanding a party of horse from Loudoun, Fenwick, and other places. He was among the very last to leave the field on that disastrous day. Dodds has given us a vivid picture of the scene:—"By the dusky wintry climate twilight, we can yet see, battling fiercely upon the field, our sturdy, great-shouldered, lion-hearted yeoman, John Paton of Meadowhead. There he is, with two other horsemen from his native Fenwick, surrounded by a multitude of troopers, five deep, buzzing and stinging like infuriated bees; but his strong arm makes a way, and he dashes with his companions through the phalanx which had closed round them." But grim warrior as Paton was, he was not behind his minister in ready wit, for when Dalziel sent three of his troopers after him to bring him back, alive or dead, and he saw one of them fallen at his hand, and the other two safely stabled in a hopeless bog, he cried back to them—"Take my compliments to your master, and tell him I cannot come to sup with him to-night."

Paton was not present at Drumclog, it being four or five days after when he joined the Covenanting forces with a band of men from Fenwick, Newmilns, and Galston. Thus he just escaped sharing in the only brief victory the Covenanters ever had on the field of battle. But it was a victory as dearly bought as it was short-lived, proving once again that in war next to a defeat the most disastrous thing is a victory.

At Bothwell Brig he was in the forefront, not of the wrangling, but of the fighting. In his monumental and magnificent work on the Covenanters, recently issued, Dr. King Hewison says :—" There was not a leader of any calibre to marshal that immense conventicle of wrangling theologians, unless we except the dauntless veteran of the Civil Wars and of Rullion Green—Captain John Paton of Meadowhead."

Covenanting tradition and biography have assigned tremendous military feats to the credit of Captain Paton. In the flight from Kilsyth he is reputed, with two others, to have killed, in single combat, a group of thirteen, then one of ten, and yet again one of nine. At Mauchline he is said to have killed eighteen of the enemy with his own hand, and so forth. The sturdiest Covenanter may perhaps be excused if he says he does not believe all this. On the other hand the advocate of peace will more readily seize on the fact that Captain Paton had evidently had more than enough of the Killing Times, and that in his dying testimony he declared that he hated bloodshed, directly or indirectly.

Many were the miraculous escapes he had alike on the field of battle and in the hunts and hidings on his native moors. He was now adjudged a rebel, and a price set upon his head ; but even as a bird out of the fowler's snare escapes away, so time and again was his soul set free. One time in the chase from Lochgoin he commandeered a mare that was grazing in a field, and rode it in slow and safe unconcern past a second company of troopers he met on the way. He was exposed to new perils from the renegade preachers who now occupied Fenwick pulpit, and who bore him a special grudge in that he was now holding organised house and field preachings in the secure neighbourhood of his secluded home. There is still pointed out a barn at Meadowhead, where, according to tradition, Richard Cameron or Donald Cargill on one occasion baptised 22 children. Rev. Thomas Wylie, the indulgent minister of Fenwick, in a letter dated 27th May, 1676, makes

grievous complaint of a field preaching that Paton had arranged for the following day. The letter is addressed to Sir W. Mure of Rowallan, and it begins :—

Right Worshipful—

I am informed that upon invitation from John Paton in Middowhead, and some in Loudounside, there is a young man expected to keep conventicle the morne with the people in the heads of the three parishes, either at the Croilburn or above Craigin-duntoun.

He goes on to say that such opposition to the regular pulpit is not to be “tolerat,” and he appeals to Sir William to “take some course to crush such beginnings even in the outbreacking.”

But fresh peril came to Paton with the advent to Guthrie’s pulpit in 1680 of a live curate of the Church of England. One day Paton ventured out of his hiding to attend the funeral of a child of his own. The curate, so it is said, had soldiers from Kilmarnock lying in wait in the neighbourhood of the churchyard, but happily Paton’s friends had prevailed on him to return without risking the graveside.

But at length the day came. Being now near the end of his race and weary pilgrimage, as Howie quaintly puts it, he came to rest in the house of Robert Howie in Floack, in the parish of Mearns, and there he was taken by five soldiers, on no better warrant than that he looked like an old Covenanting minister. The friends at Floack offered him arms to make resistance, but he declined on the plea that it would only bring them further trouble, and that, as for himself, he was now weary of this life. The soldiers did not know the value of the prize they had taken till they came to the farm of Moor Yett, when the farmer, standing at his door, cried out in surprise and distress, “Alas ! Captain Paton, are you there ?” He was carried to Kilmarnock, and Ayr, and thence to Edinburgh, where his trial and execution took place.

His indictment, sentence, and all the minutes of Council in his case read like mock comedy. He had been "a notorious rebel these eighteen years," "a rebel since the year 1640, and a great opposer of Montrose," he had been at Pentland and Bothwell, "he haunted ordinarily in the fields and muirs," "he remained in mosses and muirs to the high contempt of authority." He declared he was not clear to deny Pentland or Bothwell, and as for authority he acknowledged all authority according to the Word of God. But that there might be no mistake as to the cause and justice and necessity of his death, it was clearly announced that it was for being at Bothwell. Pentland could have been forgiven, but not Bothwell. This man might have been set at liberty if he had not been at Bothwell.

Sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket on the 23rd of April, he was respited till the 30th of that month, and thereafter till the 9th of May. General Dalziel, once his comrade in the Continental wars, meeting him on his way to Edinburgh, had promised to intercede with the King for his life, and is said to have been as good as his word, and to have obtained his suit; but the reprieve coming into the hands of Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh, was by him kept back until the execution was over, for those who prate loudest of authority and law and order are commonly the greatest despisers of real authority, and the wildest contemners of law and order, not to speak a word about justice and humanity. His Dying Speech and Testimony, given at the scaffold, is of the noblest. They need not expect much from him, he declared, "for I was never a great orator or eloquent of tongue, though I may say as much to the commendation of God in Christ Jesus as ever any poor sinner had to say." He blessed the Lord that ever He led him out to behold any part of His power in the Gospel, in Kirk or fields, or any of his actings for His people in their straits. He left his testimony as a dying man against that horrid usurpation of our Lord's

prerogative and crown right. Unbending stalwart of the Covenant, Protester, Anti-Malignant, stern denouncer of Engagement and of Indulgence, he is now melting in his tenderness, and aglow with Christian love to all. Like James Renwick, he had been a lion in God's cause, and was now a lamb in his own. He forgives all his enemies. He tenderly remembers and graciously commits wife and children. "Now I leave my poor sympathising wife and six small children upon the Almighty Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow; the widow and orphan's stay. Be Thou all in all unto them, O Lord. Now the blessing of God, and my poor blessing, be with them. And my suit to Thee is that Thou wouldst give them Thy salvation. And now, farewell wife and children. Farewell all friends and relations. Farewell all worldly enjoyments. Farewell sweet Scriptures, preaching, praying, reading, singing, and all duties. And welcome Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I desire to commit my soul to Thee in welldoing. Lord receive my spirit." And thus, as John Howie has it, though his extraction was but mean, it might be truly said of him that he lived a hero, and died a martyr.

Two swords claim the honour of having been wielded by Captain Paton. That at Lochgoin has twenty-eight notches, which they were accustomed to point out was exactly the number of years of the Persecution. But a much better accredited, and far grander relic is the small pocket Bible he handed to his wife from off the scaffold. For it was by this weapon, not by the other, that the Covenanters won for us all our civil and religious liberties. They overcame by the Word of the Testimony, and it is a most remarkable and providential circumstance that this very Bible of Captain Paton has some leaves wanting at the end, and significantly closes with Rev. xii. 11, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death."

Captain Paton was buried in the martyrs' corner of Greyfriars Churchyard, but under the shadow of Fenwick Church a worthy monument stands to his memory. It bears this inscription :—

“ Sacred to the memory of Captain John Paton, late of Meadowhead, of this parish, who suffered martyrdom in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, May 9, 1684. He was an honour to his country. On the Continent, at Pentland, Drumclog, and Bothwell, his heroic conduct truly evinced the gallant officer, brave soldier, and true patriot.”

THE HOWIES OF LOCHGOIN

We are told that the Jewish Temple, when it was a building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither. Our Scottish Temple of freedom, also, was built up of living stones, brought from far, and all made ready before they were brought thither.

The twelfth century witnessed the uprising on the Continent of Europe of various Heretical Sects, so called, and the commencement in consequence of terrific persecutions on the part of the Church. Among the most powerful of these bodies were the Albigenses and the Waldenses. The Albigenses took their name from the Province of Alby in the South of France, where they were thickly spread. Their leading theses, as maintained by one of their pastors, were :—That the Church of Rome was not the bride of Christ, but the Babylon of the Apocalypse, drunk with the blood of saints and martyrs ; that her doctrine was a doctrine of Satan ; and that the mass, as then celebrated, did not originate from Christ and the Apostles. They were all aflame with the passion of religious freedom. One of them, Count Roger de Foix, in 1228, declared that the Pope had no business to meddle in the concerns of

his religion, for in that matter each man must enjoy his liberty; and this liberty, he said, "his father had always recommended to him, assuring him that, with it and a mind resolved to maintain it, he might look on calmly though the very vault of heaven gave way and broke over his head, for he had nothing to fear." The Waldenses, on the other hand, took their name from Peter Waldo of Lyons, who flourished in the second half of the twelfth century. Among their earliest tenets were these:—That oaths even in a Court of Justice are not allowable, that homicide is under no circumstances justifiable, that every lie is a mortal sin, that all believers are capable of priestly functions, and that the sacraments are invalidated by uncleanness of life in the officiating priest. Later, they came also to repudiate transubstantiation, purgatory, and the invocation of saints and of the Virgin. Above all was their paramount regard for the Scriptures, and during the centuries, when the distribution of the Bible was sternly prohibited, they gladly took up the humble calling of packmen that in their forbidden valleys they might find opportunity to circulate the Word of God among the people, as Whittier has so finely described in his poem, "The Vaudois Teacher."

From the first these noble people were pursued by the Church with the most relentless persecution. Lands were forfeited. Prisons were crowded. Men and women in hundreds were sent to the stake. In the crusade against the Albigenses, in the year 1209, in the town of Beziers, 20,000 were massacred, Catholic and Heretic being slain indiscriminately: "Kill them all," cried Arnold, Abbot of Citeaux, "God will know His own." Against the Waldenses the terrors of fire and sword and torture raged fiercely but vainly for over five centuries. All that time the fire of the Inquisition blazed up against them throughout France, Italy, and Germany. In France, in 1393, Francois Borel burned 150 at Grenoble in one day. In Italy, in 1375, many of the fugitives from Pragelato perished in the snows, among them fifty



Lochgoin. Old House

mothers with children at the breast. In Germany, in 1392, the Archbishop of Mainz burned 36 in one fire at Bingen. United to the Bohemian brethren, massacre and plague carried them off by the thousand, till the climax of butchery was reached in the year 1655, when the Piedmontese massacres staggered all Europe. It was then that Cromwell as Protector, and Milton as Secretary of the Council, drew up their Remonstrance to the Duke of Savoy, the author of the outrages, and their Appeal to the European Powers. In one of these documents, sent direct to the Duke, they exclaimed :—
 “Atrocity horrible and before unheard of! Savagery such that, good God! were all the Neros of all times and ages to come to life again, what a shame they would feel at having contrived nothing equally inhuman! Verily, verily, angels are horror struck, men are amazed, heaven itself seems to be astounded by these cries, and the earth itself to blush with the shed blood of so many innocent men.” It was then that Milton wrote his great Sonnet :—

Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not: in Thy Book record their groans
 Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven.

Now in the very earliest days of this age-long persecution refugees sought an asylum on our hospitable shores, and in 1178 three brothers of the name of Huie, or Huet, now Howie, fled from the persecution that was raging in Southern France, and came to settle, one in Craigie, one in Mearns, and one in lonely Lochgoin far amid the moors. But Freedom's battle has to be fought on every shore. It has to be begun anew from age to age. We have to fan the flames of freedom that burn

on the graves of our sires, and ourselves walk in the midst of the "stones of fire" where they laid down their lives. The lights that shone in Southern France shot up also in the Northern Seas, as beacon answers beacon from the most distant hilltop. And so it came that the Howies were torch-bearers in Scotland, as their kindred continued to be on the Continent, Lochgoin became as hot as ever Alby had been, Milton's great Sonnet came true in his own land, and the bones of slaughtered saints lay scattered on our Scottish mountains cold.

Thus the Howies have been tenants of Lochgoin in unbroken chain for 730 years. There are few, if any, in our land who can boast such a record of ancestry, of tenure, and of service. The system of Government by hereditary title is happily passing in this country. God speed the day! It is the greatest absurdity, injustice, and mockery still remaining in a free country. But if we must have legislation by lineage, let us choose as our peers of the realm noblemen like the Howies of far descent, of honourable name, with ages of suffering and service in the cause of human liberty. Compared with them our present lordly legislators are but upstarts, and creatures of yesterday. Out of some 570 Peers only seven can boast 20 predecessors in the title. It was with truth, if with sarcasm, that Disraeli made one of his heroes say:—"I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old families of this country are to be found among the peasantry." But we have no desire to make peers of the Howies.* God forbid! We can look back over their ancient and shining record, and can say:—"Of whom the House of Lords was not worthy. They wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

One of the Howies, John by name, was already an old man when the persecution broke over the West. Pentland past, the chase grew fast and furious, and twenty men, including Captain Paton, gathered one evening at Lochgoin for safety, for prayer, and for

*James Wilson Robertson, LL.D., D.Sc., C.M.G., the famed Principal of Macdonald College, Canada, is proud that his mother was a Howie of Lochgoin.

night vigil. But while these younger men were seeing visions, the old man on his couch was dreaming dreams. He awoke to warn them that the troopers were on their way to Lochgoin. They escaped, but just in time. Creeping to the door, the old man met the soldiers with an apology for the state the house was in, and they having refreshed themselves went their way. Not long after the old man was gathered to his fathers, happy in this that he was taken away from the evil to come.

James Howie, who figures so prominently in the story of the Persecution, came from Mearns, and entered Lochgoin as the husband of Isobel Howie, eldest daughter of the John Howie just described. Twelve times was his house harried by the soldiers. Once all his cattle were driven away by Captain Inglis to the Dean Castle at Kilmarnock, whence they were bought back by Sir William Mure for 600 merks and replaced on Lochgoin, James Howie by degrees paying up the full price to the laird of Rowallan. Near the house was the peat "tope" where they took observation against the coming of the soldiers. It was their Hernhutt, where they kept the Lord's watch. Sometimes the troopers would take possession of the house for a night, while the inmates were out on the moors. For refusing to attend the services of the indulged ministers and curates in Fenwick Church James Howie and his son John were put upon the Fugitive Roll, by virtue of a Proclamation on 5th May, 1679, and he incurred further displeasure because he resorted to passive resistance, and refused to pay the Cess Tax, that was to be used "for the bearing down of the Gospel in the fields." Once he was chased barefoot through the moors, but, says his biographer, the eyes of his pursuers were hid from him so that they did not see him. The remote and impassable character of the country was the best defence of the Covenanters. Bogland and soft moss-hagg were their impregnable fortress:—

" In solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws."

James Howie lived till after the Revolution, but, like his descendants, he never fell in with the Revolution Settlement and Church. When Mr. Foulis, who was the first minister in Fenwick after the Revolution, went to see him, he told him that he could not own him as his minister. Why, he tells us in his Dying Testimony drawn up for him by Mr. Major, schoolmaster in Eaglesham:—The Covenants had been put under a gravestone, the work and cause of Christ had been buried in these covenanted lands, the crown had not been set upon the head of Christ. The same sombre cast was over his personal religion. Like Bunyan's Christian, he had deep sinkings in the Jordan, but at the last, God's presence returning, he cried out joyfully, "He is come," and so "he removed, singing praise to the Lamb, that ever He came to save poor sinners, of whom he was chief." He died November 19, 1691.

The story of the men of the Covenant has been splendidly told by Dr. Smellie, that of the women of the Covenant has also been written. In that volume of fame Isobel Howie holds an honoured place as well as Isobel Brown. This heroine of the moors, on one occasion when the soldiery burst in on Lochgoin with the words, "Dogs, I have found you now," cried out to her husband and son to take to the hills, while she seized the leader by the shoulders, rushed him out of the house, and threw him on his back, his gun, in the scuffle, falling out of his hand. After this she too had often to make her home in the moors, and we are told lay many a cold night with a moss-hagg for her shelter, and a young child at her breast.

On the tombstone in Fenwick Churchyard to the memory of James and John Howie, there is fittingly inscribed the verse, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." But the Howies had rich recompense for all their sufferings. To their well known retreat there came all the elite of Scotland. Donald Cargill, and Richard Cameron, and James Renwick all tarried here under the cloud, all

slept under this lowly but henceforth for ever ennobled roof, and all passed by Lochgoin on the way to their Bloody Assize. It is the lot and habit of James Renwick that touches us most. This fair flower and ornament of our country's honour, heir of the mantle of Cargill and Cameron, great leader of the stalwarts in the Covenant, great pilot of State who, at the Revolution, steered the shattered weather-beaten ship of State into the quiet haven of a new time, himself to perish in the harbour's mouth, one of the noblest sons that ever trod our Scottish soil, he came to Lochgoin "with his shoes almost gone off his feet, by his sore toil in his wanderings; and before he went away James gave him a new pair for him to keep his feet dry."

But at length deliverance came to Scotland, and it was fitting that the honour of carrying the tidings to Fenwick should fall to John, son of James and Isobel Howie. "What do I see?" said the laird of Torfoot, alarmed at the approach of a horseman—"he waves a small flag. It is the scarlet and blue of the flag of the Covenant. Ha! Welcome you, John Howie of Lochgoin. But what news? Lives our country? Lives the good old cause?" "Glorious news," exclaimed John Howie, "Scotland for ever! She is free! The tyrant James has abdicated. The Stuarts are banished by an indignant nation. Orange triumphs. Huzza! Scotland, King William, and the Covenant for ever!"

But Lochgoin is best known as the home of the author of the "Scots Worthies"—John Howie, grandson of James and Isobel. He was born at Lochgoin, 14th November, 1735, and died 5th January, 1793. From the time he was one year old he was brought up with his maternal grandparents at Blackshill. He went first to a school at Whirlhall, then to one at Horsehill. His earlier life, according to his own account, ran to some excess, and was even reputed worse than it was; but with his second marriage to Janet Howie, a cousin of his own and a woman of eminent piety, there came a great spiritual change.

The "Scots Worthies" appeared in 1775. From earliest days the author had delighted in stories of the persecution, coming as they did, not at second hand, but direct from the lips of those who had passed through the fire. In a literal sense they were "Tales of a Grandfather." But he drew from literature more than from tradition, gathering together from many sources the best that had been written on the Reformers and Covenanters, giving it new setting, and making it speak to the common people. When he began the work his wife was inclined to rebuke him for his folly in thinking that he could do anything at writing, but she at once felt silenced by a verse in Mark vii. 37 that was flashed upon her mind—"He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak."

He published several books and pamphlets, the most important being a collection of lectures and sermons delivered in the times of persecution by famous Covenanting preachers. He mingled in the "Lifter Controversy," that broke out among the Anti-Burghers in the year 1782, and was headed by David Smyton, minister of Kilmaurs, who maintained that in the Sacrament, after the example of Christ, the bread should be lifted before the giving of thanks, and on this sole point left the Synod of the Anti-Burghers, and set up a new denomination of Lifters, of which there were congregations at Kilmaurs, Dalry, and Falkirk. Howie published "A Vindication of the mode of taking the Elements in the Lord's Supper before giving thanks." He took the people's side in the great Anti-Patronage contention in Fenwick, and at the request of the parishioners published his "Patronage Anatomised." He also wrote a life of himself, which was given to the world soon after his death by his son James. This book is not without its general interest. Many a farmer, for example, will remark that history repeats itself as he reads Howie's reference to the year 1792:—"The lease of our farm was just going out, and no agreeable settlement appeared to be got, but rather a report

prevailed, though it turned out false, that several persons were giving in offers in a secret way for it."

Readers, again, who remember that Burns composed his "Holy Fair" in the Autumn of 1785, will be interested to read Howie's account of what he saw at the Sandihills Sacrament that very year, 1785:—"Great numbers spending their time, running to and fro from drinking, and discoursing as in a public park; nay, half-dozens sitting and standing in the very skirts of the congregation, talking and laughing, so grieved me in spirit that I was made to hesitate whether God was most glorified by ordinances, Word and Sacrament, in such a place, or His Name dishonoured and the Sabbath profaned by these common occasional attendants on such occasions."

But the book is mainly a spiritual autobiography. It abounds in the minute introspection that gave such a sombre and depreciative character to the personal religion of some of our forefathers. He complained much of his dead and dark frame. He held personal and family fasts—real fasts. In 1787 he began the practice of holding a family fast and humiliation on New Year's Day as against "the old heathenish custom, first dedicated to the god Janus, of observing a better meal on or about the first of January." He bewailed the lax discipline of the times, the defection of all parties and churches, the mistaken terms of Communion—a subject on which he held open and enlightened views. It was not every minister he would invite to Lochgoin, for "he had not clearness to join in prayer with all these different denominations of professors in our divided time in the Church, only such as in appearance had a religious walk and conversation, and carried a testimony against the sins and defections of the times, in part, some way or other." But John Howie did not go so far as his younger neighbour, John Calderwood of Clanfin, who was obliged to break off his purpose of marrying a second time, because he could nowhere find a minister correct enough in doctrine and practice to perform the

ceremony. Howie did not even like Calderwood become a non-hearer, and his book describes Gospel preachings and sacraments which he attended far and near. As to hearing he says, "I profited little by what I might have done," but he goes on to lay some part of the blame at his own door, in the state of his own heart. "For the Sacraments," he says, "particularly the Supper, I durst but scarcely partake of it, and that with much fear, and but seldom, not only on account of the terms of Church Communion, which I and others looked upon to be somewhat difficult, but also on account of my own unworthiness, diffidence, and want of suitable exercises and frame; so that I may say my case in this was similar to those mentioned by the apostle who were all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear." Sometimes he was tempted to stay at home, but on one such occasion at least, when there was preaching or sacrament at Darvel, that word came into his mind from Zech. xiv. 17—"Whoso will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, even upon them shall be no rain."

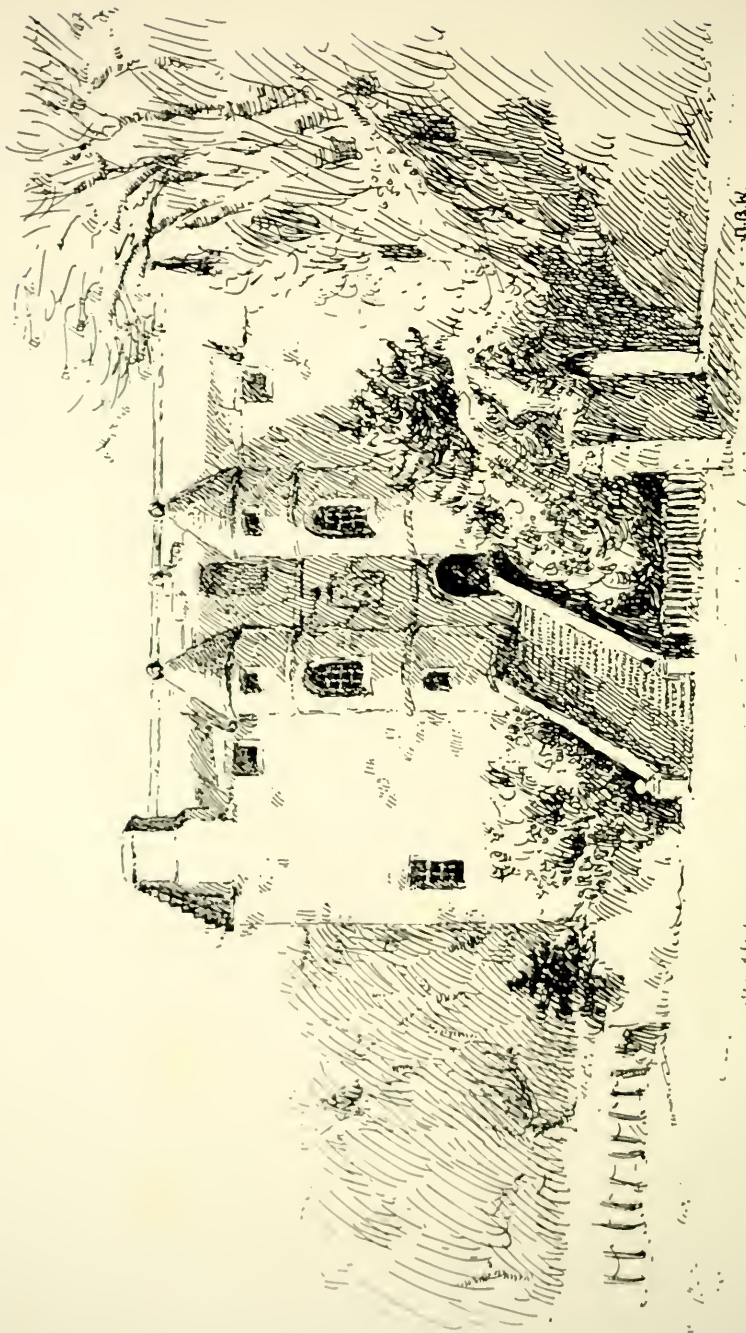
The gloaming gathers as the sun goes down. "I am like to be dark, and am even afraid," he cries. But it was the gloaming at break of day. Dayspring was at hand. He could now sing, for the night was o'er. He could now cry out triumphantly "He will come." "And thus his soul was removed from its clay tabernacle, and weary wilderness of sin and corruption, over Jordan, it is hoped, into the Heavenly Canaan, aged 57 years, 1 month, and 12 days, and death was swallowed up in victory."

On the Tope, once the Observatory of the Covenanters, there now stands a handsome monument bearing the inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF JOHN HOWIE,
AUTHOR OF THE "SCOTS WORTHIES."
BORN 1735—DIED 1793.
I HAVE CONSIDERED THE DAYS OF OLD.
Psa. lxxvii. 5.



MONUMENT TO
JOHN HOWIE, AT LOCHGOIN.



Rowallan Castle

THE MURES OF ROWALLAN

On the banks of the Carmel Water, three miles from Kilmarnock, and a mile and a half from Fenwick, stand the ruins of the ancient Castle of Rowallan, through many centuries the seat of the honourable family of the Mures of Rowallan and Polkelly.

The descent and history of this family has been traced for us by one of their number, Sir William Mure, who lived just before the persecution, being born about the year 1594 and dying in 1657. This Sir William was the author of "The True Crucifixe for True Cathilics," and of various other poems. He prepared a complete version of the Psalms, which the famous Baillie, of the Westminster Assembly, declared to be the best he had seen. Of this Sir William we are told:—"He was pious and learned, and had an excellent vaine in poesie; he delyted much in building and planting, he builded the new wark in the north side of the close, and the battlement of the back wall, and reformed the whole house exceedingly. He lived religiouslie and died christianlie, in the year of his age 63, and the year of our Lord 1657."

Sir William traced the family descent to the ancient tribe of O'More in Ireland, though others more sensitive insist on a purely Scottish descent. On that we need hardly be so nice, as Ireland was the original home of the British Scots, and was called Scotland centuries before our country took that name, the name as it sometimes was for distinction of New Scotland. Sir William tells with some family pride, how the estate, wrenched from the Mures by Sir Walter Cumming, was at length given back as reward for the bravery of Sir Gilchrist Mure at the battle of Largs, 12th October, 1263. But he reaches the gem in the family history, when he comes to tell how King Robert the Second made choyce of Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Adam

Mure of Rowallan, to be Queen of Scotland, wooing her in Dundonald Castle, and taking to her more and more "because of her excellent beutie and rare vertues."

As a matter of fact the relations of Elizabeth Mure to King Robert the Second are still the subject of comment and controversy among historians. It appears that she never can have been Queen. Robert the High Steward, afterwards Robert the Second, was married to her in the year 1349, and to his second wife, Euphemia Ross, in 1355, but he did not ascend the Scottish throne until 1371. To him Elizabeth Mure had six sons and four daughters, and of these the eldest son, John, Earl of Carrick, afterwards reigned as Robert the Third.

But the house of Rowallan had a yet greater honour than that of giving a line of Kings to the Scottish throne. They gave a stalwart to the Scottish Covenant in another Sir William Mure, who succeeded to the estates on the death of the author in 1657, and who died in or about the year 1686. He took a prominent part in bringing William Guthrie to Fenwick, and, when Lord Boyd interposed difficulties in the way of the call, it was to this younger Sir William that Guthrie wrote:—"As for that business which hath put so many to trouble wisest Providence keeps a princely way in it. The present stop, if it be not an offence to you, it shall not be grievous to me. Lay aside these nothings, and detain the King in the galleries in the behalf of Zion." Sir William's lady too, Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of the Provost of Glasgow, consulted Guthrie about the deep things of the soul, and how she would know her own calling and election, and she received such answers and guidance as only the author of the "Christian's Great Interest" could give.

As early as 1662 many of the landlords in the West were heavily fined on some pretext that they had done prejudice to the lands of the Earl of Queensberry, but really, as was understood, because they were known to be heartily against Prelacy and favourable to the Remonstrance. Among these "Crawfordland" was

fined £626 13s 4d, and "Rowallan" £940. Again, for their adherence to the Presbyterian cause, and as was believed at the instigation of Burnet, Archbishop of Glasgow, many of the leading gentlemen in the West were, in 1665, arbitrarily imprisoned in the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton. Three of these were held prisoners in Stirling Castle for four years, viz., Sir William Cunningham of Cunninghamhead, Sir George Maxwell of Nether-Pollok, and Sir William Mure of Rowallan. William Guthrie was no longer alive to write letters of cheer, but Guthrie's widow writes to Sir William in his prison at Stirling:—"Our Lord can turn darkness to light, and a storm, threatening to drown His disciples, to a perfect calm." Some change having taken place in the Archbishopric, the prisoners were at length liberated in 1669 on their own petition. But his four years' imprisonment only confirmed Sir William in his adherence to the Covenanting cause. In the old castle at Rowallan there was a large upper room furnished and made ready for conventicle and communion, and the goodman of the house gave it with a will, that the scattered disciples of the outed church might there make ready their passover.

But the high traditions of the family were passing down from sire to son, and on 2nd December, 1674, in accordance with a recent statute, the Heritors and Kirk Session of Fenwick nominated William Mure of Rowallan, younger, as a Commissioner to execute the penal enactments "against cursing, swearing, and other profaneness," and they instructed his father, Sir William Mure, to approach the Earl of Eglinton to grant the Commission. United thus in public duty, father and son were also linked together in public suffering, for when the persecution grew hotter again, apprehended in London they were both committed to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where soon after a second son also was consigned, nor were they liberated until April, 1684, and then only upon giving a bond of £2000. So freedom's battle was passed on from sire to son, and

that word was fulfilled in our Scottish Covenant :—
 “ He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children,
 and the heart of the children to their fathers ; lest I
 come and smite the earth with a curse.”

ROBERT BUNTINE AND JAMES BLACKWOOD

Robert Buntine, who is described in his indictment as belonging to Fenwick parish, had taken part in the rising at Rullion Green, and had surrendered as a prisoner of war. With three others he was tried at Glasgow on 17th December, 1666. In an elaborate process they were accused of “ the most horrid and heinous crimes of rebellion, treason, and lese-majesty, in the highest degree,” of “ regulating their monstrous and irregular rebellion in the formality and frame, and under the name and notion of an army,” of “ palliating it with the colour of religion,” of “ wounding and killing in the fight divers of his Majesty’s good subjects,” and all this notwithstanding “ his Majesty’s incomparable goodness and clemency.” The plea was urged that as quarter had been given them on the field they could not now be put to death, but the Court repelled the plea, and they were adjudged to be hanged on Wednesday, 19th December. Wodrow records that at the execution “ the men were most cheerful, and had much of a sense of the divine love upon them, and a great deal of peace in their sufferings.” At these executions there was first introduced into this country the practice, said to have been borrowed from the Duke of Alva, of the soldiers beating their drums when the sufferers began to speak to the multitude. So, on the stone to the memory of Buntine and eight others at their burying place by the north wall of the Glasgow Cathedral, we read :—

Their testimonies, foes, to bury
 Caused beat the drums then in great fury,
 They’ll know at resurrection day
 To murder saints was no sweet play.

James Blackwood, whose name is linked with Buntine's on the Fenwick monument, was executed at Irvine on 31st December, 1666. He, too, was condemned because he had been at Pentland. The only difficulty in his case was to find an executioner, and Wodrow would have us believe that a Covenanting prisoner, lying at Ayr under the sentence of death, was prevailed upon, under promise of his life, to play the part of executioner to his comrades both at Ayr and Irvine, and that when he would have drawn back at the last moment he was reinforced with plenteous draughts of brandy. The trouble had arisen because the hangman at Ayr had fled "rather than imbrue his hands in the blood" of the eight prisoners who were awaiting execution there for their part at Pentland. William Sutherland, hangman at Irvine, had been impressed to take his place, but neither tortures nor threats could move him to the grim duty. The sight of the cruse of hot lead, and the presenting of loaded muskets were alike unavailing. He has left a full account of his examination and ordeal at the hands of the Provost and Magistrates of Ayr, and he tells us that when the Provost used threats of force, he made answer that "one might lead a horse to the water, but twenty-four would not make him drink, no more should any make me to do that deed." As for Blackwood, "the minister of Irvine found him somewhat backward, and much discouraged with the near views of death and eternity; but after suitable ministrations, when the day of execution came, he and his companion in tribulation, John M'Coul, died full of joy and courage, to the admiration of all who were witnesses."

JAMES WHITE

Bordering on the farm of Beanscroft, where I was born and brought up, and touching also Greystone Knowe, the home of the subject of this volume, lies the

farm of Blackwood. Some distance further on from the present steading, and much nearer Moscow, stood in older times the homestead of Little Blackwood, famous and tragic in Covenanting story. Here one night twelve men were gathered for prayer, or what was then called a fellowship meeting. Such conventicles, whether in house or field, had been under the ban of the Government since 1665, and had been treated with ever increasing severity. They were declared to be "the ordinary seminaries of separation and rebellion, and in themselves reproachful to our authority and government, ecclesiastical and civil, and tending to the alienation of our subjects' hearts and affections from the same, and ministering opportunities for infusing those pernicious and poisonous principles, the consequences whereof threaten no less than the confusion and ruin of church and kingdom." So did Charles the Second tremble at the thought of a prayer meeting, held as here in the house of a journeyman joiner and small farmer. It was in the month of May, 1685, the Killing Year. It was far into the night, that the Covenanters might have the protection of such darkness as early Summer could afford. In the interval of their devotions they heard a noise without. "I wish we be not in a snare," said James Paton, the humble master of the house. It was the troopers under Patrick Inglis, son of Captain Inglis, who then kept garrison in Newmilns. As the Covenanters rushed for safety, one of their number, James White, lifted a firelock from the dresser. It was the only piece of firearms in this "seminary of rebellion." He pointed the gun at the troopers, and drew the trigger; but the priming burned without the gun going off, and the troopers, aiming for the flash of light, shot him dead on the spot. Two of the company made their escape through a hole in the thatch roof of the spence or buttery, seven were taken in the attempt. The other two had made their way toward the byre. One of them, John Gemmell of Blackbyre, succeeded in wrenching a bayonet from the hand of a soldier, and thrusting him through

escaped into the darkness. There remained eight prisoners. James Paton's wife pled for quarter. She was the daughter of Thomas Wylie of Darwhilling, and she could plead that Inglis and some others had once been quartered for a Summer at her early home. Her request was granted on condition that they all made submission on bended knees. Thereafter they were secured by reels of yarn found in the house. Then the troopers took everything they could lay their hands on, not leaving in the house "so much as a spoon or the worth of it," and driving the horses and cattle before them to Newmilns. On the way one of the prisoners, James Findlay of Dykes, an old man, who had been stabbed right through the body before they started, complained that he was not able to walk, whereupon Patrick Inglis gave orders when he could walk no further to shoot him down and let him lie on the roadside, which "made him do the best he could till he got to Newmilns." The eight men were lodged in Newmilns Tower. Next day they were taken out to be shot, and were already blindfolded when doubts were raised by one of the soldiers as to the legality of their proceedings, and how it would stand with Inglis under a future Government if it came out that he had given men quarter and then executed them without any show of law. It was accordingly resolved to secure an order for the execution from the Council in Edinburgh. This was readily obtained, and young Inglis was now lying in the precincts of Newmilns with an order in his pocket to shoot the prisoners on the following day. But the Covenanters were meanwhile mustered in strong force in the neighbourhood of the town, and they resolved on a rescue. Led by Browning, a blacksmith at Lanfine, and John Law, a brother-in-law of Captain Nisbet, and numbering sixty men, they made two ambushments about the castle and began their assault. They shot the sentinel and another soldier, and then broke open the gates with sledge hammers, taken from a smith's shop close at hand. The prisoners got away in safety

over the moors, and thus escaped they out of their teeth and bloody cruelty. The Bailies of Newmilns at once raised the alarm, but there was little response to the call for pursuit. The most cruel are ever the most timid, and Inglis, terror-stricken, had concealed himself within the building. It was not till the following day that he sent out his men on a belated search. Though they went as far as Tinto they could find no trace either of rescuers or rescued. I have before me a manuscript account of these events, written out by my great-grandfather from a copy made up at the time, and handed down among the descendants of James Paton of Little Blackwood. There it is said that that day of the search, in lack of other prey, they shot two innocent men. One of these may have been John Smith, farmer in Croonan, who had supplied the fleeing prisoners with some food, and on this ground was shot dead at his own door step on the day of the search. John Law, already mentioned as a leader in the rescue, was also shot dead, whether during the rescue or afterwards does not appear. His monument, renewed in 1822, bears that he was shot at Newmilns, and contains these lines :—

Cause I Christ's prisoners relieved
I of my life was soon beriev'd.

As for Captain Inglis, he was degraded by the authorities for his remissness on the occasion. Readers of "Old Mortality" may recall the picture drawn of him by Sir Walter Scott—"ane o' the maist cruel oppressors ever rade through a country—they ca' him Inglis." This will prepare us for what is still to follow of this account.

Ere they left Blackwood, that night of the capture, they ransacked James Paton's working tools, and taking his big axe, with which he was wont to fell timber, they cut off James White's head and carried it with them to Newmilns, and next day in contempt they played with it as a football on the green. This picture has given

rise to one of the finest of our martyr tombstone inscriptions. Sir Walter Scott was so impressed with it that after a lapse of forty years, as he tells us, he was able to reproduce the epitaph from memory, the only material difference being that he has replaced the word monstrous with the word hellish. The inscription, as it stands in Fenwick Churchyard, is as follows :—

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
JAMES WHITE
WHO WAS SHOT TO DEATH
AT LITTLE BLACKWOOD
BY PETER INGLIS AND
HIS PARTY. 1685.
RENEWED
BY
SUBSCRIPTION.
1822.

This Martyr was By PETER
INGLES shot.
By birth a Tyger rather
than a Scot
Who that his monstrous
Extract might be seen
Cut off his head & kick't it
O'er the Green
Thus was that head which
Was to wear a Crown
A football made by A profane
Dragoun.

THE MIDLAND MARTYRS

From my own home I looked out across the farm of Dalraith to the farm stading of Midland. It stands out conspicuous, not far from the town of Fenwick. Here, on a Saturday night, in the Killing Year, 1685, four Society Men met for prayer and conference, and the

composing of certain differences that had arisen in their branch of the United Societies. They had word that Lieutenant Nisbet and a party of soldiers were on their track. They thought it wise to leave at early dawn, but one of their number, from age and illness, was unable to proceed, and in loyalty to him they all returned. The troopers, a company 40 strong, came and searched the house for an hour, but failed to find them. On the way back, however, two men met them, and said "they were good seekers, but ill finders." Returning, they found that the four men had concealed themselves among the cows in the byre. Shielding themselves among the cattle, they offered a determined resistance, leaving the building only when the troopers threatened to fire it, as men that chose rather to die by the sword than by fire, and all the way defending themselves by such weapons as they had in hand. Once without, they were soon overpowered, and three of them were straightway led a few yards into a field and shot dead on the spot. The fourth, after receiving seven wounds, was spared for the present, for he was no common Covenanter; a reward of 3000 merks had been put upon his head, and he must be carried a living prize to Edinburgh.

JOHN FERGUSHILL AND GEORGE WOODBURN

John Fergushill was the old man for whose sake they all returned to the house. He belonged to Mains of Enterkin, in the parish of Tarbolton. George Woodburn was from the farm of Mains, in the parish of Loudoun, and his descendants continued to be tenants there until within recent years. His sword is still shown as a family heirloom. It is said that on one occasion when the troopers came to Mains, and searched for him in vain, one of their number, whose heart was really with the Covenanters, returned and charged them to tell George to cover himself better up the next time, as he had seen his foot in the spence, looking out through the straw.

In Fenwick Churchyard there is a simple gravestone, bearing this inscription :—

HERE LIES

The dust of JOHN FERGUSHILL
And GEORGE WOODBURN who
were shot at Midland by
Nisbet and his party. 1685.

When bloody prelates
Once these nations pest
Cuntrived that cursed
Self contradicting test
These men for Christ
Did suffer Martyrdom.
And here their dust lies
Waiting till He come.

PETER GEMMELL

The family of Gemmell can claim to be remote in its ancestry, and widespread in its branches, in Fenwick parish. My friend Mr. J. Leiper Gemmell has been kind enough to show me a very full and interesting account he has prepared of the name Gemmill or Gemmell, and of the genealogy and history of the family. He finds Raith to have been the central and original home of the family, and gives reason for believing that it could not be very much later than 1100 or 1200, about the time the Howies came to Lochgoin, when the progenitor of the Fenwick Gemmells first settled on the old lands of Raith. He finds from old registers that different families of the name of Gemmill have at various times held no fewer than 22 different properties, all of considerable size, in Fenwick district, most of them in Fenwick parish, viz., the lands of Raith, Raithmuir, Dalsraith, Grassyards, Darwhilling, Langdykes, Black-

byre, Clonfin, Hareshawhill, Cullarie, Brae, Blackwood, Glessock, Horsehill, Hillhead, Rushaw, Bankdyke, Artnock, Hillhousehill, Monkland, Fosterhill, and Wardlaw. Peter Gemmill, the martyr, was the son of David Gemmill in Horsehill, and the register of baptisms shows that he was baptised at Fenwick on 8th August, 1663, so that he was only 21 years of age when he won his crown. Robert Pollok, author of the "Course of Time," was on his mother's side a direct descendant of the Gemmills of Horsehill, and when he made up his mind at the age of 17 to study for the ministry, he and his brother David, who had formed a like resolution, came to stay at Horsehill, and attended Fenwick school for a year and a half, proceeding thereafter direct to College. It was doubtless this family link that gave the title of "Ralph Gemmell" to one of his three "Tales of the Covenanters"—tales so full of pathos in the stories they tell, pathetic also in this that they were the forced work of a poor student, fast failing in health, resolved no further to burden his father, and fain to sell for £36 all told the copyright of books whose authorship he never would own, although the tales they contained are still being read in tears all over Scotland down to this hour. On Fenwick soil, too, were born those thoughts that afterward took shape in the "Course of Time" in his descriptions of persecution:—

Which aimed to make a reasonable man
By Legislation think, and by the sword
Believe.

Of persecution :—

Which walked
The earth from age to age, and drank the blood
Of saints ; with horrid relish drank the blood
Of God's peculiar children, and was drunk,
And in her drunkenness dreamed of doing good.

The inscription on Peter Gemmell's tombstone is in a kindred strain. It runs :—

Here lies
the Corps of Peter
Gemmell who was shot to death
by Nisbet and his party 1685 for
bearing his faithful testimony to the
Cause of Christ. Aged 21 years.

This man like holy Anchorits of old
For conscience sake was thrust from
house and hold.
Blood thirsty Redcoats cut his prayers short
And ev'n his dying groans were
made their sport.
Ah ! Scotland breach of solemn vows
repent
Or blood thy crime will be thy
punishment.

JOHN NISBET OF HARDHILL

The fourth of those taken at Midland was none other than the redoubtable John Nisbet of Hardhill. Of Lollard extraction his great-grandfather had fled over seas to escape the persécution of the early Protestants, and to John Nisbet had fallen the New Testament in writ that his great-grandsire had carried in all his enforced wanderings. Like John Paton of Meadowhead in early life he had seen service in the Continental wars. He returned to associate himself from the first with the foremost stalwarts of the Covenant. He was at Lanark in 1666, at the renewing of the Covenants. At Pentland he was sore wounded, and left for dead upon the field.

At Drumclog, George Woodburn, his companion in the Midland martyrdoms, was sent to bring him to the field, and he arrived in time to take more than a share in the fighting, being reputed, like another John Paton, to have killed seven that day with his own hand. At Bothwell Brig he was a Captain, and we are told that he stood on the bridge as long as any man would stand by him. Therefore a proclamation was issued by the Privy Council, denouncing him as a rebel, setting a price of 3000 merks upon his head, his goods were confiscated, he was hunted from place to place, his wife and children were turned out of door and obliged to wander by themselves on the moors, and the like punishments were threatened against any who would dare to harbour him or his. Four years his wife and children wandered on the moors of Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, until at length, in December, 1683, she laid her down to die "in a sheep's cot, where was no light nor fire but that of a candle, no bed but that of straw, no stool but the ground to sit on."

They buried her stealthily at dead of night in Stonehouse graveyard, and the curate, when he heard of it, threatened to dig up the corpse and burn it or cast it to the dogs, for the Covenanters were no longer counted worthy to lie in their ancient churchyards. John Nisbet, having tidings of her death and of further calamities, made his way to the sheep cot, where he found his daughter already laid out for burial, and his two sons lying in the corner of the hut in the delirium of the fever that had already carried off mother and daughter. In this scene of desolation John Nisbet stood up, groaning in spirit, but triumphant in the hopes that were writ large in his far-carried New Testament, while he exclaimed:—"Naked came I into this world, and naked must I go out of it; the Lord is making my passage easy." That night they buried the daughter where eight days before they had buried the mother,

bearing the body two miles over the moor, Nisbet himself "carrying the head all the way":—

They buried her darkly at dead of night,
The sods with their bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
Few and short were the prayers they said,
And they spake not a word of sorrow;
But they steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And they bitterly thought of the morrow.
Slowly and sadly they laid her down,
From the field of her fame fresh and gory;
They carved not a line, they raised not a stone,
But they left her alone with her glory.

Glory beside which that of Sir John Moore himself fades and pales.

The burial ended, Nisbet "quickly after went off to hide himself." Two years more almost, he roamed the moors, his spirit still unsubdued, his hand ever on God's stiff plough, not accepting deliverance, very staunch we are told upon points of testimony, to his last breath steadfast, and firm in witness bearing. Nor did he suffer lack. One day he met an old neighbour who had sold conscience for life and gear, and who now expressed pity for Nisbet and offered him money. Nisbet declined, and, taking out a larger coin, said:—"I will have none of yours, but will give you that if you please, that you may see that nothing is wanting to him that fears the Lord." But he saw the end approaching. Eight days before the Midland capture he beheld a strange sign in the sky, and had a presentiment of the end. "I am ready," he exclaimed, "to seal His cause with my blood; for I have longed for it these sixteen years, and it may be I will ere long get it to do. Welcome be His will, and if He help me through with it I shall praise Him to all eternity." He was taken, as we have seen, at Midland, by Lieutenant Robert Nisbet, a cousin of his own. When his three companions lay dead by his side, his cousin scoffingly

asked him what he thought of himself now. He replied that he had full contentment with his lot, and thought as much as ever of Christ and His cause, but that he had this loss that he was in time and his brethren in eternity. He was carried to Kilmarnock, then to Ayr, then by way of Kilmarnock and Linlithgow to Edinburgh. In his trials at Ayr and Edinburgh he quitted himself like a hero. His only fear was lest he should wrong truth. His answers were straight as an arrow, and sincere as truth itself. In his trial before the Council at Edinburgh they questioned him about the fellowship meetings. What did ye in your meetings? We only sung a part of a Psalm, read a part of the Scripture, and prayed time about. Where keep ye these meetings? In the wildest moors we can think of. Surely he was enough of a Christian to pray for the King? I am bound to pray for all, but prayer being instituted by a Holy God, who was the hearer of prayer, no Christian could pray when every profligate did bid him. He praised God for the way He had sustained him in his trial:—"I can now give the Cross of Christ a noble commendation. It was always sweet and pleasant, but never so sweet and pleasant as now. Under all my wanderings, and all my toilings, a prison was still so terrifying to me that I could never have been so sure as I would have been. But immediately at my taking He so shined on me, and ever since, that He and His Cross are to me far beyond whatever He was before. Therefore let none scare or stand at a distance from their duty for fear of the Cross; for now I can say from experience, that it is as easy, yea, and more sweet, to lie in prison in irons, than it is to be at liberty." Ultimately he was condemned on his own written confession that he had been in arms against the King's forces at Pentland, Drumclog, and Glasgow, and that he was present at a field conventicle, within these two months, betwixt Eaglesham and Kilbride. This was on the 30th November, and he was sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket on 4th December, 1685. "his lands, goods, and gear to be

forfeited to the King's use." During the four days of respite he rose higher and higher. He foretold that the fourth watch was at hand, when Christ would come with garments rolled in blood, and soon Scotland's covenanted God would cut off the name of Stuart, so that none of them should be left to tyrannise in covenanted Britain any more. "Scar not," he wrote, "at Christ's sweet, lovely, and desirable Cross . . . my soul doth long to be freed of bodily infirmities and earthly organs, that so I may flee to His royal palace, even the heavenly habitation of my God, where I am sure of a crown put on my head, and a palm put in my hand, and a new song put in my mouth, even the song of Moses and the Lamb, that so I may bless, praise, magnify, and extol Him, for what He hath done to me and for me." When he came to the scaffold he said :— "Christ has left me no more to do but to come here and pour out my last prayer, sing forth my last praise of Him in time on this sweet and desirable scaffold, mount that ladder, and then I shall get home to my Father's house, see, enjoy, serve, and sing forth the praises of my glorious Redeemer for ever, world without end." He sang in the 34th Psalm—

They looked to Him, and lightened were,
Not shamed were their faces ;
This poor man cried, God heard, and saved
Him from all his distresses.

He read the 8th chapter of Romans and "prayed divinely." And then, as is quaintly recorded in the account of some of his acquaintances who were eye and ear witnesses to his martyrdom :—"He went up the ladder rejoicing and praising the Lord, which we all evidently saw. Thus he died, 4th December, 1685, the fifty-eighth year of his age, with the full assurance of his interest in the ever blessed Lord Jesus Christ ; as also of the Lord's returning to this poor land to raise up the fallen tabernacle of David therein in a more

remarkable way and manner than ever, which sight he saw afar off by faith, and rejoiced thereat."

There is a fitting monument to his memory at Newmilns, in his native parish of Loudoun.

FENWICK'S CLOUD OF WITNESSES

Such, then, are the chief of our Fenwick Worthies, and of those who lived or suffered elsewhere, yet whose names have been imperishably associated with our parish. We have seen, too, how some of the most famous sons of the Covenant—Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick—found a home and a shelter in our moors. Alexander Peden, too, the weird prophet of the Covenant, was once, it would seem, precentor in Fenwick Kirk. We scarcely needed the flashing splendour of these far-sent meteors; our own stars were of the first magnitude. But when we speak of our Cloud of Witnesses we think not of these alone. We had also our Milky Way, thick strewn with star dust, casting its pure, rich lustre and its manifold glory on all our fields and homesteads. Even this Milky Way has its stars that we can distinguish and name. Thus, in 1669,

Robert Gibson,
Robert Paton,
Robert Harper,
and
William Cuthbertson,

were brought in by Major Cockburn from the Parish of Fenwick. They confessed that they had been at Pentland, and had taken the Covenant at Lanark. They were accordingly ordered by the Council to be banished to the Indian plantations.

Then on May 5, 1684, a Royal Proclamation was issued with a list of fugitives, who were to be apprehended and brought to condign punishment. They

were denounced for their "extravagant and impious principles," and were described as rebellious and unnatural subjects who had made frequent rebellions "contrary to their native allegiance, to the destruction of our government, and the peace and quiet of all our good people." The list of these troublers of the Scottish Israel, as for the the Parish of Fenwick, was a large one, containing as it did the following names :—

Robert Wallace, servant to John Hall in Glassel.
John Miller, portioner of Raithmuir.
James Lindsay in Glerfin.
Thomas Lindsay his son.
Alexander Dunlop, a servant in Warnockland.
Robert Lauchlan in Fenwick.
Andrew Gemmil in Bembreich.
John Gemmil in Nether-arnes.
John Gemmel in Longdyke.
Howie, tenant in Lochgoin.
Howie there.
John White in Hareshawhill.
James Kirkland in Gedrham.
James Wallace, son to James Wallace in Gree.
William Currie, wright in Gree.
William Smith in Warnockland, not being William Smith in Kilmaurs.
William Ferguson, a servant in Rowallans land.
William Wylie in Shisland.
William Wylie his son.

After the battle of Bothwell Brig, 1500 of the prisoners taken there were kept for five months in terrible exposure in the open in Greyfriars Churchyard. When from various causes these were at length reduced to 250, they were taken down to Leith Roads and crowded in the hold of a ship, for the purpose of being transported, and sold as slaves to the American plantations. There they endured the most terrible hardships they had experienced since Bothwell. Yet their spirit rose triumphant over all, and James Corson wrote to his

wife from out the hold of the ship :—" The consolations of God overbalance all ; and I hope we are near our port, and heaven is open for us." Off the Orkneys a fierce storm arose, and lest any of the Covenanters should swim ashore and escape, the hatches were locked and chained down upon them. When the vessel went to pieces against the rocks the captain and sailors remained deaf to the wild entreaties of the prisoners to open the hatches. As the vessel went asunder, however, a few of them succeeded in reaching the shore, and all the sailors escaped, but over 200 Covenanters found a kindly winding sheet in the foaming billows of the Northern Sea. They had indeed been nearing their port, and heaven had opened wide to receive them. They "sunk low, but mounted high." Of those who were thus baptised in the cloud and in the sea, and entered heaven by the Crystal Gate, the following belonged to the Parish of Fenwick, viz. :—

David Bitchet,
 William Bitchet,
 Andrew Buckle,
 David Currie,
 James Gray,
 Robert Todd,
 John White,
 and
 John Wylie.

Only one of the Fenwick prisoners escaped in the shipwreck, viz. :—

Robert Wallace.

But it is vain to seek to reckon up either the names or the numbers of the sufferers. Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel ? We have an impenetrable Cloud of Witnesses, we have star dust thick-strewn in the clustering constellations of our Scottish Covenant. Nor shall we pay less honour to the shining host of unknown sufferers,

than to those whose names are emblazoned on the Roll of Martyr fame. In ancient Athens, once a year, they had a great procession and a public funeral to commemorate the mighty dead. At the head of the procession they carried the encased ashes of great Generals and renowned Statesmen, all who bore illustrious names in the history of the Commonwealth. But in the rear they carried an empty urn, dedicated to worthy soldiers, who fell unnoticed on the field, and to noble citizens who lived and died in obscurity. And on these, although their names were unknown, and their ashes could not be recovered, they showered honours as great as any bestowed on the more illustrious dead. To me it has been a joy and a pride to lead out the procession of the great ones of my native parish and of my country, and now I bring forth the empty urn, dedicated to the unknown, unnamed Covenanters, whose ashes cannot be recovered, whose graves are unknown, o'er whose tomb no martyr trophies rise, but whose record is on High, to be revealed when the books are opened, and under the Altar are displayed the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held. These on earth lived unknown, and died unknown, and even persecution never dragged them into fame. But they gave their lives that Scotland might be free, and in their life, gladly given, our Nation, our Church, our People have their life to-day. They purpled our land, till the very heather of our moors waves deep crimson with the blood that has been shed :—

They laid in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and rain are flying ;
Blows the wind on the moor to-day, and now,
Where above the graves of the Martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how !

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in silent places,
Standing stones on the vacant, wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the howes of the silent vanished races
And the winds austere and pure !

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home ! and to hear again the Call ;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peeweeps crying,
And hear no more at all !

R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER II

THE SECESSION CHURCH IN FENWICK

A FORCED SETTLEMENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

Any memorial of the life of Matthew Fowlds would be far from complete did it not contain an account of the congregation in which he took such a deep interest, and where for so long a period he fulfilled the duties of a manager and an elder, and with the history of which he was so very familiar that it came freely from his lips on every suitable occasion.

Let us then recall the circumstances which led up to the origin of the congregation a hundred and twenty-eight years ago.

In 1733, Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, of Stirling, and four brethren associated with him, were driven out of the Church of Scotland because of the freedom with which they had testified against certain errors and abuses tolerated in the Establishment. The operation of the law of patronage was responsible for many of these evils, and Ebenezer Erskine and his friends were indignant that members of Christian churches should be deprived by this law of the right to choose their own pastors. The contentings of these men for truth and liberty were well known, and heartily approved by many in Fenwick and adjoining parishes, especially by

those among them who had been accustomed to meet together as "praying societies" for the study of the Word, and for devotional purposes.

Little more than three years were allowed to pass before their sympathy with the Secession movement found expression, and a number of them, in conjunction with some persons from neighbouring parishes, sought formally to connect themselves with the four brethren, who had by this time, along with their congregations, formed themselves into a small denomination under the name of the "Associate Presbytery." As a result of their application Ebenezer Erskine and James Fisher were appointed to observe a fast with them and ascertain their mind more fully.

To suit the convenience of these ministers, who doubtless travelled from Stirling and Kinclaven, by way of Glasgow, the Fenwick folk met them near the northern boundary of their parish, where the old Glasgow road meets that from Eaglesham at Kingswell. This place derives its name from a tradition that here King James V., when travelling to a marriage at Sorn, drank of the spring that gushes from a rent in the whinstone rock, and thus refreshed himself after rescuing his horse which, as he humorously expressed it, had got stabled in a bog. Here, then, Erskine and Fisher conducted a service, and the hearts of the people were refreshed by a draft from the well of living water, and the "fast" became a feast of fat things. "Tent Knowe," the exact spot at Kingswell where this preaching took place, is marked on our Ordnance Survey map of to-day.

At that time it would appear that the Fenwick people hoped to have a Secession minister ordained among them very soon, for they made application for a "hearing" of Mr. John Hunter, then the one probationer of the infant denomination. He, however, was settled ultimately in Morebattle, where he died within three months of his ordination. Of him Ralph Erskine said, "He was a burning and a shining light, that

burned so fast and shone so bright that it is less to be wondered that he did not burn and shine long."

Nearly half a century passed before any Secession light was permanently set up in Fenwick, but interest in the cause was maintained by the quarterly ministrations of Rev. David Smyton, who was ordained in Kilmaurs in 1740, and by the continuance of the Praying Societies. During the greater part of that time Fenwick was fortunate in having a most estimable parish minister, Rev. James Halket, and so the people felt there was no occasion to leave the Established Church. But, when he died after thirty-eight years' ministry, the people were filled with anxiety regarding the future, and doubtful whether even that restricted freedom of choice formerly permitted them in electing ministers would still be allowed. Determined that if they failed to secure a man worthy to succeed their last minister, and worthy also to fill the pulpit first occupied by William Guthrie, it would be through no neglect or remissness on their own part, they promptly approached the representatives of the patron, the Earl of Glasgow, with a petition that their wishes should be respected in the matter. The Earl at that time was a minor, and accordingly they were referred to his mother, who told them at once that choice had been made of Archibald Reid. Now, many in Fenwick had already heard this Mr. Reid in Dunlop, and had been far from satisfied with his preaching. So they wrote him a letter asking him to withdraw, and stating fully their objections to patronage. He replied that their letter should have been directed to the Legislature, indicating at the same time that he considered their objections to himself devices of the devil. In due course he was appointed to preach in Fenwick, but none came to hear him when he appeared except the precentor, and no one signed his call but some non-resident heritors. These few signatures, however, were deemed sufficient, and the call was sustained. Thereafter Fenwick protested, and appealed in vain to Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly. The

majority of the supreme court upheld the procedure, and ordered the Presbytery to ordain, but the vigour and persistence of the opposition manifested had alarmed Mr. Reid, and at the last moment he withdrew.

The next presentee was Mr. William Boyd. When he preached the people gave him a fair hearing, but they were not satisfied. Their complaint might have been expressed in the words of the old woman who found fault with a preacher because "he read, and he could na' read, and it was na' worth reading." Again a call, signed by three non-resident heritors, was laid before the Presbytery, and again there were protests and appeals. The protestors pointed out that reading the Word was one thing and preaching it another, that a minister in the pulpit should trust more to the assistance and enlargement of the Spirit than to his notes, that faith cometh by hearing and they could not hear unless the preacher spoke out, and that what they did hear was very indifferent sort of matter for a sermon. Three commissioners from the congregation travelled to Edinburgh in connection with the matter. The original note of expenses incurred by them is still preserved. It includes such items as these :—

To corn, hay, and drink at Bothel Bridge,					
and chaises to Whitburn	£0	3	8½
To drink at Eaglesham	0	0	2
To quarters for the first night	0	1	6
To meat and drink on the road to Edinr.	0	0	4

Are they not all written in the book of the jubilee of Rev. Wm. Orr? The journey was fruitless. All efforts, arguments, and appeals were in vain. The Assembly directed the Presbytery to proceed with the ordination, and, because they knew that many in the Presbytery sympathised with Fenwick, ordered that every member should be present on the occasion. The feeling against Mr. Boyd was so strong in the parish that the Presbytery thought it advisable to have the

ordination in the Council Chambers at Irvine. The minister who delivered the ordination address on that occasion endeavoured to cheer the young man as best he could, saying—"Though your case be not so desirable as we could have wished, yet you must take courage, remembering what was said of old, that the days would come when the people would not endure sound doctrine, having itching ears."

When Mr. Boyd came to preach his first sermon in Fenwick he found, as John Howie tells us, that "not one adult person in the parish attended but the beadle, who now labours under the dotage and inconveniences of old age. The church doors, having previously undergone a certain operation, could by no industry of any man in the company be got opened, which made them at last get in at a window." This led the parishioners to observe a fulfilment of the saying—"He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." It now became necessary for the Seceders to determine with which of the non-established denominations they should connect themselves, and a meeting of heads of families was convened on the 6th June, 1782, to settle this important point. A hundred and thirty persons attended. These had a four-fold choice presented to them. They might join the "Burghers" or the "Anti-Burghers," the Reformed Presbytery, or the Relief. Each of these denominations was favoured by some. A large majority, however, preferred the "Burghers," or, to give the official name, the Associate Synod. Accordingly Adam Millar of Horsehill was appointed a commissioner to ask a regular supply of sermon for Fenwick from the Associate Presbytery of Glasgow. The request was readily granted, and Rev. James Moir, who had been ordained in Tarbolton five years previously, was appointed to preach in Fenwick on the 23rd June, 1782, and to form the Seceders into a regular congregation. This appointment was duly fulfilled, Mr. Moir taking as his text II. John 10, "If there come any unto

you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him Godspeed, for he that biddeth him Godspeed is partaker of his evil deeds." Doubtless the sermon was appropriate to the occasion. A properly organised congregation having been formed, the next step was the erection of a meeting house. With this object a piece of ground close by the Glasgow road, extending to nine Scotch falls, was secured on "tack" from John Tannahill, wright in Fenwick, and made sure to the trustees of the congregation and their successors in office for the space of nineteen times nineteen years compleat, and after the expiration of the years above mentioned, for the full space of nine hundred and ninety-nine years compleat. For which cause the tacksmen bound and obliged themselves and their successors thankfully to content and pay to the said John Tannahill, or his successors and assignees, the sum of six shillings and ninepence sterling yearly.

Nine is an interesting number arithmetically considered, and evidently the framers of this "tack" attached some particular value to it, but what the mysterious virtue of the repeated nines may be we are quite unable to say. One thing, however, is obvious—the Fenwick congregation need have no anxiety meanwhile regarding the expiry of their lease. Even if the members all became centenarians, it would require a long succession of them to see the end of it. The church building was completed within and without in December, 1784, costing the net sum of £266 16s 6d, and although the cost was so small, it contained sitting accommodation for 500 persons.

REV. JAMES DEWAR

The parishioners of Fenwick, by their secession from the Established Church, had secured for themselves liberty to choose their own minister, and now no doubt



Spout Mouth, Kirkton.

n. B. Wistman.

each member was thinking that he would secure the man of his choice, forgetful that *his* choice might not be that of the majority of his fellow-members, and that even if it were, the man himself might not choose to come. Providence had lessons in store for the Fenwick folk on these points. The first probationer, whom they invited to be their minister, was Robert Hall, M.A., a native of Cathcart. He seems to have been a very popular young man, for three other congregations addressed calls to him—Eaglesham, Renton, and Kelso. He settled in Kelso, where he became rather noted for his eccentricities. A year later Fenwick called Robert Shirra, but he was not disposed to come, and the congregation learning this agreed not to urge the call before the Presbytery, as “they were determined never to have a minister against his will.” Evidently they were prepared to allow to others that freedom of choice they claimed for themselves, and objected to intrusion on either side. Another year of waiting passed, and in 1786 a third call was given, this time in favour of James Dewar from Dunfermline, where the memory of Ralph Erskine was still fragrant. Again Fenwick had a competitor, for Old Kilpatrick had also set its heart on this young man. However, the Presbytery sustained the claims of Fenwick, the call having been signed by 144 members and 81 adherents, and Mr. Dewar was duly ordained on 18th April, 1787.

The ordination services were held, not in the church, which would have been too small for such an occasion, but at “a place by the river side, where prayer was wont to be made,” known as the Creelsheugh Brae, a little above the Spoutmouth Bridge. There the members of Presbytery took their position on a level piece of ground by the burn side, while the congregation seated themselves by ranks on the green grass of the brae face. It is to be hoped that the weather of that April day was favourable, for the services were certainly not characterised by brevity. First, for the encouragement of the people, there was a sermon by Rev. Mr. Jaffrey from

Nathan's words to David—"Furthermore, I tell thee the Lord will build thee a house," and next for the benefit of the young minister another discourse from those words—"It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." Then there were the usual questions to the young man, the solemn ordination prayer, the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, followed by suitable exhortations by the Moderator to Mr. Dewar, and also to the congregation, all the public work of the day being brought to a close by the delivery of a third sermon from the appropriate text—"Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season." Thus commenced a ministry that lasted for forty-seven years.

When the congregation called Mr. Dewar they promised him "all due subjection, subsistence, and encouragement in the Lord." At the same time they satisfied the Presbytery on the second point by binding themselves to give their minister £60 a year, with a free house and a horse, and to augment his stipend as their numbers increased. They seem from the first to have gone a little beyond their obligation by providing "due subsistence" for the horse, as well as for the rider, but whether that horse would grow very sleek on seven guineas a year—the sum allowed for it by the managers—depends on the price of corn in those days. In any case the stipend for the horse seems fairly well proportioned to that of the minister.

The hope that the congregation would increase was not disappointed, and the promise to augment the stipend was faithfully implemented, for Mr. Dewar had not been many years settled till the sum of £7 13s was added to his allowance. Other congregational expenses were not heavy. From a managers' minute of 1807—the year after Matthew Fowlds was born—we find that James Fulton received £1 per annum for precenting, William Walker, the church officer—always referred to as the "bellman," though he never had any bell to ring—was given one guinea for his services, and Janet Walker was awarded 6s a year for cleaning the meeting house.

If it seem to us that these Seceders of former days were more careful and prudent in financial matters, than generous and liberal, we must remember that the undertaking of such obligations at all was a new experience for them, and that they were only learning to trust themselves and the voluntary principle. Indeed, the voluntary principle had not been formulated then, and probably there was not a man in the congregation who did not hold theoretically that the church should be State established and State supported. Long experience was needed to teach them that the method they had found serviceable in practice was sound in principle as well.

Though the members of the congregation had their own financial burden to bear, they were never unmindful of the injunction, "Bear ye one another's burdens," but were ever ready to lend a helping hand to congregations weaker than themselves, and to consider the case of the poor, the widow, and the orphan. A few extracts from the minutes of Session, dated about the beginning of last century, will serve to illustrate the breadth of the congregation's sympathies at that time.

On the 8th May, 1800, "the Session appointed a public collection to be made on the 25th for the people who suffered by the late fire in Kilmarnock." The fire referred to was a very serious one. It broke out in the lower part of the town called Netherton Holm. Fanned by a brisk breeze, and fed by the thatch on the roofs, it swept along with fury, and was not subdued till it had destroyed thirty-two houses, and rendered homeless several hundreds of the poorer class.

Then exactly three months after Wellington had gained his great victory over Napoleon on the 18th June, 1815, the Session entertained "a petition for the widows and children of them that fell at the battel of Waterloo."

About that time there were also frequent applications for aid from "Burgher" congregations that were being formed throughout the country. Thus we find that in

1812 the Session, in response to a petition from Glenluce congregation, asking assistance to help them to erect a house for public worship, agreed to make a collection. Three years later two petitions of the same nature came before the Session, one from Girvan, and the other from Stonehaven. The sympathy of the Session was promptly drawn to the congregation near at hand, and their petition was granted forthwith. Yet even the request from the far distant Stonehaven was not set aside, but allowed to lie on the table for future consideration. Another minute of date 26th November, 1816, runs thus:—
 “ Read petition from the Presbytery urging the Session to come forward and give pecuniary assistance to their brethren in Kilmarnock. Agreed to give a collection.”

Think of it, ye wealthy members of “ Portland Road ! ” Your ecclesiastical forebears were indebted for help to the Fenwick weavers. That, however, was a time of trial for your congregation. Members were differing among themselves, and disagreeing with their Synod, because it would not translate to their church the minister they had set their hearts upon. More than two-thirds of them, rebelling against constitutional authority, seceded to the “ Auld Lights,” and afterwards lapsed into the “ Auld Kirk.” They found place for repentance, however, and came out at the Disruption in 1843. For many years they have borne the honoured name of “ Henderson Church ”—the sphere for more than half a century of Dr. Landsborough’s devoted labours.

Thus it appears that the members of the Fenwick congregation were never slow to render assistance to neighbouring congregations in the days of their early struggles. Nor were they deaf to the appeal for help that came from more distant regions ; but when the cry from far “ Macedonia ” was heard, they were as prompt to attend to it also, as they were to respond to the call of Girvan or Glenluce.

In the beginning of their history the Seceders were of necessity more concerned about holding fast, than about holding forth the Word of Life, more anxious

that the Gospel should be preached in its purity at home than that it should be proclaimed abroad among the heathen, and for a time there were some who entertained doubts regarding the wisdom of spending money on foreign missions. Mr. Dewar at first may have been among the doubters, for tradition asserts that on one occasion, when intimating a missionary meeting at which a collection was to be taken, he added cautionary advice by quoting the verse—"Be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools." However, the people heard, satisfied themselves regarding the claims of the foreign field, and resolved to share in the noble work of evangelising the world.

So far back as 1813 a missionary society was formed in Fenwick. It was undenominational, and, though most of its members were Seceders, the names of several prominent adherents of the Established Church appear on the pages of its minute book, for example:—"Mr. Craufurd of Craufurdland, President; Mr. Mitchel of Darwhillan, vice President; Mr. John Fairlie, Schoolhouse, member of committee." This harmonious arrangement continued till 1839, by which time all but two of the Established Church members had withdrawn. The formation of separate missionary societies in the different churches seems to have been the cause of this change. It was agreed, accordingly, to dissolve the Society. While it existed, this association raised funds by means of quarterly contributions from members, and by church door collections taken annually, when it was usual to invite some popular minister to preach a special sermon alternately in the Parish Church and in the Meeting House. At first the whole amount collected and subscribed was given to the London Missionary Society, but as other similar societies came into existence, they received a share of the funds, as did also various charitable and benevolent objects.

The following minute will afford some indication of the liberality that was shown, and the number of agencies that claimed this Society's sympathy eighty years ago,

when Mr. Orr had just been settled in Fenwick as colleague to Mr. Dewar.

"Fenwick, June 7, 1830.—The Society held their annual meeting to-day in the parish schoolhouse. The chair was taken by Mr. Craufurd. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Orr. The report was read that a sermon was preached on behalf of the Society in the Parish Church upon May 23rd, at two o'clock afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Bruce of Newmilns" (a Secession minister), "and a collection made on behalf of the Society, which amounted to £6 7s. The whole money collected during the year amounted to £18 13s 4d, which was divided among the following societies:—

" To the Scottish Missionary Society	..	£5	0	0
" To the London Missionary Society	..	5	0	0
" To the Gaelic School Society	3	0	0
" To the Irish Tract and Book Society	..	2	10	0
" To the Society for Promoting Religion among British Settlers in North America		2	10	0

Total £18 0 0

" There is 13s 6d lying in the hands of the Treasurer to purchase Bibles on behalf of the poor in the parish of Fenwick."

In other years the Glasgow Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Glasgow Continental Society, the Glasgow City Mission,* and the Moravian Missionary Society benefited from the funds. A minute of 10th October, 1819, states—"Read letter from Dr. Lawson petitioning for the meeting house for Dr. Peddie on some day for a collection for the Missionary Society; granted."

Famous men were both of these—James Peddie of Bristo congregation, Edinburgh, sturdy opponent of interference by the civil magistrate in religious affairs;

*Of which Mission Mr. Orr and his friend, Rev. James Banks, were the first Missionaries.

George Lawson, the Sage of Selkirk, two of whose sons and a grandson succeeded him in the ministry there. Of him Thomas Carlyle wrote, "A great name in my boy circle, never spoken without reverence and thankfulness by those I loved best."

While the Fenwick Society existed, its income was expended in helping societies outside of the denomination, but the special schemes of the Secession Church were not at any time overlooked by the congregation, for collections were taken on occasional Sabbaths to assist the work that the Church had begun to carry on in Jamaica and Calabar.

The undenominational society was, as we have seen, dissolved in 1839, but the Seceders connected with it did not on that account lack a channel for their missionary liberality. Four years previously a congregational society had been formed, with Mr. Orr as President; and immediately after the dissolution of the Fenwick society it was reconstituted, doubtless to meet the wishes of the new members, who had previously adhered to the undenominational association. Funds were raised by subscriptions, by collections, and by boxes placed at the church door, one being marked "Home Missions" and the other "Foreign Missions." The congregational society, while not unmindful of the claims of the Church's Foreign Mission, devoted its attention largely to Home Mission work of its own. It presented Bibles to those who had difficulty in buying them, and large type New Testaments to the aged poor; and also defrayed school fees and provided books and writing material for the children of the needy. By and by the Society, having an annual income of about £40, was able for several years to maintain a succession of divinity students or probationers who laboured as the congregation's missionaries among the non-church-going people in Maybole and the neighbouring village of Crosshill.

All the members of these societies were men, but the women of Fenwick were equally interested in mission

work, and their zeal found expression in the formation of "The Fenwick Female Association for Religious Purposes," which for sixty years, from 1821, sent contributions annually to the London Missionary Society, the Bible Society, and other missionary and benevolent associations. Both these societies, the male and the female, ceased to exist as independent associations in the year 1881, when it was agreed that the congregation, as a congregation, should be a missionary society. Since then funds have been raised by lady collectors who call upon members quarterly, and, although the congregation now numbers less than a third of what it did at one time, it nevertheless contributes annually about £20 for Foreign Missions, and nearly £40 for other denominational and benevolent purposes.

In seeking to complete an account of the congregation's liberality, we have to some extent anticipated events, and must now return to the days of the first minister.

Mr. Dewar has been described as an active little man, and a vigorous and original preacher. At times there was a certain severity in his manner, and he could deal sharply with Sabbath breakers, neglecters of ordinances, and all other offenders. Doubtless his preaching was soundly Calvinistic, yet, withal, he was delightfully human, and could enjoy a day on the moor with his gun, or by the burnside with his rod, or on the ice with his curling stones, like his great predecessor of the Auld Kirk—William Guthrie. He was a diligent pastor, and was often seen trotting about the country roads on the horse provided for him by the congregation. From meetings of Church Courts he was rarely absent, and, when the Presbytery of Kilmarnock was formed in the year 1820, he was appointed clerk. His scholarship was sound, and he supplemented his stipend to some extent by fees obtained for instructing boys belonging to the parish, or boarders from other parts, in Latin, Greek, and Arithmetic. After fully forty years of

unremitting activity, infirmity came upon him, and when he was no longer able to walk from the manse above Spoutmouth to the church on the Glasgow road, the elders carried him there in a chair, as the elders used to carry the apostle John in his old age through the streets of Ephesus, that he might give the congregation his blessing and say, "My little children, love one another."

Of Mr. Dewar's domestic life the simple but pathetic narrative on his gravestone furnishes brief but very significant details. He had brought his young wife, Margaret Thomson, home to the manse less than four years after he began his ministry. They had one child, Mary Ann, who died in early infancy. Mrs. Dewar died in 1796 in her twenty-seventh year. She could not have been more than twenty years of age at the time of her marriage. Mr. Dewar remained a widower and childless during the remainder of his life, more than thirty-seven years. Suffering early and sore bereavements he became a comforter of many visited by the same sorrows.



REV. WILLIAM ORR

Mr. Dewar's increasing infirmity soon made it evident that a younger man was required to discharge the active duties of the pastorate, and again, after nearly half a century, the congregation found itself in troubled waters. Many questions had to be settled. Should Mr. Dewar remain as senior pastor? Would he continue to occupy the manse? What should be the amount of his retiring allowance? And what the stipend of the younger minister? Differences of opinion emerged on these points, and considerable discussion took place. In the end, however, Mr. Dewar retired on an allowance of £50 a year, retaining the manse till his death in 1833, at the age of fourscore. £90 it was thought would be "a reasonable and handsome" stipend for the acting pastor. The Presbytery approved of the arrangements, probationers were heard, and on the 31st July, 1827, a meeting for election was held. Three men were proposed, two of whom afterwards became well known in the Church, David Marshall and William M'Kelvie. The majority favoured David Marshall, and the call was signed by 213 members, but the minority was not disposed to acquiesce. Probably it was on account of the want of harmony that Mr. Marshall declined the call to Fenwick, and accepted another to Lochee, near Dundee, where a congregation, which in ten years grew to the number of 400 members, was then being formed.

The favourite of the minority—William M'Kelvie—was settled in Balgedie, where he wrote the "Life of Michael Bruce the Poet," and shortened his days by arduous labour incurred in preparing for publication "The Annals and Statistics of the United Presbyterian Church." Even though both candidates were thus removed out of the way, harmony did not yet prevail in the congregation, and it required many meetings for

prayer, a visitation of Presbytery, and an appropriate sermon from the text, "Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you," to heal the divisions of Israel. In those days there were many congregational meetings with numerous motions, and there was urgent need of some one with a clear head, and the pen of a ready writer to take the minutes. Such a man was found in Matthew Fowlds, who at the early age of twenty-two was appointed clerk. When commissioners or deputies to the Presbytery had to be elected, Matthew Fowlds was always one of them. Considering the circumstances of his appointment, and the experience he must have obtained then, we are not surprised that to the end of his days he remained an authority on "Rules and Forms of Procedure."

Two years passed after the failure of the first call before the congregation was prepared to issue another, and then, when the meeting for moderation was held, an extraordinary irregularity in the proceedings occurred. The Rev. D. Robertson, Kilmaurs, yielding to the urgent requests of certain members, allowed Mr. Nisbet, the probationer then supplying the vacancy, to take his place so far as delivering the sermon was concerned, thus failing in part to fulfil the commission he had received from the Presbytery, and at the same time giving Mr. Nisbet* an undue advantage. On a vote being taken by show of hands, it appeared that there was a majority of one in favour of Mr. William Orr from Saltcoats. However, when the roll was called, that majority was increased to seven. It was a close division, but on this occasion the minority fell in with the majority, and the call was signed by 275 members, sustained by the Presbytery, and accepted by Mr. Orr. Yet nearly six months passed before he was settled in Fenwick, the ordination not taking place till 2nd February, 1830. It happened to be well on in Spring when the ordination of Mr. Dewar occurred, and it was possible to conduct

*Mr. Nisbet was afterwards settled in the Cowgate Church, Edinburgh.

the service in the open air, but a similar arrangement was undesirable in the case of Mr. Orr. Consequently a request was made for the use of the Parish Church, which had accommodation for about 700 sitters. This request was kindly granted, and the ordination took place in that building where of old the great William Guthrie entreated sinners to make sure of a "saving interest in Christ," and for that day at any rate the Seceders returned to the Mother Church. Mr. Duncan presided, and discoursed from the text—"Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord." Then, after the usual questions had been asked and answered, Mr. William Orr was solemnly ordained to the office of the holy ministry, and the pastoral inspection of the Associate Congregation of Fenwick, with prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Mr. Blackwood of Galston addressed the newly ordained brother, and brought the service to a conclusion. Afterwards Rev. Peter Cairns, himself settled in Stewarton little more than a year earlier, introduced Mr. Orr to his Session, and for more than half a century he remained his steadfast and attached friend.

The new minister was a man of peace and yet of firmness, with a dignified, and at the same time gracious and conciliatory manner, which speedily made a way for him to the hearts of all the people, so that soon all lines of party difference were obliterated, and the congregation grew and prospered. At the first communion after his ordination, Mr. Orr had the satisfaction of admitting 35 young persons to the membership of the church.

The meeting house was now much too small for the large and increasing congregation. Erected in 1784 at a very moderate cost, it was a plain thatch-roofed building, with outside stair leading to the gallery. There were 130 more sittings required than it contained. So it was agreed to build a "mair hoose," and Matthew Fowlds found further work in taking minutes of congregational meetings convened to decide about plans, ways, and means. Thus he became acquainted with other ecclesi-

astical matters besides those connected with calls and ordinations. It was resolved that the old church should be pulled down, and a new one erected on the same site, with sitting accommodation for 789 persons. Rigid economy was observed in every respect, as appears from the fact that it was agreed to re-erect the old pulpit, and to utilise as much as possible of the old gallery front in the new meeting house. The farmers carted the building materials, the villagers dug the necessary drains, and so a simple, commodious church was erected at the extremely moderate cost of £701. A congregation in those days had nothing but its own resources to depend upon, and bazaars, as methods of raising money for ecclesiastical purposes, were undreamt of. So plain folks contented themselves with plain Meeting houses.

Comfortably accommodated in their new place of worship, the congregation continued to prosper and increase, paying off the debt that had been incurred in a leisurely fashion. In 1835 there were 550 names on the communicants' roll, and the average number present at the Sabbath services was 750, which indicates remarkable fidelity in the matter of church attendance, and also suggests that children and young people were numerous. They must have been, for the same year 37 infants were baptised. The congregation were evidently in good heart at that time, for not content with having erected a new church for themselves, they shortly after built a new manse for their minister. When Mr. Dewar died, three years after the ordination of his colleague, Mr. Orr might have entered the old thatch-roofed dwelling above the Creelshaw Brae, where his predecessor had spent fully forty-six years of his life ; but this house was in great need of repair, and the congregation resolved to provide a new and better manse for their minister on a more convenient site alongside of the church. This house, a commodious two-storey building, which used to be the envy and admiration of many Secession ministers sixty or seventy years ago, was completed in 1834 at what seems the wonderfully small cost of £399.

Mr. Orr had come to be minister of an active, intelligent, well-organised congregation, and we might have thought that he would have found it unnecessary to inaugurate any agencies or schemes of work in addition to those already in operation. Yet we find him, shortly after his ordination, directing the activity of the congregation in connection with two fresh enterprises of importance. One of these we have already mentioned—the undertaking of Home Mission work in Maybole. The other was the formation of the congregational library, which began its history just three years after his ordination. The following minute tells us what were the aims of those specially interested in promoting this new institution in Fenwick :—

“ Friday, 5th April, 1833.

“ Agreeably to pulpit intimation—The Un. Ass. Congn. being met and constituted—James Taylor, Well, in the chair—*inter alia*—on the motion of the Rev. Mr. Orr, it was unanimously agreed—That a Library, consisting of books adapted for opening the mind to the doctrines of grace, for impressing them on the heart, and directing their influence into proper lines of conduct, and for affording useful information, was an object highly desirable—and a vote being taken a great majority appeared in favour of a resolution that such a Library should with all possible expedition be instituted in the congregation.”

The scheme was promptly and successfully carried through. Rules and regulations were carefully drawn up, funds freely subscribed, books purchased—nearly a hundred of them for about £15—catalogues printed and circulated, so that before the winter set in this new congregational institution was in full working order. The members of committee seem to have been well pleased with the result of their efforts, as a sort of addendum to their minute of the 6th August indicates—“ Closed with prayer, and the committee parted happily,

as having successfully achieved the opening of the Fenwick Un. Ass. Congl. Library, an institution which, under the divine countenance, it is hoped, will tell on generations yet unborn."

It has told in more ways than one, in ways the secretary expected no doubt, and also in a way he never anticipated, namely, that of reducing the size of the congregation, for when the members began to entertain thoughts of emigration, they at once suggested the purchase of such books as contained accounts of the Colonies. Many of that class are still to be found in the library, well worn volumes, and we may be sure that the perusal of them in those hard times, that shortly after this came upon the country, encouraged many to seek new homes across the seas.

Various references in the minutes indicate that the privilege of reading in the library was widely and keenly appreciated. There was a constant demand for fresh literature, members were warned that they must not retain any book longer than four weeks under penalty of a fine, and careful arrangements were made so that on those evenings, once a fortnight, when books were lent out, each one of the crowd that blocked the door of the Session house, where the library had found a home, might be served in due order. Various methods were devised for obtaining money to be spent in adding to the volumes on the shelves. Each reader paid a shilling annually, and a church door collection was taken once a year in the month of May. Still the cry was for more books. To find money to meet the demand, the committee bethought them of a novel method of raising funds. They would hold a soiree, the surplus obtained for tickets, after defraying expenses, to be devoted for this purpose. "It was agreed that price of tickets to be 8d, and that two oranges, two kinds of biscuits, and a parcel of grapes be given to each person—Robert Gilmour to apply to Mr. M'Dougal, confectioner, for specimens of the biscuit."

There is no mention of tea, which has long been considered indispensable at such functions. Perhaps

the grapes supplied its place. although thirty-two pounds for four hundred and fifty persons would not allow of a very large "parcel" for each. We regret that no report of the speeches delivered by the ministers, who were invited to address the meeting, has been preserved. We wonder whether some of the same old stories, which still do duty on such occasions, were told then for the first time—seventy years ago. Matthew Fowlds might have informed us. He was one of the Library Committee from the first, and clerk for many years. He surely was present, and doubtless retained to the end of his days some recollection of what was said and done.

The next time that a soiree was held a fresh attraction was provided by adding choral music to the programme. Some little difficulty, however, must have occurred in making arrangements with the singers, for a minute states—"Received communication from the Vocal Band that they would not sing on the conditions specified in the bill. After some discussion it was agreed to obliterate the clause objected to."

At a later date we find the library benefiting from a game on the ice. Mrs. Craufurd offered a prize of thirty shillings to be competed for by the curlers on Craufurdland Loch, and the winning rink, with her hearty approval, handed over that sum to the Library Committee. In 1842 the Fenwick Young Men's Political Society presented their collection of 16 volumes to the library.

In their selection of books the committee evidently adhered closely to the original intention of procuring such as might be useful "for opening the understanding to the doctrines of grace and for improving the heart." Of the first hundred volumes in the catalogue seventy are either sermons, theological treatises, or biographies of persons eminent for piety. As a sample of this class of books we may mention Belfrage's "Discourses to the Aged," Doddridge's "Addresses to the Young," Andrew Fuller's "Calvinistic and Socinian Systems Compared," Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," Dick's

“Christian Philosopher,” Paley’s “Natural Theology,” Howe’s “Living Temple.” Then we have biographies of Patrick Hamilton, Thomas Halyburton, George Wishart, Richard Cameron, Colonel Gardner, Henry Martyn, David Brainerd, and Ebenezer Erskine.

Among the remaining thirty of the first hundred we notice Locke on “Civil Government,” the “Life of Sir William Wallace,” and “The Olney Hymns.” There are also histories and books upon travel.

On substantial fare of that sort the Fenwick Seceders nourished their minds seventy or eighty years ago. That they might obtain a reading of such books as these, they held soirees, played games on the ice, and so crowded up the Session house every library night that James Boyd, the first librarian, and John Kirkland, his successor, had their temper and their patience tried, endeavouring to serve them in an orderly fashion.

This congregational institution still survives, but of the new books added few indeed can compare in solidity with the old; and some of them, we fear, would have been considered by the fathers fit only for kindling the Session house fire. Alas! many of *their* old tomes, soiled and tattered by frequent perusal, yellow and musty with age, have themselves passed through the purifying flame. There are, however, many good modern books, and just recently A. Cameron Corbett, Esq., M.P., of Rowallan, presented us with the twenty volumes of “The International Library of Famous Literature.”

Before leaving the subject of the congregational library, with its testimony to the intellectual and scientific aspirations of the people of Fenwick, some reference ought to be made to a famous member of the congregation, uncle of its present church officer, John Fulton of Spoutmouth, and to his wonderful achievement in the construction of the Orrery, a mechanical representation of the relative positions, orbits, and movements of the solar system. We are happy in being able to transcribe a graphic and accurate description of it from

a reminiscence of Mr. A. W. Meiklejohn contained in a letter to the eldest son of the Hon. George Fowlds.

“Regarding the Orrery, George, you have fairly taken the wind out of my sails. I thought I had something fresh to tell you, and lo, and behold, I might sit at your feet and learn. One Winter evening in the early fifties of the last century I was pacing along Argyle Street on a matter of high import. In those days, I was, as a rule, uncommonly short of pocket money. On that particular evening it was my rare good fortune to have a shilling in my purse.”

. . . “Passing along I noticed a board bearing the intimation:—‘The Orrery, constructed by the late Mr. John Fulton, Fenwick, is now on view. Admission 3d.’ ‘An Orrery! What’s an Orrery?’ ‘Fenwick! Where may Fenwick be?’ These queries must be answered. The diary must wait. The man in charge, Mr. Thomas Fulton, gave some interesting details bearing on the construction of this astronomical apparatus. The woodwork, the machinery, the engraving on brass of the months and dates, the tools by which everything was done, were all the work of one hand—the handiwork of a mechanical and mathematical genius that has not been surpassed. By turning a handle the internal mechanism was set in motion, and the planets sent off on their journey round the sun and brought round to their exact relation to the sun for that particular night. A number of gentlemen, recognising the educational value of the Orrery, subscribed £400, bought it from the family, and presented it to the Corporation of Glasgow. It now stands under a glass case in the centre of a room, which it has all to itself, in the People’s Palace in the Green. John Fulton, your great-grand uncle, was born in 1800. At school he was dull at figures. In the construction of his Orrery he solved problems requiring mathematical gifts of the highest order. He began his great work when he

was 23. Finished it when he was 33. Took it to London where it was tested by the first astronomers of the day, and was awarded a gold medal."

In another letter to the Hon. George Fowlds, Mr. Meiklejohn adds some supplementary words.

"Going back upon the Orrery, while the sizes of the sun and planets are in proportion, their whirling motion on their axes, their varying rates of speed round the sun are correct. It was impossible within so small a compass to give more than an approximate idea of their immense distances from the sun."

John Fulton spent fifteen years in London in the service of a Mr. Bates, philosophical instrument maker in King William Street, Strand, and was an esteemed member of Wells Street Presbyterian Church, the minister of which, the Rev. Robert Redpath, was his warm friend. His health failing, he returned to his native Fenwick, where he was assiduously nursed by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Fulton. He died at the age of 53, greatly lamented. Afterwards his brother, Thomas Fulton, with marvellous skill and indomitable labour, succeeded in reconstructing the Orrery, and so it came to be shown to a new generation in the chief towns of Scotland before it was acquired and presented to the Corporation of Glasgow.

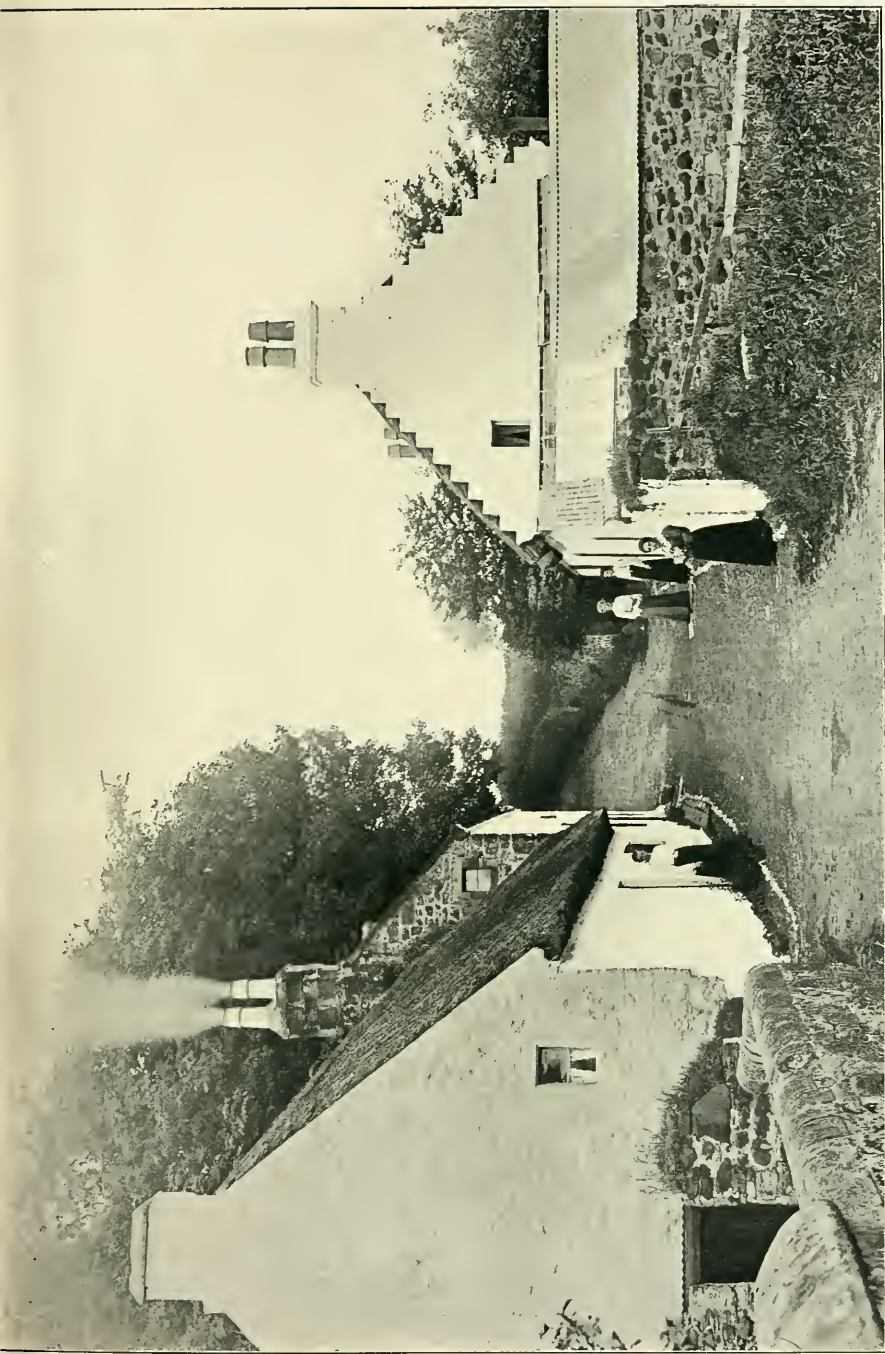
The reference in the minutes of the Library Committee to the "Vocal Band," whose services were secured for the soiree, reminds us that Fenwick was famed for its excellent singers in old time, and especially for its congregational singers. In those days, when any church in the neighbouring towns was in need of a precentor, the first place where they made enquiry regarding a qualified man was Fenwick, and generally Fenwick was able to supply the want. And not only were there famous singers in the village long ago, but also composers. One at least of these deserves to be

remembered—Hugh Wilson, to whom we are indebted for that fine familiar Psalm tune “Martyrdom,” originally known as “Fenwick,” which was composed by him about the beginning of last century in the same house at Spoutmouth long occupied by the Fulton family, Mr. John Fulton, church officer, being its present possessor.

In the early days, and so long as the church continued to be well filled, the melody of praise was nowhere heard more harmoniously or with fuller volume of sound than in the Meeting House. There was no choir or “band,” as it would have been called then, to lead the praise, but about sixty or seventy years ago there flourished in Fenwick two musical associations, a junior and a senior, the members of which devoted much attention to the practice of psalmody, and other more elaborate forms of sacred song. The result was that a large number in the congregation were well qualified to take each his and her own part of the musical harmony in the church services.

There is a tradition that on one occasion a city minister, who himself possessed some gift of song, was so impressed with the full harmony with which the opening Psalm was rendered that he proceeded to put the congregation to the proof. Those were the days before it was customary to supply the leader of praise with a note of the Psalms and hymns to be sung previous to the commencement of the service. No precentor would then have been considered fit for his office if he had not been capable of selecting an appropriate tune, while the preacher was reading over the verses to be sung. So this minister had a free hand, and this is how he made use of it to test the musical abilities of the congregation, as he himself afterwards explained :—

“To open with I had given out a common metre Psalm. They sang it so well that I thought next I would try them with a short metre psalm. This they sang even better than the first. Then thinking I might puzzle them with a peculiar metre I gave out the 124th,



JOHN FULTON'S HOUSE. SPOUTMOUTH, IN WHICH ORREY WAS CONSTRUCTED.

“Now Israel may say, and that truly,” but they carried this through best of all with heartiness and birr, each part going, and all in perfect time and harmony. I’m sure it was not better sung even that day when the Edinburgh folk sang it till heaven and earth resounded, as they marched up from the Netherbow Port leading home again their banished minister, John Durie. Next time I preach in Fenwick I must have ‘St. George’s Edinburgh’ to ‘Ye gates lift up your heads on high.’ It would be grand.”

On another Sabbath day the congregation had an experience of a different sort. The regular precentor being off duty for the day a local substitute occupied his place. Sandy, though a little shaky, owing to his unaccustomed position at the desk, got through his duties very well till the 133rd Psalm was announced—

“Behold, how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell,”

a Psalm which was often sung about the time of the recent union of the Churches, and one which was frequently chosen as appropriate in connection with the much earlier union of the Secession and Relief denominations in 1847. For this Psalm Sandy chose the good old repeating tune of Eastgate, but through nervousness he failed to get into it on the first word, again he tried with no better result, and a third time, but yet got no further than the thrice repeated word “Behold.” Then, just when the gravity of the congregation and the equanimity of the minister were being sorely tried, another voice was heard to strike the right note, clear as a bell. It was that of Hughie Walker, one of a specially musical family, another member of which was for many years precentor in Dr. David Young’s church, Montrose Street, Glasgow. Hughie led the tune steadily through to the close, and saved the situation, but it

was long before Sandy heard the end of that story, for thereafter, when any one wished to put him out of countenance, or close his mouth in an argument, all he had to do was to say, "Be-ho-ld, Sandy, be-ho-ld," and immediately Sandy was dumb. Such a method of ending a controversy was effectual, but hardly in keeping with the sentiment of the Psalm, or likely to promote the dwelling together of brethren in unity.

In the manse that had been built for him beside the church Mr. Orr spent half a century of his life. It is to this house that the surviving members of his family, three sons and two daughters, look back as the happy home of their childhood and youth, full of many memories bright and joyous, and some tender and sacred. Again and again the shadow of bereavement rested on this house, most deeply when in 1853 the beloved wife and mother was taken, but comfort came from the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, and the minister learned through the discipline of sorrow to comfort others with the same comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted of God, so that in every house of sorrow or mourning he was a true son of consolation. Mr. Orr had congregational trials as well as family afflictions, particularly that of seeing his flock steadily decreasing with the dwindling population of the parish. There came a time, too, when the click of the shuttle was silenced in many a house in the village as the weavers' industry failed in competition with the power loom, and they had to seek other work elsewhere. At the same time there was a tendency throughout the country district to increase the size of farms by reducing their number. This proceeded so far that before the end of his ministry Mr. Orr could enumerate forty farms that had disappeared from the parish within his memory.

Many members of the congregation emigrated, some to the United States and Canada, others to Australia and New Zealand. For years an emigration society existed in Fenwick for the express purpose of assisting



William Orr.

those who wished to settle abroad. Mr. Orr never forgot those who left. Their names seem to have been engraven on his heart, as were the names of the twelve tribes in the High Priest's breastplate, and we may be sure few of them ever forgot their old minister. In proof of this take the following recent letter from an octogenarian, who emigrated to America sixty-seven years ago :—

ELGIN, ILL., U.S.A.,
10th October, 1908.

MR. THOMAS ORR.

DEAR SIR,

No doubt I will be quite a stranger to you. Perhaps you will not remember me, my name is J. B. Shedden. I was born and lived in High Gardrum, Fenwick, Scotland. I left Scotland, April, 1842, and came to Elgin, Ill., U.S.A. I was then 14 years of age; the first prayer meeting that I ever attended was in your father's church. When I was four or five years of age my grandmother took me with her. I can remember yet hearing your father pray, also John Dunlop of Drumboy; it all impressed me with a good deal of reverence. I love the prayer meeting still, and attend them every Wednesday. Last week I had a short visit from Mr. James Dunlop of Hall-house, Fenwick. When I was a young man I had several kind letters from your father. We also received his likeness and a card with his funeral service, which I still retain. I received a great deal of good at the children's meeting on Saturdays. Many times have I received your father's blessing with his hand on my head, even when he met me on the road. He was faithful in holding up the Cross. It will be one of the joys of heaven to meet him there, perhaps next to a precious and very dear wife. Who that loves Jesus would not love such a man. I have spoken of him more than once at our prayer meetings. We have a steady fight here with the enemy of souls.

But the Master is both wiser and stronger than he, and surely he will never fail us. Please excuse this freedom, but I am glad to revive these old memories. Mr. Dunlop is a very intelligent and well informed man. I am now nearly eighty-two years of age, but not very frail, my hand shakes so that I can hardly write, so I use a typewriter, please excuse.

I walk two miles to the Presbyterian Church here in Elgin; when it storms or I be in a hurry I take the car. My family were all full members here before they were 14 years old.

I would like to hear from any of your father's family.

Very respectfully yours,

J. B. SHEDDEN.

If a man of eighty-two thus cherishes the memory of a pastor he knew only in boyhood's days, we may depend upon it that those who did not emigrate so early in life, and were privileged to enjoy Mr. Orr's ministrations till they reached the years of maturity, must entertain memories certainly no less deep and abiding.

For fifty years Mr. Orr diligently shepherded the flock committed to his care, assiduously visiting them during the week, and faithfully proclaiming to them the divine message from Sabbath to Sabbath. His gift of prayer, not only in the pulpit but also in the homes of his people, and especially by a sick bed, was most wonderful. When so engaged he seemed to have passed immediately into the divine presence, carrying along with him every one present. There was no matter so homely but Mr. Orr was ready to make it a matter of prayer, and that in language so familiar, and yet so dignified, scriptural and reverential, that each one felt it true that nothing is trivial to Him who not only telleth the number of the stars, but counts the hairs of the head, and marks the sparrows' fall. No wonder that Mr. Shedden remembers Mr. Orr's prayer meetings.

From time to time the minister's heart was gladdened by hearing thankful acknowledgments of benefit and blessing received through his ministrations, and when his jubilee was celebrated in 1879, a vast host of friends, old and young, rejoiced to have the opportunity of giving expression in their spoken tributes, and by their more tangible gifts, to the high honour and warm affection in which they held Mr. Orr.* Speaking on that occasion as one of the oldest members of the Session, Mr. Fowlds mentioned the fact that "of all those who signed the call to Mr. Orr fifty years ago only fifteen still remained alive and in connection with the congregation."

A year before this celebration took place, Mr. Orr, with the burden of nigh fourscore years upon him, had felt constrained to make application for the appointment of a colleague and successor, and in the Autumn of 1878 the congregation addressed a call to Mr. Adam Baillie, who, however, declined, and was afterwards settled in Errol. In the Spring of 1879 the present pastor was elected, his call being signed by 203 members and 48 adherents, out of a total membership of 300. The ordination took place on 25th June, Rev. John Kirkwood, Troon, uncle of the young minister, fulfilling the duties of moderator for the day. At the ordination dinner, the Chairman, Mr. Fowlds, in the course of a short speech, referred to the fact that though the congregation was now little short of a hundred years old, it had never been vacant during all its history, and the young man just ordained was only its third minister.

For nearly three years the pleasant fellowship of senior and junior colleague continued with unbroken harmony. During this time Mr. Orr, though unfit for pulpit work, was able, with the help of a conveyance provided for him by his family, to discharge pastoral duties. He enjoyed driving out in the company and care of his nephew and elder, Mr. M. B. Watt, to call on

*A full account of the celebrations will be found in "The Jubilee of Rev. William Orr," by Rev. R. Workman Orr, Brechin.

members of the congregation, and his visits were highly valued, especially by the sick and the aged. He felt, however, that his strength was declining, and latterly he never took leave of a friend without reminding him that it might be the last farewell. In the end of April, 1882, he was completely prostrated by trouble that caused at times severe heart pain, and on the morning of the 15th May he entered into rest. On his last Sabbath a message of sympathy, with an assurance of prayerful remembrance, was brought to him from the Session. The bearer was Mr. Matthew Fowlds, and it lost none of its tenderness or consoling power by coming to him through the voice and heart of his true and constant friend of fifty-two years. In his last hours he had the satisfaction of seeing all the members of his family around his bedside, was able to give them his blessing, and to assure them, in the words of Paul, "I know whom I have believed," and again in those of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Once during the darkness he asked if it would be long till light, and when told in reply that it was still some hours before sunrise, he said, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and so it came about, for at the dawning of the day his spirit passed to that land of which it is written, "There shall be no night there," and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

On the day of the funeral a large congregation filled the church—inhabitants of the parish without distinction of denomination, members of the Presbytery and other ministerial brethren, friends from far and near, all assembled to show respect for one whom they had long loved and honoured. Never before had the quiet little village seen so large a funeral, and never since has it looked on the like, saving only when all that was mortal of the venerable elder, who in his youth had welcomed Mr. Orr to the congregation, and who yet was destined to survive him for a quarter of a century, was borne to its last resting place.



Remembrance of
ELLEN DOW ORR
Wife of FRANCIS DOW
Born March 25th 1810
Died November 10th 1880
JAMES
Born 18th 1811
Died August 25th 1880
Died June 1st 1882

Remembrance of
WILLIAM ORR
Member of the Church
Born September 7th 1798
Died February 2nd 1874
Died May 11th 1880
ELIZA WORKMAN Wife
Born February 29th 1811
Died April 20th 1881
Their Children
JOHN
Born October 22nd 1833
Died September 2nd 1880
JOHN
Born May 19th 1847
Died August 19th 1891
AGNES
Born August 24th 1848
Died March 20th 1890
MARY
Born April 16th 1853
Died February 19th 1891

The elders carried the coffin through the village street to the old churchyard, where, after a prayer offered by Dr. Joseph Brown, and the singing of that hymn, which paraphrases the saintly Samuel Rutherford's last words, the body of the aged servant of the Lord was laid to rest under the shadow of the church where Guthrie preached, and near by the dust of many a martyr of the Covenant. Well might Mr. Orr have said in the words of him of Anwoth—

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of Sorrow
Were lusted by his love ;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land.

REV. J. KIRKWOOD FAIRLIE

1879—

After the ordination of Mr. Fairlie in 1879, the first event to be chronicled is a centenary celebration. In the beginning of 1882 Mr. Fowlds reminded the Session that the hundredth anniversary of the congregation's origin was approaching, and he suggested that steps be taken to observe the centenary appropriately. The suggestion was unanimously approved, and Principal John Cairns, D.D., was invited to occupy the pulpit on the occasion. This he cordially agreed to do, and on the last Sabbath of June in that year he preached two weighty, eloquent, and impressive sermons, one from the text, Rom. i. 16, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," and the other from Acts v. 39, "If this work be of man it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." Although Dr. Cairns had never been in Fenwick before, it was at once apparent that he

was fully acquainted with its place in Covenanting history, and well informed regarding its famous characters. He was eager, however, to add local details to his knowledge, and for this purpose visited several places of interest in the parish. After spending some time in the churchyard looking at the tombstones, he remarked on the fact that so few of the older inscriptions contained any expression or text of scripture, which might indicate a hope that the departed had entered into bliss. This omission he attributed to humble reluctance on the part of our forefathers to seem to anticipate in any way the final verdict of the Almighty. Before leaving the churchyard, and standing by the gate, he repeated from memory the inscriptions on each of the martyr stones—names, dates, verses, all being given correctly but for one trifling slip. On the Monday of his stay one of the elders, Mr. Thomas Picken of Glassock, drove him to Lochgoin, where he examined with deep interest all the relics of Covenanting times—the flag, the drum, the sword, the Bible, and the old silver coins from the Netherlands. These last particularly engaged his attention, each different image and superscription reminding him of some great historical incident or famous character. Before turning homewards he plucked a wild violet from the spot where the Covenanters' monument now stands, remarking as he laid it in his pocket book, "this for my sister."

In the earlier years of his ministry Mr. Orr had been encouraged by seeing his congregation steadily increasing, but his young colleague never enjoyed this satisfaction. He found it true that the trial of a country minister's life is that he is continually saying "Good-bye," seldom "How do you do?" From the first there was a steady stream of migration from the parish, the great majority of those leaving being United Presbyterians. It was not now the Colonies that so strongly attracted the farmers, but the more southerly districts of Scotland and various counties in England, particularly Essex, where the hardworking farmers of the North are rapidly taking

the place of the easy living, fox hunting gentlemen farmers of the South.

In those parts the methods of agriculture have been changed, so that, where once were seen wide waving fields of wheat, the eye now rests upon broad pasture lands, in which large herds of well fed kine—many of them of the famous Ayrshire breed—are browsing knee deep in the long grass, producing milk for the Londoners such as they were not accustomed to in former days. Truly Fenwick of the “Dispersion” is a great and ever increasing host.

However, though constantly seeing its members reduced, the congregation did not lose heart. In the end of December, 1894, they took the forward step of introducing instrumental music to the church service. This was done without in any way disturbing the general harmony of the congregation, and has had as a result a great improvement of harmony in the service of praise. It should be observed here that the formal proposal that this innovation should take place was made at a congregational meeting by the oldest member.

Five years later steps were taken to renovate the interior of the church. The old narrow pews, with their high seats and straight backs, were altered and widened, so that three took the place of four. The flooring of the church, which was seriously decayed, was renewed, two rooms were partitioned off from the area of the church on each side of the pulpit, and a porch built at the entrance door. At the same time improvements were made in connection with the manse, which greatly added to its comfort.

Although the expense thus incurred was considerable, amounting to nearly £400, yet so heartily did the congregation respond to the appeal for funds, and so promptly and liberally did other friends contribute, that, with the help of a £40 grant from the manse fund, the whole of the sum necessary was collected before the tradesmen's accounts were rendered.

On the first Sabbath of April, 1899, the Rev. Peter Rutherford of Kelvingrove Church, Glasgow, preached

the first sermon in the renovated church, and congratulated the congregation on the improved appearance of the building, and on arrangements which greatly added to the comfort of the worshippers.

In December, 1901, the minister was granted four months' leave of absence, in order that he might accomplish a tour through India and visit a brother and sister resident in Ceylon. On his return the congregation welcomed him at a largely attended social meeting held in the church on the 1st April, 1902, at which he was presented with a handsome gold watch. The man chosen to make the presentation was of course Matthew Fowlds, who then wanted just four years of his century. Hence arose a curious confusion. The matter, having been mentioned in the local papers, came ultimately under the notice of the editor of the "Scottish American," who, in his condensed account of the function, got considerably mixed up, so that the following paragraph appeared:—

"The village of Fenwick, Ayrshire, possesses a very remarkable minister who, though ninety-six years of age, has just returned from a tour in the East. Mr. Fairlie is still able to preach occasionally."

Can the date of the meeting be held accountable in any way for this incredible story? However that may be, Mr. Fairlie continued to preach occasionally, that is weekly, for the next two years, and then the congregation celebrated his semi-jubilee as their minister.

Mr. James Dunlop, Midland, presided at the soiree, which was held in the church, and once more the aged elder made the presentation. This he did in a speech full of reminiscences of the past, references to the previous ministers, and kindly remarks regarding the present pastor. As a strange coincidence, he mentioned the fact that the first minister of the parish came from Brechin, where a son of the congregation—Rev. R. Workman Orr—is ministering to-day, and that the

first minister of the Secession Church came from Dunfermline, where another son of the congregation—Rev. Robert Alexander—is ministering at the present time. He added that it was eighty-one years since he began to take an interest in the congregation as a member in full communion, admitted by Mr. Dewar, and after all that experience he could say that Mr. Fairlie pleased him well as a minister. Occasionally they had differed in opinion, but they had always been quite frank with one another, and nothing had ever interfered with their friendship.

He, then, in a few pawky sentences, presented Mr. Fairlie with new pulpit robes, a solid silver tea service, and a purse of sovereigns, remarking as he handed over the last gift that surely the gold would suffice to buy tea for the pot for many a long day to come. Mrs. Thomas Young, the wife of one of the elders, then enrobed the minister, and Mr. Fowlds concluded by hoping that Mr. Fairlie might be spared to wear out the braw new gown.

Fully half a decade has elapsed since that occasion, and were we to continue our historical survey the principal matters that would engage our attention would be those connected with the jubilee, centenary, and the death of Matthew Fowlds. It is unnecessary, however, to review these events here, as the reader will find them all set forth in full detail elsewhere.

At this point, then, we conclude our brief historical account of a congregation which, for nearly a hundred and thirty years, has “displayed a banner because of the truth” in Fenwick parish, and maintained a consistent testimony on behalf of the spiritual liberty and independence of the Church. During that time it has once completely renewed its abode, and three times it has altered its name in keeping with those denominational changes, which have taken place in Scotland during the last ninety years. Originally the Associate Congregation, it became, in consequence of the union of “Burghers” and “Anti-Burghers” in 1820, the

United Secession congregation; and in 1847, when that denomination joined with the Relief Church, it became the United Presbyterian congregation. Now, since the union of the United Presbyterian Church with the Free Church in 1900, it bears the name of the Orr Memorial United Free congregation.

Its members have worshipped in the present building for nigh upon eighty years, as the date, plainly set forth in large Roman characters on its forefront, reminds every passer-by on the highway. It is a simple, unornamental edifice, but as it occupies an elevated situation, its plain white walls are conspicuous from afar, reminding those familiar with Scottish ecclesiastical history of the first Christian church built in our land—St. Ninian's, "*Candida Casa*," the White House, erected fifteen hundred years ago on the rocky shores of Galloway. Though lacking in architectural adornment and ecclesiastical suggestiveness, without Gothic arch or heaven pointing spire, it has yet a deep interest and sweet charm of its own for all who have sought the Lord and listened to the "joyful sound" under its roof. It has been consecrated by the prayers and praises of successive generations of devout worshippers—young men and maidens, old men and children—who there have uplifted heart and voice in "Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide." The thought of this church and its services is a sacred memory to many now scattered widely throughout Scotland and England, and far distant lands beyond the sea. It has seen various occasions of special interest, high days and holydays, days of solemn festival and of cheerful celebration. Its walls have echoed the voice of successive pastors, who have been of one heart and mind in unfolding and commending the word of grace and truth. From far and near other preachers, with fresh voice and glowing fervour, have come to encourage their brethren, and refresh the hearts of the people. Among those of an older generation were Dr. Kidston of Glasgow, Dr. Simpson of Sanquhar, Dr. Schaw of

Ayr, Dr. Bruce of Newmilns, Mr. Elles of Saltcoats, Mr. Banks of Paisley and Kilmarnock, and Mr. Cairns of Stewarton. In the memories of the aged there still linger the silver tones of Dr. John Ker, from whose lips there came warm and glowing the Word of life in most winning and attractive aspect. Some can still recall the cadences in the voice of Dr. W. B. Robertson of Irvine, as he commended to the hearts of the people the old Gospel truths in a new dress of rich poetic imagery. Other memories cluster around Principal Cairns, of giant soul and presence, with his strong rush of weighty argument and persuasive appeal. Many more are still warmly remembered as frequent preachers in connection with communion seasons—Dr. James Knox of Ayr, and afterwards of Pollok Street, Glasgow ; Dr. Boyd of West Kilbride, Dr. Joseph Brown of Glasgow, Dr. Stillie of Girvan, Dr. Hutton of Paisley, and Dr. Taylor of Kilmaurs, Bootle, and New York, of world wide fame, and his lifelong friend, always bringing with him a characteristic benignity and geniality, Mr. Kirkwood of Troon. These all have passed away, and been succeeded by a younger generation of preachers, but the burden of their message, though its form may be changed, is still the same as of old—the boundless love of God in Christ Jesus, “Who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” It is fitting that the congregation should be reminded that it has been privileged to hear the message of mercy from the lips of so many able and earnest men of God. Fitting, too, that the members of a congregation having such a history should at times—

“ Think of the former days, when their fathers willingly suffered
Loss of all earthly things to be free from Erastian bondage,
Witnessing boldly for Christ, they endured a great fight of
affliction ;

Fain had they bettered the Church that was fettered by State
interference,

Yet was their voice unheeded, proclaiming to that generation,
Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter
of Zion !

Who would believe their report ? From their pulpit and homes
they were driven.

So they went forth in faith, and in faith died leaving their children
This grand truth for the Church to bind on her forehead for
ever—

' Better it is to trust in the Lord than depend upon princes.'

These men have laboured, and have we not entered into their
labours ?

Friends, take heed to yourselves, be worthy of all they bequeath
you."

" I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most
High." " Our fathers trusted in Thee, they trusted in Thee
and were not ashamed." " The Lord our God be with us, as
He was with our fathers, let Him not leave nor forsake us."

CHAPTER III

THE WEAVERS' SOCIETY

DESCRIPTIVE VIEW OF THE PARISH

“ Though Phinick be an inland place,
And in it moorish ground ;
Yet men of understanding good
Are therein to be found.”

From an old rhyme, recited by a lady, a native of Fenwick, then nearing her hundredth year, to her friend, the Rev. R. Workman Orr, of Brechin, which was quoted by him in concluding his speech on occasion of the Jubilee of his father, the Rev. William Orr. 11th March, 1879.

When, on the 31st January, 1907, the beloved and honoured Matthew Fowlds passed away in the humble dwelling in which, more than a century before, he had drawn his first breath, few and simple indeed were the material possessions he left behind him.

Nevertheless, a consciousness of wealth had accompanied him through his long life of faithful toil. Over the entrance to Greystone Knowe might have been inscribed the words of the old Chester citizen—

“ God’s providence is mine inheritance.”

The Psalm which was first and last on his lips spoke of his humble confidence, alike in dark days and in sunny—“ I shall not want.” And he could sing with Burns :—

“ I thank Thee, Author of this opening day,
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies ;
Riches denied—Thy boon was purer joys ;
What wealth could neither give nor take away.”

And so the heritage which his children, and children's children, have entered upon is felt by them to be goodly and precious, and the present volume is the outcome of their desire to place upon record a memorial of their devout gratitude for a life so full of years, of service, and of honour.

His life at Greystone Knowe was too full of labour, strenuous and unremitting, to admit of its events and experiences being set down in the form of a diary. If such a diary had been left us, how brimful of interest its pages would be now, extending, as it might have done, from the year 1818, or earlier, to the year 1907.

Among the treasures of Greystone Knowe, however, there has been found a manuscript volume, the entries in which extend over the long period of one hundred and forty-six years (1761 to 1907). From these much information may be gleaned, not only respecting Mr Fowlds, but also respecting ancestors and contemporaries of his who followed the same honourable calling. This volume, rebound once at least, has been preserved with sedulous care, though the frayed and brown edges of its leaves bespeak at once its antiquity, and its use by a long succession of secretaries and members.

The title of the volume is printed on a fly leaf, prefixed to its Records, in large capitals thus:—

WEAVER SOCIETY BOOK FINNICK.

The page being too narrow to take in the title across the same, it is printed in a perpendicular line.

With a view to a clear and adequate understanding of the interesting records which follow, it may be useful to premise some words regarding the *locus in quo*, Finnick, to wit (under varieties of spelling throughout the Records, almost too numerous to specify), as well as to indicate some distinctive characteristics of its inhabitants.

The situation and configuration of Fenwick parish contribute, with other elements, to make it, as all

natives steadfastly believe and avow, the most salubrious and brightest parish in all Scotland. From its northern and eastern boundary, which is also that of Ayrshire, it expands in a gentle slope from a height of about 900 feet (916 feet on Whitelee Hill, bounding our eastern horizon, and 914 at Lochgoin Monument) to one of about 350 feet (300 feet at water level below Meiklewood, as also at Rowallan Castle and Craufurdland Bridge) on our southern boundary. Fenwick thus offers its full face to the sun. Its area is pleasantly diversified, and abundantly watered by several streams, which follow a south-westerly course, dividing the land into fruitful hills and vales, admitting of easy and effectual drainage of the soil. One road once of unsurpassed excellence, that from Glasgow to Ayr, traverses the length of the parish, a branch from it leading to Galston and another to Kilmaurs, while Stewarton is reached by another—roads, these, imprinted in all their slopes and curves, their fragrance, their vistas and associations, on the hearts of many now far divided from them.

What shall be said of the sacred spots—the venerable church and churchyard, Lochgoin, Craigendunton, and Meadowhead? “Inhabitants of Fenwick, they speak of classic ground,” exclaimed Dr. William Anderson while preaching in May, 1853, amid the Martyrs’ graves in the churchyard, “*Yours is sacred!*” The memorable words have crystallized an impression that fills the mind of native and visitor alike.

All the Fenwick streams have their sources within the parish, so that no contamination from without can affect its waters. No coal mine is worked within its bounds; one shaft indeed was sunk at Netherraith, but it failed to lead to profitable output. Northern and north-easterly breezes bring keen and invigorating air from the moorland summits, unaccompanied by either smoke or fog. The result is an ideally clear atmosphere permitting views of the vale of the Irvine, of the sea, of Arran and Bute, Ailsa Craig, and the higher summits of Ayrshire and Galloway from a

number of elevated points. No poet has yet arisen to sing the praises of the favoured parish. But, without violence and with perfect accuracy, may be applied to Fenwick the eloquent words of Professor Wilson, written respecting the adjacent and kindred parish of Mearns :—

“ Many a valley, and many a glen—and many a hollow that was neither valley or glen—and many a flat of but a few acres which we thought plains—and many a cleft waterless, with its birks and breckans, except when the rains came down, and then they all sang a new song in merry chorus—and many a wood and many a grove, for it takes no great number of trees to make a wood, and four firs by themselves in a lonesome place are a grove—and many a single sycamore, and many a single ash, kenned afar off above its protected cottage—many an indescribable spot of scenery at once pastoral and agricultural and sylvan, where, if house there was, you hardly knew it among the rocks—so was our parish, which people in towns and cities called dreary, composed.”

“ Art thou beautiful, as of old, O wild moorland, sylvan, and pastoral parish ! the Paradise in which our spirit dwelt beneath the glorious dawning of life—can it be, beloved world of boyhood, that thou art indeed beautiful as of old ? ”

“ Fairest of Scotland's thousand parishes—neither Highland nor Lowland, but undulating—let us again use the descriptive word—like the sea in sunset after a day of storms ; yes, Heaven's blessing be upon thee ! Thou art indeed beautiful as of old ! ”

But the outward beauty and brightness of this favoured parish are far from being the only aspects that have united to render it “ the dearest spot on earth ” to a greater number than the present population of Fenwick. They remember with gratitude that the dread scourge of Cholera never claimed one victim in

Fenwick. They recall with delight the friendly harmony of all sections of the people with each other. Farmers, weavers, shoemakers, wrights, blacksmiths, shopkeepers dwelt "in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace" and good fellowship. The young people at school knew little distinction of sect or of station. They were content to be, and delighted to be, "A' John Tamson's Bairns."

Doubtless this state of things was the more easily maintained because Fenwick, while it contained no submerged families (not more than one or two individuals of that class), had few rich folks. The moors from which its smiling fields had been reclaimed, the lateness of the harvests, and the moderate size of its farms were countervailing elements. Industry, frugality, and thrift were the universal law; and plain living and high thinking characterised a goodly proportion of all classes.

A spirit of kindliness and goodwill pervaded the parish, and was shown in fine practical ways. Landlords provided a fund for securing coals for the poor in Winter. Their tenantry vied with each other in doubling the boon by conveying the fuel free.

HONOURED NAMES

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

FELICIA HEMANS.

In an endeavour to furnish a key to some of the chief influences which have moulded the character of the Fenwick people, it is needful to refer to two important epochs of Scottish history. It is interesting to remember that both of these are referred to by Robert Burns, in words which vibrate with concentrated feeling, yet

"Words of truth and soberness." The former has reference to the times, and the men, of the Covenant.

One can imagine Burns raising himself to his full stature, and with wrath and scorn meeting some adverse criticism of this brave band with the memorably terse and conclusive retort—

" The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears,
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause ;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."

The Covenanters were indeed peculiarly an inheritance of Fenwick, by many traditions, by the martyr monuments in its churchyard, by the " Scots Worthies "—the fullest history of the men of the Covenant, written by John Howie in his Fenwick home at Lochgoin. Two names stand out as pre-eminent among Fenwick Covenanters, that of William Guthrie, the first minister of the parish, and of Captain John Paton, his brave elder, a lineal ancestor of Matthew Fowlds. Fenwick became what it has been, and is, largely as a result of the life and labours of these two men. These important elements in moulding the character of the inhabitants of Fenwick are fully dealt with elsewhere in this volume.

The other influence, which in no small degree has moulded Fenwick character, has been that of the *Secession* of 1733, by Ebenezer Erskine, minister of Stirling, and his three brave comrades, Moncrieff, Fisher, and Wilson. Their cause, almost from its first beginning, obtained the sympathy and concurrence of many in Fenwick. These were increased in number when the first Secession Church in Ayrshire was formed at Kilmaurs in 1737. But when in 1780 the Earl of Glasgow exercised, very unwisely, his right of Patronage, and the General Assembly enforced it, in favour of his unacceptable presentee, William Boyd, the whole parish practically became Seceders. They simply would not have him. Burns' only known reference to Fenwick has to do with this event, and it is in harmony with the

one concerning the Solemn League and Covenant. It occurs in his poem "The Ordination"—

"Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to its ruin."

The outcome, however, in the end has *proven ruin* neither to Fenwick nor to the Kirk. The all-wise Disposer of all men and of all events has brought good out of what seemed evil.

In these days of widespread knowledge, does anyone ask to be informed respecting this Secession, its origin, its spirit, its influence? If so, let him read some significant words, written by a son, as he mourned for the loss of a father—working mason, and farmer of Ecclefechan—who there lay dead, while he, the writer, alone of all the family, was absent in London. It was in the presence of the great verities of life, and death, and the hereafter, that Thomas Carlyle penned these lines, each word well weighed, and, as it were, coined out of his heart's sorrow and sincerity.

"From the time when he (James Carlyle) connected himself openly with the religious, became a Burgher (strict, not strictest species of Presbyterian Dissenter), may be dated his spiritual majority; his earthly life was now enlightened and over-canopied by a heavenly. He was henceforth a man."

"They had built a little meeting-house at Ecclefechan thatched with heath, and chosen them a priest, by name John Johnston, the priestliest man I ever, under any ecclesiastical guise, was privileged to look upon. . . . This peasant union, this little heath-thatched house, this simple evangelist, together constituted properly the church of that district. They were the blessing and the saving of many. On me, too, their pious heaven-sent influences still rest, and live. Let me employ them well. There was in

those days a teacher of the people. He sleeps, not far from my father (who built his monument) in the Ecclefechan churchyard—the teacher and the taught. ‘Blessed,’ I again say, ‘are the dead that die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’ ”

This testimony is unimpeachable, as it is tender and eloquent. Many years later, in his *Reminiscences* of his faithful friend, Edward Irving, to whom he owed much of his success in life, he again returns to the same subject, with testimony equally clear, and illuminating, and historically accurate.

“A Free Kirk, making no noise. It had quietly (1733), after much haggie and remonstrance, ‘seceded’ or walked out of its stipends, officialities, and dignities, greatly to the mute sorrow of religious Scotland, and was still, in a strict manner, on the united voluntary principle, preaching to the people what of best and sacredest it could.

“This other fact (in Annan) was visible enough if you examined. A man who awoke to the belief that he actually had a soul to be saved, or lost, was apt to be found among the Dissenting people, and to have given up attendance on the Kirk. It was ungenteeled for him to attend the meeting-house, but he found it to be altogether salutary. This was the case throughout, in Irving’s district and mine.”

“Very venerable are those old Seceder clergy to me now, when I look back on them. Most of the chief figures among them, in Irving’s time and mine, were hoary old men ; men so like what one might call antique evangelists in ruder vesture, ‘poor scholars and gentlemen of Christ,’ I have nowhere met with, in monasteries or churches, among Protestant or Papal clergy, in any country of the world.”

“Venerable Mr. Johnston of Ecclefechan, six miles off, was their only minister, and to him duly on Sunday Adam (Hope, famed schoolmaster of Annan)

and a select group were in the habit of pilgriming for sermon. Less zealous brethren would perhaps pretermitt in bad weather, but I suppose it had to be very bad when Adam and most of his group failed to appear.

“The distance—six miles twice—was nothing singular in this case; one family whose streaming plaids, hung up to drip, I remember to have noticed one wet Sunday, pious Scotch weavers settled near Carlisle; I was told, were in the habit of walking fifteen miles twice for their sermon, since it was not to be had nearer.”

It will be remembered, too, that at a later period, in a letter to Dr. John Macfarlane, the biographer of Dr. Lawson of Selkirk, the then venerable sage of Chelsea repeated, in words of simple eloquence, his undying admiration and veneration for the old Seceder preachers, and for Dr. Lawson, the sage and professor of Selkirk in particular. In these passages the Seceders of Fenwick are accurately and vividly delineated, with this difference only that the movement had a freer and fuller course in Fenwick than perhaps in any other parish in Scotland. Consequently, it will be admitted that Fenwick people occupied a high place in respect of privilege and opportunity in those days.

To those whose memories embrace the last half century or more of Fenwick life, it may not be without interest to recall some of the more distinguished worthies, in whom the characteristics of the Covenanters, and of the Seceders, were notably evident, “known and read of all men.” The patriarchal John Dunlop of Drumboy (for more than fifty years an elder), bent with age and toil, leaning, like Jacob, upon the top of his staff, comes first to mind. With unwearied and unremitting labour he had reclaimed a goodly portion of Drumboy moor, and converted it into shining and fruitful fields. “Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,” he left a fragrant heritage of good to his many

descendants, now scattered over the Empire. Of kindred spirit and attainments was James Dunlop of Gree, nearly fifty years also an elder. He was in his old age visited with blindness, but his faith triumphed over this sore affliction. His face became the brightest and most radiant in the home, and he has left an honoured and an unstained name. On his deathbed he was wont to cheer himself and his family by repeating oft, with fervent voice and soul, the prayer of the Psalmist—

“ Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send ;
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend.”

Of the like worth and influence was John Taylor, weaver in Fenwick town (for sixty-seven years a member of the Fenwick Weavers' Society, and for over fifty years a faithful elder). He was presented with a jubilee address and a Bible by his brethren of the Session. The names of many other like-minded men crowd upon the memory. We must not omit to mention, in this connection, some shining lights of the Morisonian cause, who were all formerly Seceders. Among these will be remembered, with loving gratitude, the sterling character, in all things pertaining to life and godliness, of Alexander Gemmell, farmer, of Tannacrieff. He was one who illustrated the pure and undefiled religion, of which the first element is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. And shall we forget to mention with affectionate reverence another gracious Morisonian, Meysie Ritchie, who mothered several generations of school children, and made choice of an indifferent dwelling, because it was hard by the school, where she and it might be a refuge to them in time of trouble ? And yet another faithful follower of Morison well deserves a place among those worthies—William Fulton, shoemaker (“ Lang Wull,” as he was familiarly called, to distinguish him from others of the name and calling). Like Nathaniel of old, he was an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.



WEAVERS' PARLIAMENT, FENWICK,
AND DAVID WALKER'S HOUSE (WEE DAVIE).

Among others, like William in humble life, held in special honour, was David Walker—wee Davie—whose worth, and helplessness, and sweet voice were a blessing to the parish. He was never absent from the House of God so long as health permitted, and he was always the first to arrive in his small conveyance. Neighbours competed for the honour of drawing him thither, and of placing him in his well known corner, and on rare occasions in the precentor's seat.* Do we not seem to hear him again in his clear, penetrating voice, a voice that seemed to reach the Heavens (*voix Celeste*), and to see his face lighted up as he sang—

“ How lovely is Thy dwelling place,
O Lord of Hosts, to me ;
The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be.”

But space will not avail even to name the many, whose forms, and voices, and characters rise up in memory worthy all of being cherished with gratitude. These referred to may suffice to indicate the kind of men and women who were numerous in Fenwick, whose excellences might be traced to the combined influences of the Covenants and the Secession. They were of the same type as those at Ecclefechan and Annan to whom Carlyle, in his reminiscences, refers. Truly Fenwick was blessed in having John Dunlop, James Dunlop, John Taylor, Alexander Gemmell, Meysie Ritchie, William Fulton, and David Walker, whom we rejoice to recall as the salt of the earth, and to think of as among

“ The Saints of God—their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last.”

Apropos of Burns and his one mention of Fenwick, we may venture to say that it was to Burns' loss that he had not a fuller knowledge of Fenwick. It might have been well for him if he had known some Fenwick

*His Sabbath coach was an ingenious contrivance of that remarkable mechanic and shoemaker—John Fulton—famed constructor of the Orrery.

weavers, some namesakes of his own among them. He would have found them men worthy of being associated with his own father, as drawn by him, in his incomparable idyll, "The Cottar's Saturday Night." In almost every Fenwick fireside he might have discovered a companion picture to that with which he has enriched the world.

Mr. A. W. Meiklejohn, who for twenty years was schoolmaster at Waterside, has written this singular testimony, which is not without its relevance :—

" You will not think that what I have said, as to the orderly homes, and mannerly children, is either figurative or extravagant, when I tell you that I taught—well, tried to teach—for ten years, sitting in an invalid chair, which I could not leave, and every year earned the grant for order and discipline. Had the children come from disorderly homes and been rude and troublesome, the grant for discipline could not have been earned."

Pride of his native place, and of all that goes to distinguish it, may perhaps be accepted as excusing the present compiler for adding an extract from another letter from his excellent friend Mr. Meiklejohn.

" During my sojourn in Fenwick five boys passed through that little school at Waterside (numbering about forty scholars) who became doctors. Dr. William Taylor of Darwhilling, now of Upper Tooting; Dr. John Craig of Raithburn, who graduated but never practised owing to failing health; Dr. James Alexander of Waterside, now of Galston; Dr. William Alexander of Waterside, who was commandeered by the Boers during the South African War; Dr. Hugh Calderwood of High Gainford, who was Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow at the age of twenty-three, but whose brilliant career was brought to an untimely end by sudden and fatal illness.

" Three became ministers, the Rev. James Barr, B.D., late of Dennistoun, now of St. Mary's United



Waterside Schoolhouse

N.B. Workman

Free Church, Govan ; the Rev. William Lindsay, M.A., of St. Mark's United Free Church, Glasgow ; and the Rev. Andrew Paterson, of Weisdale, Shetland. One is a Cabinet Minister, the Hon. George Fowlds. One a solicitor, Mr. Gavin Lindsay, Langdyke. One, Mr. David Dunlop, came out eleventh in the Civil Service Examination for Great Britain and Ireland.

“ A fairly passable record for so small a school, but I take no credit for these, none whatever. These lads were dowered with brains, and blessed with parents who gave them opportunities elsewhere of turning their gifts to account.”

We can only say that it speaks well for all concerned—parents, scholars, and teacher, and for Hareshaw School, on the margin of the moor.

Before leaving the subject of Scottish rural education, as it is presented to us in its results at Hareshaw School, it may not be without interest to cite from the memoirs of the late Duke of Argyll, the following extract from a letter of his to the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, dated September 21, 1861. The family of Huie therein mentioned is obviously a branch of the Lochgoin family of Howies. The passage reveals in a remarkable manner how the Covenanters' spirit, of the age of the Stuart Kings, found its natural development in the Secession Church, then (1861) the United Presbyterian.

“ This Campbeltown district of Argyllshire was the refuge of many Covenanting families, under the protection of the Marquis and Earl of Argyll, during the persecutions of Charles and James. Their descendants still flourish in the district, many of them being tenants on the estate, and forming a strong body of United Presbyterians, into which most of the old Dissenters have become merged. One family of the name of Huie we visited two days ago in the course of our tour of the farms. They have a small ‘ holding ’ in the middle of a peat moss, and the houses

are of the old fashion now going rapidly out—the fire in the middle of the floor, the smoke curling up through blackened beams to a circular orifice in the thatched roof. We found on the table in a little ‘parlour’ Sir W. Hamilton’s lectures, Thucydides, and some Latin classics. The sons are the best ploughmen in the country, and in the evenings they read hard, one of them having taught himself Greek, Latin, and French, with no other assistance than that which a small parish school could afford. The father has for the last two sessions been able to send one of the sons to Glasgow University, where he at once took a prize for Greek and French. This lad was out teaching in the borough school to eke out his means. We met him coming home, and I asked him some questions about the Glasgow professors. Of Lushington, the Greek professor, a man of high reputation, this youth reported that, though a good scholar himself, he was not a successful teacher, and ‘did not bring out fully the beauties of the Greek language.’

“They have in the house an old wooden chair, brought with the family when they came from Ayrshire, with the date ‘1626’ carved upon it. The father seemed very proud of this Covenanting heirloom, and said that he sat in it every night while his sons read.

“I do not think one often meets this sort of stuff in any other country in the world, and Scotland has good reason to be proud of it.”

THE CHARTER

“ Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect ;
And trust the universal plan
Will all protect.”

BURNS.

The reader may be glad to find the way cleared, and in some degree prepared, for perusing now, and con-

sidering duly, the Charter of the Fenwick Weavers' Society, carefully preserved in the volume containing its Records. A reduced fac-simile of the important document gives a fair idea of its present aspect. But it is on a scale too small to be readily deciphered, even if its ancient lines were clearer than they are now. So it is here printed at length.

WE John Burns in Kiln William Hendry in Hairshaw Miln James Brown weaver Jn Damback of Raith John and William Walkers weavers at Ffinnick Kirk Samuel Wallace weaver there William Buntin and Alexander Gemmill weavers in Ffinnick toun and Thomas Barr Yarn Merchant in Ffinnick All Masters of the Trade of Weavers in the Town and Parish of Ffinnick and John and James Gemmills John Walker Alexander Wallace John Willson John and Thomas Burns's All Apprentices in the said Trade and hereto subscribing CONSIDERING That altho' we are not nor can be Erected into a Corporation Yet it would be greatly to the advantage of the Trade of Weavers In the parish of Finnick that proper regulations were established amongst us For the better ordering and government of our said Trade DO THEREFORE all with one Consent ERECT and UNITE ourselves together Into a Society to be called from henceforth THE SOCIETY of WEAVERS in FINNICK And have laid down the following Rules and directions which we agree and oblige us shall be observed to one another in time coming To witt—

1st. THAT we shall be honest and faithful to one another and to our employers and make good and sufficient work and exact neither higher nor lower prices than are accustomed in the Towns and parishes of the neighbourhood And that there shall be two headsmen or Inspectors Chosen yearly from amongst our number Who shall have power to Judge our work and prices and if any Member is found faulty That he shall Pay a fine therefore as the Headsmen

shall determine WHICH headsmen shall also receive all the moneys after mentioned belonging to our Society and give out and apply the same as the Trade or a Majority of them shall think fit.

2ndly. THAT As every one of us Masters have already paid in two shillings and sixpence sterling And every one of us Apprentices have paid in One Shilling Sterling to our Societys Box To be applied for defraying the charges of constituting our Society and other our necessary affairs So no person or persons whatever shall be received into our Society hereafter as Masters unless they Accede to these regulations and pay five shillings sterling of Entry money To our said Box Except the present Apprentices above named Who shall be admitted into the benefite of our Society as Masters for payment of one shilling and six pence sterling each And any of the present Masters Sons shall be admitted into the said Society as Masters for Payment of Six pence sterling each BUT THAT no stranger Prentice hereafter Shall be admitted there to Unless he or his Master Lodge his Indenture into the Societys Box And pay two shillings sterling of Entry money And shall pay two shillings and Six pence sterling more when he comes to Join our Society as a master All of which Entry moneys Shall be applied for the good of our Society as above mentioned.

3rdly. THAT THERE SHALL be a quarterly meeting of the whole members of this Society in time coming for looking into and better managing Our affairs And shall be all warned thereto by the Trades Officer and every person absent without a lawful excuse shall pay four pence sterling of fine To the headsmen for the good of the Society and shall be bound to contribute quarterly or oftner for poors money according as the Trade or a Majority of them shall from time to time appoint.

4thly. THAT all the fines and Entry Moneys above written shall be punctually paid when due And in

case of failzieur shall be recovered summarly by poinding or other ways without any warrand or other authority But if any is found requisite THAT a summar warrand from the baron baillie of the bounds or any Justice of Peace in the neighbourhood Upon a Certificate from the headsmen of the Trade shall be sufficient to all intents and purposes without any quarell or hazard of Law ALL WHICH THINGS we Oblidge us to fulfill and perform to one another under the penalty of two shillings for each failzie attour performance And for the more Security we consent to the registration hereof In the Books of Councill and Session or any others Competent for preservation And if need bes That all execution necessar Pass and be direct hereon on a charge of Six days in forms as Effeirs And for that effect constitutes

PRORS & IN WITNESS WHEREOF these presents wrote upon stampt paper by William Brown Clerk to William Paterson Writer in Kilmarnock are Subscribed as follows Towitt By us the saids James Brown William Walker William Buntine Alexander Gemmill and Thomas Barr Att Kilmarnock the Tenth day of March Seventeen hundred and sixty one years. Before these witnesses William Galloway Baxter in Kilmarnock and the said William Brown and by us the saids John Burns John Walker William Hendry Samuel Wallace John Gemmill James Gemmill John Walker Alexander Wallace John Wilson John Burns and Thomas Burns Att FINNICK KIRK the fourteenth Day of March and year One thousand seventeen hundred and sixty one aforesaid Before these witnesses Robert and James Steells Coupars at Finnick Kirk.

James Brown.

John J. G. Gemmell his mark.

William Galloway

Wittnes

Willm. Brown Witness James J. G. Gemmell his
mark.

Robert Steell Witnes John Walker.

James Stell Witness Alexr A W Wallas his mark.

John J. W. Wilson his mark.

John Burns

Thomas Burns

William Walker

William Buntin

Alexander Gemmel

Thomas Barr

John Burns

John J W walker his mark

William W H handerie his
mark

Samuel Wallace

Much that is comprised within this frayed and faded sheet of stamped paper is fitted to excite admiration. In the presence of these men, clad in homespun, who have framed and set their hands to this legal document, we must own that we are in the best of company. Passing over the legal phrasing, which, however, is condensed and clear, our attention finds itself fixed upon their main purpose and intent.

" THAT WE SHALL BE HONEST AND FAITHFUL TO ONE ANOTHER AND TO OUR EMPLOYERS AND MAKE GOOD AND SUFFICIENT WORK, AND EXACT NEITHER HIGHER NOR LOWER PRICES THAN ARE ACCUSTOMED IN THE TOWNS OR PARISHES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD."

" RULES AND REGULATIONS WHICH WE AGREE AND OBLIGE US SHALL BE OBSERVED TO ONE ANOTHER IN TIME COMING."

This, the gist and kernel of the Charter, or Covenant, might well have been dictated by William Guthrie, or by Ebenezer Erskine. For here indeed is " All the Law and the Prophets " with respect to the whole duty of a

116 John Owens or John Williams, London In Highgate Mr. James Owens leaves for David back of South
Ain and William Mathew leaves at Newark. Ark Samuel Wallace leaves there William Durland of Newbury
Gimball Storer in Warwick town. The James Vose of Newbury at Newark. Mr. Master of the Trade of
Leaves in the Town and Parish of Newark. The John and James Gwynne. The Mathew Edwards Mathew
John Wilson, Edward Thomas Owens ditto Applicants in the said Trade and hands subscribing CCIV
declaring that altho' we are not yet can be joined into a Corporation. Yet it would be greatly to the
advantage of the Trade of Leavers in the Parish of Newark that proper regulations were established among
us for the better ordering of the removal of said said Trade Men and although one consent shall and
will continue together this a Society to be called Newburyth. The Society of Leavers is Annick
and have laid down the following Rules and directions to have the signs and badges that be offered
to one another in Love coming to each

[illegible][illegible]

good of our Society, we have mentioned
 in the last Year, we are quarterly meetings of the whole Members of this Society in town, company for foraging
 into one better managing. But should like that be all leaving thanks by the Friends of our Lord every person
 define, without a constant account. But pay your power, meeting is done to the business. For the good of the Society,
 we have to be bound to contribute quarterly or often for poverty, urgency, necessity is, the Trade is a necessity of them
 But from time to time, as present

[illegible][illegible]

William Gallaway Milnes
John Arthur Milnes
Robert Gallaway Milnes
James Scott Milnes

John I G Gommell his mark
James of L Gommell his mark
John Walker

James
William B. Watson
Alexander Gemmell

John Q W. Wilson his mark

Fenwick Weavers' Society. It is a fair rendering of the words of Him who inspired these men—"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

But there is added a more excellent purpose still, which furnishes a fine exposition of the Apostolic precept—"Working with your hands the thing which is good, that ye may have to give to him that needeth."

"AND SHALL BE BOUND TO CONTRIBUTE QUARTERLY OR OFTENER FOR POORS MONEY, ACCORDING AS THE TRADE OR THE MAJORITY OF THEM SHALL FROM TIME TO TIME APPOINT."

That these covenants were amply fulfilled, in the letter and spirit, the records abundantly show, as we shall see.

Notable are some of the changes which time has witnessed since this Charter was signed. Two of the first three dwellings mentioned—The Kiln and Damback of Raith—have long vanished from the attractive and picturesque nooks which they occupied. These were small holdings, forty of which became merged in larger farms during the fifty years' ministry of the Rev. William Orr, a loss to Fenwick in many ways. That Greystone Knowe itself has survived to this day is due in great measure to the indomitable spirit of its late owner, aided in later years by his devoted family. When may we hope to see a restoration of such small holdings in our parish?

The easy and almost playful freedom of spelling of those days is to some extent seen in the Charter itself—more so in the signatures attached to it. It is not without its advantage to us in that it carries with it peculiarities of sound and shades of emphasis in these (our ancestors') old forms of speech. The William Hendry of the law clerk is metamorphosed into William Handerie when he comes to sign, or rather attach his mark to, the Charter. All through the records there is

a quaintness, sometimes a suggestion even of tenderness or of pathos, indicated by this peculiarity. It is to be observed, as clearly shown by the Society's Records, that its membership was limited to those known as Customer Weavers. At the time when the Society was formed, all weavers in Fenwick were of that class.

It is interesting to note what were the expenses incurred in the preparation and completion of the Charter. These are duly set forth, forming the first items of outlay by the Society, thus :—

Paid for our Charter, the paper and the writing					
of it cost	5/6
Paid also for the Book	6/6
Paid also for Box and two locks	4/-
And for other charges in getting all these,					
comes to	4/-

We may venture to say that not often has One pound sterling been so wisely and usefully expended, while we may regret that such excellent value cannot now be obtained. The lawyer certainly in this case did not distress his clients. The deed is a model worthy of study by his successors of to-day. The Exchequer of His Gracious Majesty King George the Third profited by nearly one-fifth of this outlay. For the Charter bears Inland Revenue Stamps to the value of one shilling and sixpence, while the paper of Deed and Book paid an Excise Duty of ninepence per quire.

The Charter having been thus happily achieved, the Society lost no time in putting its provisions into active operation. First there appears a statement of cash received from the signatories to the Charter, in accordance with its provisions, and on the same date the first election of office-bearers took place, as recorded in the opening minutes, thus :—

The Book of Record Finnick March 14th 1761.
We the Society of Weavers before mentioned have

met this day, and paid into our Box the sums mentioned in our Charter and their sums amounts to £1. 9. 6.

Also we the Society have chosen John Walker of Fennick Kirk and James Brown in Dumback of Raith is chosen for Masters this day, and William Buntin Officier, and Thomas Barr, Clark, all these to continue till the first of May Seventeen Hundred and Sixty two years.

Further, on the same day, the first transaction in lending the Society's money is thus recorded :—

Lent to James Brown and Thomas Barr upon Bond for five months at five per cent. the sum of 10/—

The due repayment of the same is recorded with the like precision :—

August 15 Received from James Brown and Thomas Barr full and complete payment of their Bond.
Dated the Fourteen day of March last 10/2.

One of the primary requisites of the members of the Society was from the first furnished by the Society's purchase, and lending to members upon hire, of the reeds required for the varying descriptions of fabrics to be woven. These reeds had their dividing lines of diverse materials, such as cane, wire, or hair, according to the requirements of web. They ranged at first up to *Fifteen Hundred*. A schedule of rates to be paid for hire of the same is prefixed to the volume, these ranging from one penny to five pence per score of ells woven, in proportion to the fineness and width of warp. It will readily be understood that this arrangement effected no little economy to the individual members, relieving them from the burden of purchasing these expensive requisites of the loom, one for each description and width of fabric that might come to be wrought.

One or two extracts relating to these may suffice as examples of a great number :—

Aug. 2 1761

Given out for three reeds this day the sum of 7/11

Mar. 4 1762

Given out for a nine and two and for a eleven
and three (Reeds) 7/-

May 19 1762

It is agreed upon by the Society that If any member
keep up a Reed beyond four and twenty hours
shall pay duple hire agreed to by the Soy. and
attested by us

John Burns
William Buntten.

BROTHERHOOD

" Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !"

BURNS.

There are, however, matters of deeper import in the book than those relating to reeds. The Charter contained two main elements, in addition to the economic end and aim of the Society, to be wrought out by this earnest and single-minded community. These may be termed, respectively, the benevolent and the judicial. With regard to the former almost every page contains shining evidences of the faithfulness of the Society to their pledges embodied in the Charter.

Among very numerous cases recorded, those here cited may be given as examples :—

Aug. 26 1762. Given to a person being in need
this day —

(Amount given has disappeared from the frayed edge of page, but not, we may be assured, from a book whose pages are fadeless.)

February 1st 1764. As James Gemmell who was mentioned in our Charter as an apprentice has been in trouble this considerable time his circumstances being very hard the trade have given him one shilling out of our Box and gathered from amongst the Masters of our trade three shillings sterling, and If he recover again it is to be paid again, *If he please*, and the trade has given him three shillings sterling more out of our Box on the same terms .. 3/ 1/-

(April 19 in the same year his death is recorded.)

March 1. Given out of our Box to John Kirkland weaver in finnick town being in trouble and in need, the sum of 2/6

(John Kirkland, who had come from Govan, died 1st May, 1765.)

Aug. 24 1764
Given to Margaret Mitchell at finnick, being in need 1/-

December 4 1765.
Given to John Kirkland's Orphan this present day the sum of 5/3

Jan. 19 1765.
Andrew Orr being but a bare lad, and in favour with the Society we have given him back of his entrie money by the concurrence of the whole Society the sum of 2/-

Feb. 8 1770
Given to Andrew Orr, being in need .. 4/-

(Andrew Orr died October, 1770.)

August 10 1771
As Margaret Cooper Relix to the Deceased Andrew Orr is now left this Parish being owing

to the Society four pecks of meal, which was contracted six months before her husband's Death She leaving the place paid no regard to our Society for the same which forfeits all their rights his or hers to the Society's Publick Funds the sum is 4/-
 William Walker
 John Wilson.

No. 11 1772

Margaret Cooper Relix to the Deceased Andrew Orr whose right is forfeited sent a supplication to the Presess of our Society for some supply from the trade which supplication is laid before the Society and the Society thinks proper as her two children being both in trouble this considerable time and her way of liveing to be but very hard To give her all that ever we received from her husband with the benefit, that it might not be said that we were hard upon her so we gave her out of our Box this Day the sum of five shillings ster. . . 5/-

Nov. 22 1774

Given to Margaret Cooper being in need the sum of 2/-

August 12 1775

This night the Society being met and taken to consideration the state of William Wilson being long in trouble and now in need the masters being impoured to supply him as they think proper and as their funds will allow. And he has received from now to his Death the sum of Seven shillings being Septem 18 . . 7/-

Nov. the 18 1778

Given to Margaret Cooper being in need . . 1/6

Novm. 9 1775

Given to Jean Lawson Cotter in finnwick town being in need and trouble 1/-

May 13 1773

Given to Mary Skirren the Widow of the

deceased Member, Thomas Barr, for part
 payment of a house-rent 8/-

(A similar payment, varying in amount, was repeated each year *for twenty-seven years*, so long as Mary Skirren survived her husband.)*

The pathetic refrain, "being in need," which occurs in the above and many other similar instances, may be reckoned as having close kinship with a phrase in another Book, which formed the rule of life to these men, "whoso seeth his brother have need."

Equally thorough and satisfactory will be found the operations of the judicature of the Society, as seen in the following examples:—

Janny 26 1766

Sammwell Wallace weaver at finnick Kirk being fined this day by the trade in two shillings and six pence sterling For unregularly working a Webb of Droget which was taken for defraying charges on the Society's meeting upon that account And have made Samwell Wallace pay the Complainer Andrew Richmond in yet house in Gree three pence for every ell which was about the price of the working of the webb.

W. Henry,

W. H. his mark

William Buntin

"*Fiat justitia ruat coelum*" we may well exclaim, for the same Samuel Wallace was lately officer of the Society, and subsequently master of the same.

Samuel removed to Pollokshaws prior to August 9, 1770, where we may hope his work was accepted as no more *unregular*.

Aug. 10 1770

This present day William Wallace and William Steele is fined for working an unsufficient harn

*See also reproduction of folio 33 of the Book of Records.

webb by the masters of our society in one shilling which was taken to defray charges in our meeting. And as William Steele followed not the orders of his master which he acknowledged gave the Complainer Peter Dunlop Cotter at fenwick Kirk three half pence for every ell which was the price of the webs working.

Feb. the 17 1780

William Walker weaver at finnick kirk being fined this Day by the trade in tuo shillings and six pences sterling for unregularly working a wob of teme in To jean Barber in finnick toun which was taken for the euse of the Socity. . for Chargen 4 pences when the trad ordered but 3 pences and they ordred jean Barber to Give him 3 pences on the 4 ell or to pay hir for hir yern.

One ceases to wonder, after perusing these passages, how our venerable friend, Matthew Fowlds, came to possess the judicial element in so marked a degree. He had doubtless studied well the chronicles of the fathers of the trade, who dealt out such even-handed justice without fear and without favour. This, no doubt, helped to develop in the Greystone Knowe centenarian some of his notable qualities of judge and lawgiver.

Before leaving this interesting department of the Society's labours, one or two examples of their successful efforts to obviate strife between members of their own calling may not be without interest, and they possess the charm of quaintness withal.

Feb. 4th 1763.

As the aforementioned John Gemmel Came to Alexander Gemmell weaver in finnick toun and made a bargain with him for a year to serve him as a Journaman so after that he took some remorse and would not come; So Alexander Gemmell brought him before the trade. And the Society

133 The Book of Records Feb. 25. 1791. = 161

Received for another quarter	0	2	0
Received for three	0	1	0
Received for Quarter Counts - May. 16.	0	3	3
Received for three -	0	1	2
Received for Quarter Counts - Aug. 25.	0	3	9
Received for three -	0	3	9
Received from John Wilson as interest for some money in loan upon Bill	0	1	0
Received from John Gornmel as Interest &c. Ditto.	0	6	0
Received for Quarter Counts - Nov. 25.	0	3	3
Received for three -	0	1	1/2
<p>Now present Day Robert Muir, who was entered as an Apprentice before, is now come up to join the Society, as a Master of our Trade; and being examined by the Trade of his sufficiency in Working, and being found faithful in what he pretends, we have admitted him into the benefit of our Society, by paying into our Societys publick funds, agreeably to our former Articles, the sum of -</p>			
John Burns	0	2	6
Robert Muir			
Received for Quarter Counts since Nov. last	0	13	0
Received for three since Nov. last	0	10	2 1/2
Received from William Buntten and John Gornmel full & complete payment of their Bonds of 34, with the benefit of	1	10	1 1/4
Our Whole Incomings since Nov. last are	3	10	9 3/4
Our Whole Deeds are worth	1	10	5
<p>Present Day was chosen, John Bernard Preser, William Walker Old Master, James Hunt Young Master, John Burns Clerk, John Buntten Fiscal, and Robt. Muir Officer, all to continue for the ensuing Year.</p>			
<p>Same time, John Buntten entered gratis was admitted a full Member; the Pages marked 26.</p>			

The Book of Records Feb. 25. 1791

(33)

Given for Charges this night	0	0	10
May th 16.			
Given for Charges this night	0	0	7 1/2
Aug. th 25.			
Given for Charges this night	0	1	0
Nov. th 25.			
Given for Charges this night	0	0	6
Paid our Clerk	0	1	0
Given to Tho. Barr, son of the Deceased Tho. Barr one of our Members, to purchase shoes, he being just now entering on an Apprentiship, and in need.	0	5	9
Given out since Nov. last	0	8	11 1/2
Delivered upon Bond to William Runten and John Gommell to buy Victuals for a Twelve month to be returned with the Benefit	34	0	0

ordered John Gemmell Either to pay to Alexander Gemmell five shillings sterling or serve him the space if four weeks so John Gemmell came and served some time.

May 9 1766.

As Samuel Wallase Brought William Wilson lawfull son to William Wilson in North Craig in the Parish of Kilmarnock before the trade, claiming a bargain of William Wilson for an Aprentise so by what account we got from them about it we thought it no bargain and set them at liberty both, by William Wilson paying to Samuel Wallase twelve (shillings) sterling because he had been with him three months and both well pleased as witness our hands.

William Walker	Sammwell Wallace
William Bunten	William Wilson

A minute of the Society, setting out the rates to be charged for weaving different descriptions of webs, is also given here, because of the information it gives regarding the staple fabrics which were then in demand. Also, because in its concluding words it embodies the fine spirit of equity and fair dealing which characterised these worthies, faithful always to their Charter pledges.

Febuy the 15 1777

This present Day the Society haveing taken in to there Consideration that our prices is rather belou toun and country about so we have ordered all Coumon harns about the ordnary Breth to be tuo pence perl ell and all plidens upon ell tuo pences if it Deserveit.

and all Droggert tuo pences half peny or three pences*

*Which certainly seems moderate. Compare "Johnny's Coat" as sung by Burns—

"The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the win'in' o't,
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't."

and all short woobes of nepkens a sixpences apess
 But it is expected that every member will Do as
 he Loves to be don to this ue all Agree to as
 Witness our handes

John Burns
 William Hendrie
 Wileam uallker
 Joemes Broun
 William Benten
 Alexander Walles

J. G. John Gemmell his ma.
 John Wilson
 John Burns Junor.

And yet another brief extract of a later date is added, because it introduces the name of Andrew Fowlds, of whom later it will be needful to say something more, and also as it furnishes one of two instances only of a fine being levied for charging less than schedule prices. John Taylor, it should be remembered, is the member of the Society for sixty-seven years, and elder for more than fifty, already referred to as one of our Fenwick worthies.

May 16 1805

Andrew Foulds John Buntin and John Taylor
 chosen as accommete to take notice that the prices
 Be equal. *John Taylor fined for working chape.*

THE FOWLDS MEMBERS

" He was thrifty, patient, careless of outward accommodation, had a Spartan indifference to all that . . . Food and all else were simply and solely there as the means for doing work. We have lived for months of old (and when he was not any longer poor), by ourselves, on porridge and potatoes, with no other condiment than what our own cow yielded."

Carlyle's Reminiscences of his Father.

It may be now convenient to set forth, in due order, the accessions to the Society of the members of Fowlds

family, on whose account, and especially on account of him who survived the dissolution of the Society for nearly thirty-four years, these extracts from its records have come to be made. Here is the earliest record in the book connected with the family, after the Society had been in existence for two years and six months :—

November 22, 1763

This present day David Foulds lawfull son to Allan Foulds, Smith in Crilesough in finnick now Deceased has entered with the Society of Weavers in finnick for paying the sum of two shillings

being prentice with Sammuell Wallace weaver at finnick Kirk.

For some reason which can only be conjectured, David's connection with the Society must have been brief. He never joined the Society as a master. The names David and Allan, however, descended to later generations of the Greystone Knowe and the Fenwick branches respectively, so that the picturesque dwelling at Crilesough—a small holding or croft—may claim to be one of the ancestral homes (long since dissolved) of the family of Fowlds. This humble dwelling stood behind and above Spoutmouth, and is the scene of sacred memories to the present compiler.

Fifteen years later the first accession of a member of the Greystone Knowe family is recorded, and a year later a second accession, that, namely, of the father of our centenarian.

George and Matthew were older and younger brothers. George Fowlds, like his kinsman David before-mentioned, never became a full member of the Society. Here are the entries concerning the admission of the uncle and the father of our venerable friend Matthew Fowlds :—

Nov. 18th 1778.

this present day George foulds Laful son to Matthou foulds messon and right in Grey Ston

knou Grashard parish of finnick and aprintes
 with John Burns weaver in finnick toun having
 Entered with the Socity of weavers in finnick
 for paying 2/-

Novr. 25 1779

This present Day Mattheu fouldes Laful son
 to Matthou foulds Mason and wright in Grass-
 hard parish of finnick and a prenties with John
 Wilson weaver in finwick toun have entred
 with the society of weavers in finwick for
 paying 2/-

At this point the following dates relating to the Secession in Fenwick may not inappropriately be kept in mind. The forced settlement of Rev. William Boyd in the Parish Church occurred in 1780. Steps were thereupon taken to have a Seceding congregation instituted and organised, which was accomplished in 1782. The first meeting house was built in 1784, and Mr. Dewar, the first minister, was ordained in 1787.

In order of date, and for the sake of completeness, should here be inserted the reception, as apprentice, of one other of the name and lineage of Fowlds, who does not, however, seem to have become a full member. His name does not occur elsewhere in the records.

November 12th 1783.

This present day John Fowlds, son to John Fowlds in Fenwick town and apprentice to John Wilson Weaver in Fenwick town hath entered with the Society of Weavers for paying 2/-

So we may reasonably infer that the Fowlds clan was a numerous one in Fenwick at this period.

Novr. 21st 1788.

This present day Matthew Fowlds who was entered as an Apprentice before is now come

up to join the Society as a Master of our Trade and being examined by the Trade of his sufficiency in working and being found faithful in what he pretends we have admitted him into the Benefit of our Society by paying into our Society's Public Funds agreeable to our foresaid Articles the sum of 0-2-6

William Bunton Matthew Fowlds

John Wilson

Following again the order of time, here are the records of joining the Society as apprentice, and as full member, of Andrew Fowlds. His connection with it extended for the long period of seventy-two years. These entries introduce us to a member who was well known and highly honoured by the present writer, and by his contemporaries who now survive.

Nov. 28 1793

This present day Andrew Fowlds Apprentice with Alex Armour and Thomas Taylor Apprentice with Matthew Fowlds in Grassyards lawful son of Willm. Taylor in Warnockland the former the lawful son of the deceased Allan Fowlds formerly in Burnhead both places in the Parish of Fenwick entered with our Society as Apprentices for paying each of them the sum of two shillings ster. 2/-

August 15 1796

present Day Andreu Foulds being examined on his ability as a weaver by John Burns & James kent was admitted into our Society as a full member on paying 2/6

Andrew Foulds

John Burns

James Kent.

Burnhead, Andrew's early home (like Crileshough), was a small farm (now included in Arness). It occupied

a very picturesque position by the banks of a small tributary of the Fenwick water, having its source above Waterside, and forming a charming little glen between Warnockland and the higher part of Wylieland. The path by which it was approached from the Stockbrig, below *Skernieland*, was a prime favourite in our boyhood's days; the murmur of the little stream by its side makes melody still on the ear. The primitive steps by which it was crossed marked one of the choice bits of romantic scenery in Fenwick. A recent view of it confirmed our early predilection. Only the blackened remains of the walls of the dwelling, with two or three umbrageous plane trees, now remain of what was once a sweet and pleasant abode.

The next extract records the reception, as a full member (free born), of the late possessor of Greystone Knowe, at the early age of twenty, and 'he same minute appoints him Officer of the Society. It is somewhat remarkable that there is no minute recording his reception as an apprentice.

Juen 8th 1826

The Society meet in John Wilsons and made
Choice of William Wilson Press Thamas
Walker Master

Jasper Honat Fiscal

Matheu Foulds Officer

John Wilson Clerk and keaps reads

John Steele Lodge Master

Matthew Foulds lafoul son to Matthew Foulds
weaver in Grassyards was examined by two
of our number and fownd sufficient in what
he professet as a weaver was entered by paying 6d.

John Gemmel

William Wilson

Matthew Fowlds.

It may be convenient, at this important juncture, to digress a little from the records of the Society's book, in order to refer to some of the activities of Matthew

Fowlds prior to that of the weaving shop. From the age of seven to eleven he attended Grougar School, losing one winter, however, owing to illness. John Brown, the schoolmaster, declared that he never had a scholar like him. The years 1817, 1818, and 1819 were devoted to "herding" for Mr. Allan Gemmill at the farm of Muirside. This was an occupation followed by many notable Scotsmen in their youth. John Brown of Haddington, Theological Professor, and author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible;" Michael Bruce, scholar and poet, and his friend George Lawson of Selkirk; and John Cairns of Berwick are worthy of mention in this roll of fame. They all found, or made, therein excellent opportunities of advancing their education. John Brown of Haddington learned to read the Greek Testament while thus engaged. With the aid and companionship of an intelligent collie intensive mental culture was possible. Much of Matthew Fowlds' wonderful acquaintance with books—of the ancient classics even—Caesar and Ovid, must have been the fruit of this period. Not less important were the benefits of this outdoor employment in the building up of a sound physical constitution. This, indeed, may be regarded as the springtime which issued in a golden harvest of one hundred and one years.

This enviable and healthful calling, however, vanished (long before the handloom) as the march of improvement came over the land, providing hedges for almost every field, and scattering the fragrance of "the milk-white thorn" everywhere; so fresh fields of activity had to be sought. One winter was spent in selling milk in Kilmarnock for Mr. Thomas White of the Raws. During two winters about this period he was enabled to betake himself again to school. The books he had devoured during the time of his herding had sharpened his appetite for wider knowledge.

On September 24, 1820, his father died, and less than three weeks later his youngest brother, David Smith, was born. Five others, of whom Matthew, now aged 14,

was the eldest, had to be provided for. Heavy burdens and anxieties must thus have pressed upon mother and son. They were bravely borne. Handloom weaving being still a safe and steady, if not a lucrative employment, was then entered upon. Matthew's apprenticeship was begun under Alexander Dickie, who, on the death of his father, had leased the weaving shop at Greystone Knowe. Part of it was continued with his cousin Andrew Fowlds, already mentioned and to be named again.

One or two other family events may be set down here, although they have to do with later years. George, a younger brother, who had chosen the occupation of tailor, died in the year 1830, at the early age of 18, four years only after Matthew's election as member of the Weavers' Society. In 1852, at the age of 32, his youngest brother, David Smith, died. He was fourteen years younger than Matthew, and from the circumstances of his birth, and being his mother's *Benjamin* as well as David, his premature death must have been a keen sorrow in the Greystone Knowe home. (He had followed the occupation of his father and eldest brother, in Galston.) David was probably nearer to the age of Alexander Stewart of Raithmuir, whose letter from Canada is given later in this volume.

It will be observed that the letter opens with a significant message to David, who had evidently expressed anxiety that his emigrant friend might be kept "in the old paths, where is the good way."

The early death of these two brothers, considered in conjunction with the comparatively early death of his father (59), goes to show that Matthew's remarkable longevity was due to other than hereditary causes.

Reverting now to our story, we observe that our hero (we may be forgiven for so designating him) has achieved, at the age of twenty, a notable triumph over the hard circumstances which environed him. Little more than a stripling, he had already fought a valorous and victorious campaign for his widowed mother and

the rest of the family, during those six years since the death of his father. We may picture him, in an early morn of that memorable June, before seating himself at his loom, drinking in refreshment and ardour by converse with Nature—so shining and melodious in his own well kept garden—the lark and mavis uttering their notes of joy, and the dew sparkling on every blade and leaf. The words of a song, well known in Fenwick, must then have brought comfort and strength to him—

“ Confide ye aye in Providence,
For Providence is kind ;
And bear ye a’ life’s changes
Wi’ a calm and tranquil mind ;
Tho’ pressed an’ hemm’d on every side
Ha’e faith, an’ ye’ll win through ;
For ilka blade o’ grass keps its ain drap o’ dew.”

There was an older song, however, and a dearer, whose strength and cheer were still more potent and inspiring to him, to which the shuttle from morn to night would serve as rhythmic accompaniment—

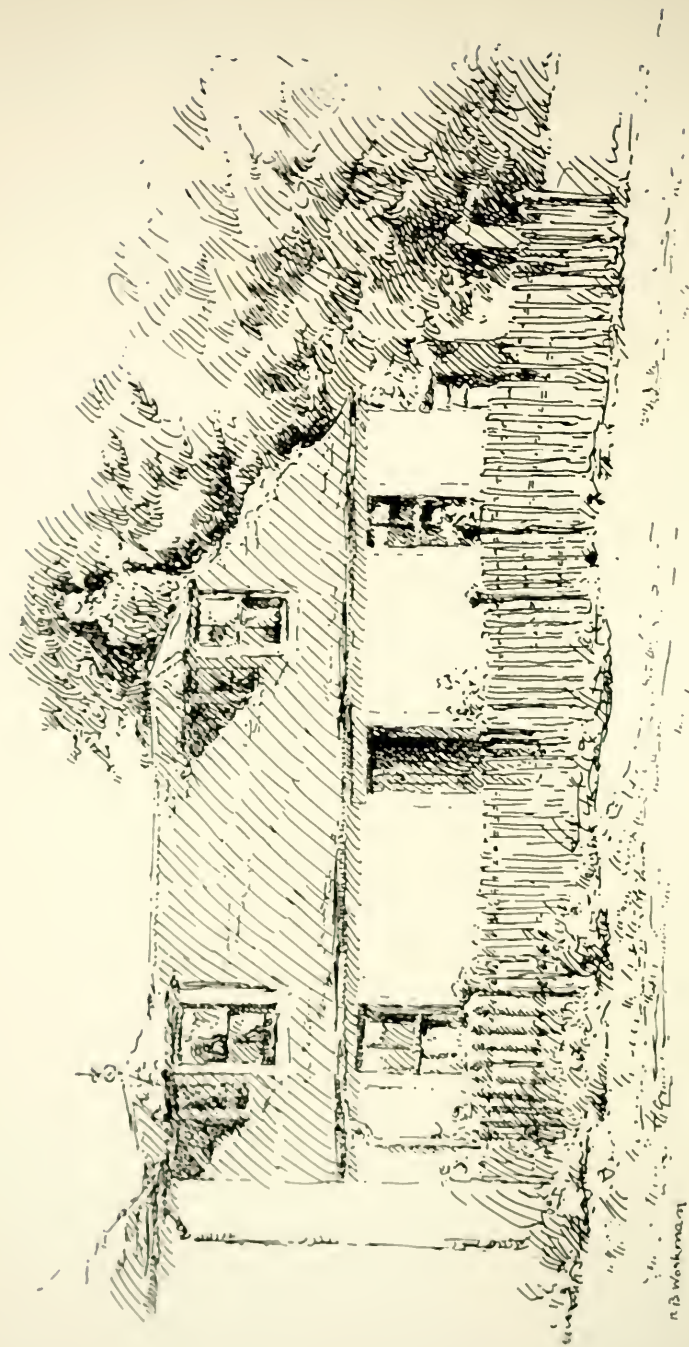
“ Trust in the Lord, and do good ;
So shalt thou dwell in the land,
And verily thou shalt be fed.”

“ Delight thyself also in the Lord,
And He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.”

What do the records reveal to us concerning the position of influence, and even primacy, of the most notable member of the Fenwick Weavers’ Society ? This, for one thing, that he was oftenest elected by his brethren to the position of master of the Society—sometimes several years in succession. In some years, too, he was honoured by another office in addition to that of master. Also, that whoever might be nominated as clerk, he it was for twenty-one years who recorded the minutes, in his own terse, clear, and grammatical form. Moreover, when committees were appointed to arrange important matters, our friend was almost always

one of those nominated, often with Andrew Fowlds and Jasper Howat or John Taylor as colleagues. When new members were no longer coming to join the Society, his spirit of equity and fair dealing led the Society to pledge themselves to give to the representatives of deceased members their full share of the capital stock of the Society. Thus, in 1832, John Wilson's share, £2 14s 3½d, was so dealt with. He died in that year, at the advanced age of 93. In 1851 his son's share (also John Wilson) was in like manner paid out, £2 7s 3½d. He died at the age of 78. At the same time and of the same amount David Walker's share was paid. He had reached the good old age of 89. In the following year John Taylor's share was paid, £2, to his daughter Margaret (on the request of her brother) in two instalments. On March 13 Jasper Howat died at the age of 79, but there is no record of his share being paid out. Mrs. Jasper Howat, good and generous soul (of whom more may be added presently), had doubtless assured the Society that, thanks to her kind friends, she was not "in need." Notwithstanding these and other similar drains upon the Society's resources, these had been so wisely and carefully managed that they admitted of a number of successive dividends to the members themselves, in sums which ranged from 5s to 20s to each member. Very welcome and providential would be such accessions to the comfort and necessities of Greystone Knowe, at a time when the porridge luggies were increasing in number, and in capacity.

One thing the records of the book prove to a careful examiner: there was no "unregular" working of any web by Matthew Fowlds (as there was no overcharging of his customer), so long as these records were kept. The present writer has the best proof of that for he has in his possession blankets, almost the latest product of his loom, woven in his hundredth year, and they are faultless. And yet it must not be forgotten that the grim battle against want was unremitting and almost lifelong. Only the optimistic "Luath" could show us



Andrew Foulds' House and Loom Shop at Manse Gate.

the silver lining to this cloud, in words which Burns (who knew the subject well) puts into his mouth—

“ Then chance and fortune are sae guided
They’re aye, in less or mair, provided,
And though fatigued by close employment,
A blink o’ rest’s a sweet enjoyment.

They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs ;
They’ll talk o’ patronage and priests,
Wi’ kindling fury in their breasts.”

Quite a notable exemplar of this mode of relief from “ private cares ” did our friend Matthew prove to the end of his days.

We may be sure that this valued recruit to the Fenwick Weavers’ Society, elected a member and an office-bearer on the same day, approved himself faithful in the fullest measure to the essential points of the “ Charter ”—the benevolent as well as the judicial. And he was happy in having able and likeminded colleagues. His elder kinsman, Andrew Fowlds, well merits some further words of personal and grateful appreciation from the view point of the loved manse and the unadorned church, under whose shadow, manse and garden, and Andrew’s humble abode nestled.

From the cottage at the gate came the cheerful, rhythmic click of faithful Andrew Fowlds’ shuttle. Andrew was an inalienable possession of manse and church. His piety, wisdom, gravity, and his venerable form and visage rendered him an ideal “ Jeems the Doorkeeper.” This impression was accentuated by his long, blue, swallow-tailed Sabbath coat. Andrew was a man of deeds, economic of words. These latter were quaint, terse, well-chosen, kindly. He had as partner in the weaving shop his son Allan, while his wife, deprived of speech by paralysis, sat in the “ Old Armchair ” by the clean kitchen fireside. Her want of voice was not absolute ; her vocal powers, however, were limited to two vowel sounds only, “ Oo, ay.” These, aided by

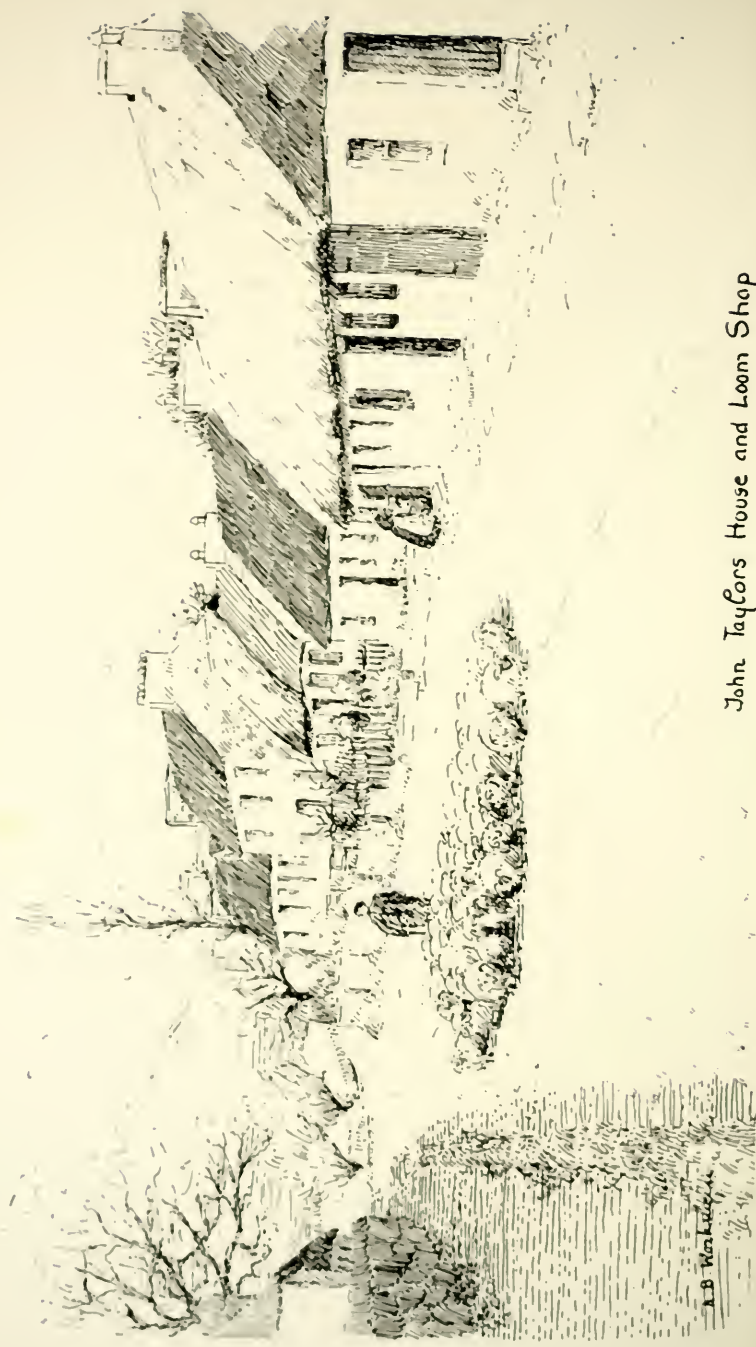
signs and tones, formed her working vocabulary. Andrew's love-sharpened faculties rendered them effective for every day use.

The door of kitchen and of weaving shop were always open to us young folks. When we reached the age of kitemaking and flying ("dragon" was the Fenwick term), the paste used for dressing their webs we found just the thing for our purpose. The good old neighbours were as pleased as we were in the discovery.

Sabbath memories were equally dominated by this honoured member of the Fenwick Weavers' Society. Andrew, indeed, had a precedence of his own, as the church service was about to begin. After having reverently deposited pulpit Bible and Psalm book in their place, he was now on the watch for the minister. He came with a calm but deeply absorbed look. There was the burden ever on his soul. Moving with slow steps, he mounted the stair and entered the pulpit. Andrew, following, closed the door of it gently upon him. The minister once admitted that the soft click of the latch often struck terror into his heart—"No getting out," it seemed to say, "until the solemn burden was fulfilled." Yet was there comfort in the thought that in any emergency Andrew was there. And that was much, for no more faithful friend did he possess, nor did the church contain any more sincere and humble follower of the Master. Punctually at nine every night the voice of melody and praise might be heard through the shuttered window at the gate, even the feeble, inarticulate voice of his wife might be distinguished. Full of years and of honour, the truly venerable beadle and weaver entered into rest, February 15, 1865, aged ninety years—worthy descendant, he also, of Captain John Paton.

It is pleasant to know that a descendant of Andrew's has inherited the cottage, and transformed the loom shop into an attractive parlour.

That which was intrinsically noble in the loom shop and kitchen of the venerable church officer at the manse



John Taylors House and Loom Shop

gate, was equally manifest under the humble roof of the venerable elder, John Taylor, in the centre of the low village. He was a living exponent of the heavenly requirements "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." In the mid-century recollections of those who survive, John was a widower, his strength becoming weakened in the way, but to the end he approved himself an "ensample to the flock," over which he was a faithful overseer, for more than fifty years. He died June 5, 1852, aged eighty-two years.

One other of the colleagues of Matthew Fowlds should be named here—Jasper Howat. His entrance to the Society's membership (as apprentice and as full member) is thus recorded.

John Taylor and William Wilson, it will be noted, are received as full members at the same meeting.

Novr. 24th 1784

This present day Jasper Howat lawful son to Robt. Howat Farmer in Tannacrieff parish of Fenwick and apprentice to John Burns weaver in Fenwick Town hath entered with our Society for paying 2/0

Augt. 24th 1792

Present Day, Jasper Howat and John Taylor formerly entered as Apprentices, and William Wilson Lawful son to John Wilson a full member of the Society, were all of them examined on their ability as Weavers, and admitted into our number as full members, on paying into our Society's funds, agreeable to our Articles, the sum of 2s 6d for each of the two former, and 6d. for the latter being a free man's son, in all. 0-5-6

John Burns	Jasper Howat
William Buntin	John Taylor
John Wilson	William Wilson

These two, John Taylor and Jasper Howat, were lifelong friends, near neighbours, likeminded, in spite

of—or rather by reason of—differing characteristics (like Peter and John of an older company). John Taylor survived his friend about three years.

Jasper Howat left the impress of his worth and character throughout the parish, an impress which has continued for many years. His family and descendants achieved honourable positions in Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and in distant parts of the Empire.

PLANS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

" Oh, leeze me on my spinning wheel,
Oh, leeze me on my rock and reel,
Frac tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel, and warm, at e'en.
And set me down to sing and spin,
While laigh descends the Summer sun ;
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal,
Oh leeze me on my spinning wheel."

BURNS.

Burns may be forgiven for never having composed an idyll of the loom, since he has gladdened our hearts by so perfect a picture of the fireside end of the weaver's domain. It is more than a picture, it is a gracious influence, warming the heart with its glow of true joy, contentment, and praise. The sunshine that irradiated the weaver's hearth, imprinting upon it the image of the lovingly tended geranium and sweet scented verbena on the window sill, must have been in Burns' thought when composing this song. It may be accepted as indicating for us the spirit that inspired the wives and daughters of our Fenwick weavers, which brightened the hearth, and lightened the toil—monotonous and oftentimes dreary—of husband and father. Though the Society's records are silent regarding this important department of the weavers' industrial economy, it must be kept in view in order to a full understanding of the work conducted in the weavers' home. In later years, alas! the "Woo' Mill" gradually reduced to silence

the music of the spinning wheel, of which Burns sang so sweetly and so tunefully. But it had its inestimable place, and tender potency, in Kiln, in Dumback of Raith, in Hareshaw Miln, at Fenwick Kirk, at Fenwick Town, and in Greystone Knowe during a great portion of the time covered by these records. In view of this aspect of the weavers' home, it may be fitting to set down here some recollections of Mrs. Jasper Howat, worthy helpmeet of a most worthy member of the Society.

Mrs. Jasper Howat (Granny Hooat, or Auntie Hooat, the familiar title by which she was known to those near and dear to her) had her bright though modest abode opposite to that of her late husband's friend and comrade, John Taylor.

On the same stairhead dwelt her feeblener friend, Nanny Graham, who was glad to lean upon her, to their mutual help and comfort. Granny Hooat was a succourer of many, including Wee Davie Walker, who lived next door, under the shade of Hallhouse trees, with his deaf but active sister Betty, who kept his fireside the picture of neatness.

Margaret Taylor, daughter of John, eydent at her toil with the needle, over the way, participated too in the sunshine and sympathy radiating from Granny Hooat, as did also Nanny Boyd,* in her tiny garret lower down—her frail frame now bent with age and toil.

At holiday times some of Mrs. Howat's young relatives from Glasgow and Kilmarnock were wont to visit her. On such occasions, to have tea with her and them was a supreme delight, the memory of which lingers still, mingled with the superlative flavour and fragrance of her potato scones, and jelly, as of the raspberries and currants from her well-tended garden. But her unaffected sympathy with the young, and hearty participation in their enjoyment, has surrounded her smiling, welcoming face with a peculiar halo, in the

*All Fenwick was very sympathetic to Nanny. She had faithfully served one family all her best days, and never drew her wages. And these vanished in financial disaster which came upon that family.

retrospect of all the intervening years. It was with a sense of pain and desolation on a recent visit to Fenwick that we found that "the auld hoose"—sacred to us by these memories—was being demolished (happily it proved to be a transforming, and not a destructive work). Mrs. Jasper Howat holds a unique place as a representative of the wives of the Fenwick weavers. Even in cloudy days, it will be allowed that Fenwick town was not without "chinks!"

At Greystone Knowe the faithful and beloved helpmeet of Matthew Fowlds, for more than half a century, proved a worthy compeer and successor of Granny Howat. Her two sons, in their reminiscences of the old home, have given a loving and reverent portraiture of their mother's gentle and beneficent character; and a stranger's hand may not venture to add a line to a picture so lovingly and tenderly drawn.

"The pious mother's knee! Is there a shrine
On earth so holy, or so much divine?"

One other of the wives and mothers of the Fenwick weavers should not be forgotten, namely Betty Gemmell, wife of John Gemmell (whose name we will meet with later). Betty was a ministering angel in not a few of the homes of Fenwick, at times when a clear head, a sympathetic and cheerful heart, and gentle and clever hands were special desiderata. Of her we need say no more than that she was one worthy of association in grateful memory with Mrs. Matthew Fowlds and Mrs. Jasper Howat.

David Gilmour, in his reminiscences of the "Pen Folk and Paisley Weavers of Other Days," has given us an inimitable picture, wonderful in breadth and depth and tenderness, of the humble firesides of the weavers, and especially of their wives and mothers. Peggy Downie, Lily Soutar, and Charity Taylor, as drawn by him, we may regard as worthy of a place with Mrs. Jasper Howat, Mrs. Matthew Fowlds, and Mrs. John Gemmell. We may venture to adopt his

words, as equally applicable to our worthies as to his own, when he writes—"And then, the Wives of the Pen! But I cannot trust myself to speak of those quiet, sensible, queen-like mothers, . . . bending at times the too general conversation to some case of pressing need in the brotherhood, now suggesting a remark which made for peace when discussion ran high, or appealing decisively to the law and to the testimony on disputed points of doctrine. . . . Nowhere since have I found such a group of motherly women."

From the charter and records of the Society, supplemented by those leaves of memory now growing dim, some authentic though inadequate estimate may now have been gathered of the kind of men who formed this brotherhood of Fenwick weavers.

The sisterhood of their wives, as represented by Mrs. Jasper Howat, Mrs. Matthew Fowlds, and Mrs. John Gemmell, in true grace and motherliness, it will be seen, were worthy of the brave and strenuous breadwinners. It is not, therefore, surprising, to learn that the Society's well laid schemes were attended with a success which they well merited, concerning which the records furnish ample evidence. Prudence and wisdom (as well as charity) marked their dealings with the money, which industry, frugality, and thrift enabled them to accumulate, and to put to profitable use, for their little commonwealth.

Eleven years after the formation of the Society they were minded to make inventory of the stock and cash then in possession, the result of which is set forth in the following extracts. The spelling and phraseology, quaint to modern eyes and ears, detract in no wise from the satisfaction we feel upon an inspection of this, their first balance sheet.

Nov: 13. 1773.

This day we have Invetured our fourteen
reeds and they are found to be worth .. £I II II

Also Invetured four hlds, and one buky
and two Sekes and they are found to be worth. . 12/5
November 23. 1773

Balanced our Books this day since the 11th
November seventeen hundred and sixty two
years and our whole stock amounts to . . £13 8/-

Does not this illustrate the true, unchanging principles pertaining to the use of money, which the present generation would do well to consider ?

“ There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.”

“ Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty.”

It may be added here that the whole course of the Society's history bears out its conformity to these principles, and concurrently there is seen to be a steady record of success—even in the extremely trying period of our history through which the Society had to pass.

The mention of hogsheads, “ buky,” and “ seks,” apparently so foreign to the business of a Weavers' Society, introduces us to a very interesting enterprise which was, on due deliberation, engaged in, after the Society had been about eight years in operation. It is fully set forth in the special resolution of the Society which follows :—

Novr. 9th 1769

This present Day It is agreed upon by the members of our Society to take what money we have in our Box and buy what Victwal may be thought Nesessar to sell for the benefit of our society And the mannagers of our society may borrow what money They think Proper for that End and purpose.

And when the interest is paid of what money you borrow and the men received their wages for buying and selling the victuals we Deal in the society will both reap the benefit and sustain the loss of them, and If any member of our society Pay not what quantity of Victuals he receives at the end of four weeks If the managers require it of him, Neither him nor his shall have any more right to our societys victuals if he be found buying Victuals from any other and leaving the trade in Debt of the same according to the option of the society.

	John Burns
Alexander Walles	Wm. Henry His W. H. mark.
John Wilson	James Broun
Andrew Orr	William ualker
his A O Mark	William Bunten
Robert Walker	Thos. Barr
John Burns	J. Gemmell
	His I. G. Mark.
We are twelve in number.	

The word "Victwal" came to mean Oatmeal—the staff of life to these frugal weavers, their wives, and families.

This resolution was thereupon carried into effect, as this further entry of the same date placed upon record:—

Given to William Bunton and John Burns
upon their bond for twelve months, to be
returned with the profit or loss £4 4/-

This is a somewhat remarkable departure, for it denotes the earliest beginning of co-operative trading in Scotland, anticipating, indeed, by many years, any other so far discovered. To this humble Society belongs, therefore, the distinction of being the earliest Pioneers in a movement which has had a marvellous expansion.

For thirty years in succession this trading continued, and the sum set aside each year for the purpose rapidly increased until it reached £40 (the maximum). During those thirty years the profits yielded to the Society amounted to £45 6 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ and deducting losses which accrued in the trading of three years 10 1 1

left to the Society's benefit the sum of .. £34 5 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ besides the very considerable economy thereby resulting to the members. In the year 1800, a period of excessive prices,* it was resolved to give up this branch of the Society's labours. Violent fluctuations in prices, caused by recurrent scarcity, and aggravated by the Corn Laws, made it a business attended with no small risk. But the Society did not consist of men who were easily daunted. On the day when it resolved to discontinue this trading, John Bunton was appointed to purchase a warping mill, which he accordingly did, and the Society paid for it, including carriage, the sum of £7 12s 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. This proved of great advantage to the members, probably in even a greater degree than the possession and use of the reeds, the hiring of which of course was never interrupted. Ten years later, on February 15, 1810, another similar purchase was made, which is thus recorded :—

Given out for a beaming machine and ravels
and expense £8 15 5

*" In the dear years (1799 and 1800), when the oatmeal was as high as 10s a stone, he had noticed the labourers (I have heard him tell) retire each separately to a brook and there drink instead of dining, without complaint, anxious only to hide it."

Carlyle's " Reminiscences of James Carlyle."

Some particulars recorded at Forefaulds, East Kilbride, 31st December, 1800, are well worth careful study at the present time. They have reference to the year 1799, and are followed by similar facts relating to the year 1800, closing with the significant words, " And trade of all kinds very low."

" Meal rose gradually through the Summer from 13d to 20d per peck. From harvest to New Year's Day it rose to two shillings, and quickly after that to 3 shillings and 6d, and in some places to 4 shillings the peck, barley meal being 2s 3d and pease meal 2s 10d. Potatoes 2s per peck."

On the page opposite to this entry a resolution is entered in these terms :—

It was agreed that there should be no expenses for eating and drinking till next Election.

No reasons are attached to this resolution, so we are left to conjecture ; but on the same date is recorded a payment of 8s to William Walker, one of the original members, whose connection with the Society had extended for half a century. William's ability to work was now evidently very precarious, and (as page after page testifies) during a number of years help was given him. This may account for the self-denying ordinance mentioned. William died on 15th April, 1815, cheered and aided to the end by his brethren of the Society.

Reverting to the warping mill and beaming machines, it will be readily understood that these required accommodation of some extent, and this accommodation had been rented for the warping mill. Now, however, on the same day as that on which the beaming machine was purchased, the Society agreed, along with the Masons' Society and the Friendly Society, to build a house at an expenditure of £50 (probably a reinstatement of an older house), and on December 5, 1810, the following resolution as to its management was passed :—

December 5th 1810.

William Wilson is chosen to act along with other three men two chosen by the mason society and one by the friendly society to repair the house if necessary by the three mentioned societys to set the House uplift the rents and give in our quota of the rents to the society and be responsible for the whole of his conduct.

This society has the fourth part of property in the aforesaid house the friendly society the other fourth and the masons society the one half.

For forty-eight years this house (not thus far further designated in the record) was held and used jointly with these other Societies ; after the lapse of which time, when the number of members of the Weavers' Society was reduced to six, the disposal of the house and of the proceeds thereof is thus minuted :—

November 15th 1858

The three societies met in the Fenwick town school room and agreed to sell the schoolroom and house and appointed Thomas Walker and William Bicket to sell the same and they sold it to the Fenwick Educational Society for Thirty seven Pounds ten shillings.

to wit the Masons society 2 shares

Weavers	do.	1 share	..	£9	6	2
Friendly	do.	1 do.				

Each member has received there share	£1	17	shillings
each	in all
		..	£11 2 0

The very modest price at which it was sold was doubtless due to the fact that the purchasers were the Fenwick Educational Society.

Here, indeed, a flood of light is thrown upon the history of the schoolhouse which served so many of us poor scholars in the mid decades of the nineteenth century, under the efficient masterhips of Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Richmond. The old school (the same whose children were mothered by Meysie Ritchie), gains a new set of associations from this little bit of history, and we may be forgiven for yielding to a certain sentiment of pride in the discovery of its connection with the Society of Weavers. It was a primitive building, which any School Board of the present day would hold in derision ; but it sent forth not a few excellent scholars who have made their mark in many walks of service and usefulness throughout the Empire. The house stands and is likely to stand, but has long ceased to be devoted to educational purposes.

DISSOLUTION

“ What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
 That learning is too proud to gather up ;
 But which the poor, and the despised of all
 Seek and obtain, and often find unsought ? ”

COWPER'S “ TASK.”

The reference to the six members of the Society, who were all that remained in 1858, is a startling reminder that this useful and even distinguished Society was advancing to dissolution. It was, however, through no lack of wisdom or of energy on the part of its members. The all devouring tyrant steam and its emissaries had been rapidly undermining the industry of the customer weaver, and now that our Centenarian has gone, the last loom has left for the Antipodes, and has become an interesting curiosity in the Auckland Museum.

Having begun our extracts by quoting the Charter, and the names of those who framed and subscribed the same as first members, it may be fitting here to extract the minute of election of the last additions to their members.

June 16th 1827.

William Kent lafoul son to James Kent weaver in Finwick Toun and John Gemmell* lafoul son to John Gemmell weaver in Chipp hall Finwick were examined by fowr of our nwmbur and fownd them sufficient in what they profess

*The name of John Gemmell is a reminder of other contemporaries of his in Fenwick of the same name. Two of them were Elders for many years—Mr. John Gemmell, farmer, of Low Gainford, and Mr. John Gemmill, merchant, of Low Fenwick. The Rev. Hugh Gemmill, B.D., of Johnstone, son of the latter, has inherited his kindly and genial spirit and his capacity for unremitting and faithful labour, in a wider field, as also the warm and generous disposition of his mother, who, like Mrs. Jasper Howat (her friend and near neighbour), was a succourer of many.

as weavers were entered into this Society by
 paying 6 pence each into the Box 0-1-0

William Wilson	William Kent
John Armour	
Andreu Fowlds	John Gemmel
Mattheu Foulds	

Forty-six years later the final minute of the Society introduces us again to the same last elected members, who, together with our friend Matthew Fowlds, met to dissolve the Society.

June 9th 1873.

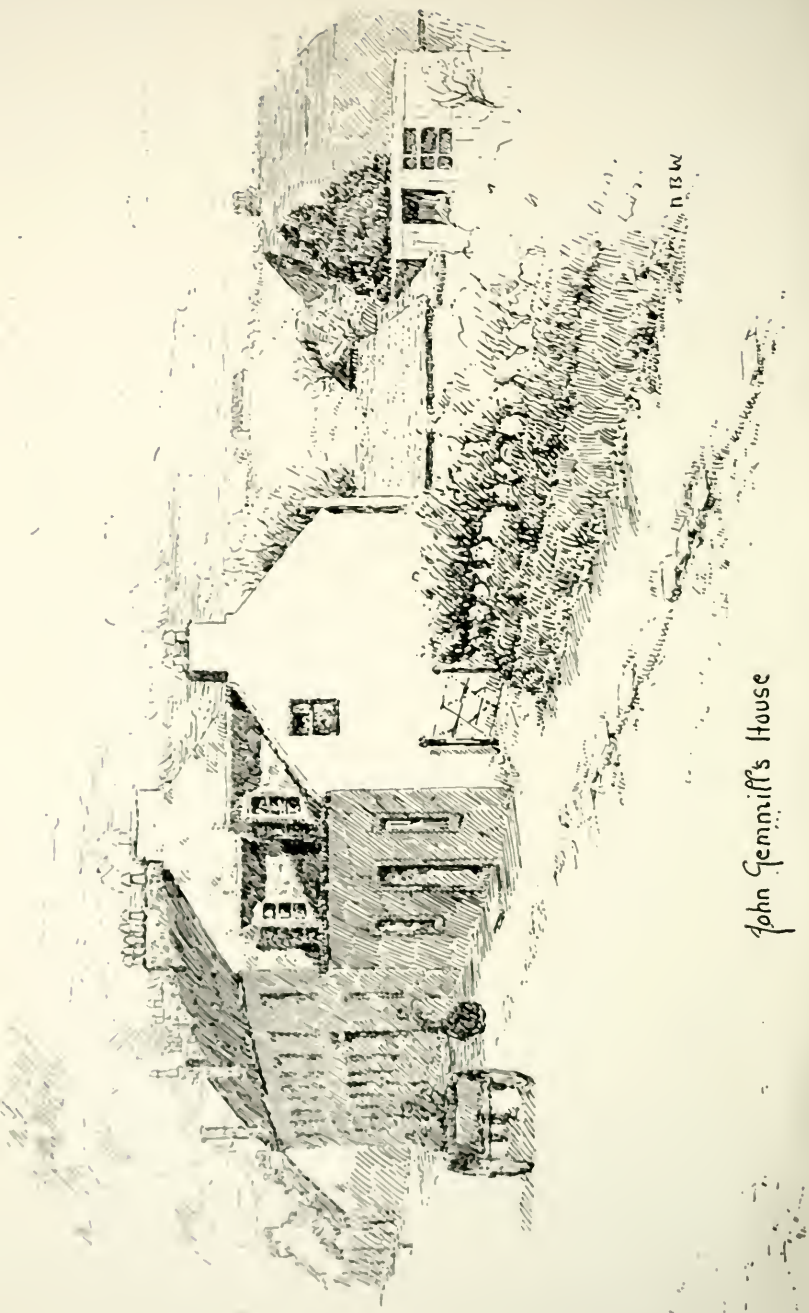
The Society met in the house of John Gemmell. William Kent and John Gemmell being unable now for work agreed by mutual consent to dissolve the society John Gemmell getting the money on hand and Matthew Foulds the stock of implements.

(It should be remarked that William Kent made no claim to participate in the Society's property. It is probable that he had then removed from Fenwick. He lived until 1891, however.)

A world of pathos seems to lie in these two brief extracts thus placed together. Matthew Fowlds, strong in spirit, as he was sympathetic in soul, must have been almost overwhelmed by the scene—the closing scene of the Society's existence. We may be sure that before leaving his life-long comrade, John Gemmell, he joined with him in prayer to the God of their life, the God of their fathers.

This historic box, with its little treasure of money, to the recipients would seem to possess something of the alabaster box of Bethany, consecrated as it thus would be.

With thoughts and emotions too deep for utterance, the stronger comrade must have wended his way homewards in the long evening light of this 9th June, 1873—forty-seven years to a day since he first sat at his loom after his election as a full member of the Society,



John Gemmiff's House

N.B.W.



Chip hall

which had absorbed so much of his best thought and energy. Little could he dream that for three and thirty years longer he would still be enabled to continue his labours at the loom, long after his compeers had followed his kinsman, Andrew, and comrades, John Taylor and Jasper Howat, to their long home.

His deepest thought, in this impressive scene, we may be sure, would be in unison with the grand hymn of Tate and Brady which, sung to the fine tune *Wiltshire*, was long a favourite at psalmody meetings, and by the firesides in Fenwick.

“ Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.”

And as he passed by the old church and churchyard, with their sacred associations, and Crilesough near by, and over the bridges at Spoutmouth and Bruntland, and by Horsehill and Darwhilling, he must have recalled many a memory of the way by which he and his had been guided and sustained through all those years.

Doubtless the Charter, to which so many comrades had been true unto death, would be sounding in his heart—“ That we shall be faithful unto one another and to our employers.” Another, and a deeper note, would mingle therewith, as enshrined in the words which open the Shorter Catechism—“ Man’s chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.” His own home, still the abode of healthful industry, as he entered it, would be the occasion for renewed gratitude, assuredly finding special and appropriate expression in the voice of evening devotion. The tune without a name might then have been heard in more quavering tones than ordinary, joined to some such words as these—

“ Oh spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father’s loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.”

It remains to copy here the obituary record, as in the book, respecting the members of the Society who passed away since the year 1835, beyond which date few living memories can extend. They were thirteen in number, and their united ages make up one thousand and ninety years, giving an average age of each member of eighty-four years.

October 14th 1844

James Kent formerly one of our members Died the above date aged 81 years and 3 months.

May 13th 1848

John Bunton formerly one of our number Died the above date aged 78.

March 13th 1849

Jasper Houat formerly one of our members dayed the above date aged 79 years.

March 15, 1851

John Wilson formerly one of our members died at the above date nearley 76 years.

March 17th 1851

David Walker formerly one of our members Died at the above date aged 89 years.

June 5th 1852

John Taylor formerly one of our members Died at the above date aged 82 years.

December 2nd, 1856

formerly one of our members Died at the above date aged nearly 85 years.

William Wilson.

January 30th 1863

James Wilson died on the 30th January 1863. Aged 85 years one of our members.

Thomas Walker formerly one of our members Died on the 12th June 1863 Aged 72 years 10 days.

February 15, 1865

Andrew Fowlds one of our members Died at the above date aged 90 years.

April 4th 1875

John Gemmell one of our members dies at the above date ages 85 years.

William Kent one of our members Died 1891 aged 89 years.

Matthew Fowlds the Last Member of the Fenwick Weavers' Society, of Greystone Knowe, who died January 31st, 1907, aged 100 years and eight months.

“What a marvellous place is this Fenwick of yours!” do we seem to hear as a commentary concerning a longevity so rare.

We readily enough accept the not unmerited tribute to the salubrity of our native parish. But that appears to us inadequate to account for the remarkable record of life and work, prolonged so many years beyond the ordinary span. The records of this book convey a more profound thought.

The full explanation, the present compiler feels, can only be found in the moral and spiritual realm, in accordance with the Divine principle—“Them that honour Me, I will honour.” The three clerical speakers at the centenary celebration have ably and amply expanded the theme.

Few documents, written or printed, have carried to the compiler's mind and heart so deep an impression as the contents of this Fenwick Weavers' Society's Book. During a laborious and minute study of its pages, from first to last, he has found himself in fellowship with men of sterling worth.

Be it remembered that not one member of the Society had ever the remotest thought that their humble records would come to be read by a wider circle than their own fellowship. But a sacredness pervades the simple records.

We are able to discern by means of them "the face of a man living manlike." Unremitting, ill-requited toil was ennobled by the valiant and contented spirit with which it was sustained. Dwelling and working under a lowly thatched roof, those men had yet an outlook that embraced the Infinite. Their pilgrim path might be rough, but it was illumined by a Divine light, and made holy by a Divine presence.

Had Carlyle known our little community of weavers, or had he perused the records of the Society, he would have found fresh meaning and more profound truth in some of the most sublime and touching words he has penned. No finer commentary upon the spirit which imbued those faithful weavers could be conceived than in these words which are destined to live in the hearts of the people, when much else that Carlyle has written may have been forgotten.

"Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world I know nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness."

CHAPTER IV

FAMILY REMINISCENCES

BY MR. WILLIAM FAULDS*

It is no easy task, when past mid-life, to transport oneself back to the days of early boyhood. Yet many things that happened in those far-off days stand out with wonderful clearness, even more so than the happenings of yesterday. In the attempt to reproduce some of the scenes and incidents of my home and early surroundings, much must of necessity be ordinary and commonplace. In my early days at school, I soon found that I was "not born to any high estate," for I was constantly being reminded by my school companions that I was only a weaver's son. But, as I grew up, I had cause to be proud, rather than otherwise, that I was the son of an honest, upright, Christian weaver. Few indeed nowadays can boast the distinction of being the son of a customer handloom weaver.

My earliest recollections of home present a picture not to be seen anywhere in the present day—my mother in the long Winter nights working at the spinning-wheel producing yarn, and at the same time (the youngest in the cradle under her eye and within easy reach of her hands) singing to her children and amusing them with the "whirr" of the flying wheel, while from "but the

*The name of the centenarian, though spelled Fowlds, has always been pronounced Faulds in Fenwick. The son who settled in Louth adhered to the pronunciation and changed the spelling. An old tombstone in the churchyard gives the name as Fowlis. See also "The Weavers' Society" paper.

shop " came the rhythmic click of the shuttle from two, sometimes from three looms, the yarn thus spun by my mother " ben the hoose " being transformed into drugget or blankets as the case might be.

The " hurly-cart," of which my brother George speaks, had done service in the family for many years before he was born. I used to pull it into the harvest field, laden with provisions for the day, and the baby of the family. After I left home, I never saw the cart again until it was sold after my father's death. It reminded me of the wheelbarrow which Burns described to the exciseman as

" mair for token,
Ae leg and baith the trams are broken."

The damage sustained by the hurly-cart was much the same—ae wheel and shaft were broken.

When my older brother left school, I claimed that I ought to leave too. Now, my father did not always let me have my own way, but, unfortunately for me, on this demand he gave way. So at the early age of eleven I left school. The following year, my last one at home, was a memorable one. My brother Matthew and I worked at the loom, and I, not taking kindly to the work, did not put my best into it. Many careless breakages happened, and as many punishments followed. I was blamed as being the ringleader in mischief and nearly all wrong-doing. My punishments, I believe, were administered quite as faithfully and as regularly as my meals were provided. On one of these evil days, Mr. William Boyd of Berryhill came into Greystone Knowe, and hearing complaints made about my conduct, he told my parents to be comforted, and added, "William will either make a spoon or spoil a horn."

At the age of twelve I left home to serve as herd-boy (as my father had done at a still earlier age), and from that time I have been non-resident under the parental roof; but the influence of the training of home still lives with me to-day. Especially does the tender care

and loving counsel of my mother linger with me still, the remembrance of which cannot be adequately described or written down. Each member of the family knew, but could never impart to others, how many a time she had taken him to her knee, and spoken to him the truth in love, inspiring each to pure thoughts and noble deeds in words that were meant only for his ear and heart. In each case I know her words still linger and live. My mother always put first things first—duty to God, his claims realised and fulfilled; then duty to parents; finally, obligations to one's fellow-men. These talks with her children were frequent, the tear of love and sympathy the while shining in her eye. As Carlyle has written concerning his mother, so would I say of mine—"Oh, her patience with me! Oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be 'poverty' which was never indigence in any form, and which made all that tenfold more dear and sacred to me." In the ordinary day of work, and even in the extraordinary day of bustle, my father invariably found time for family worship, without hurry or confusion. The family gathered round, first of all a short prayer was offered asking God to be present with us while engaged in worship; then came the singing of a portion of a Psalm, to a tune entirely my father's own, which had no name, and which I was never able to memorise. In the morning the reading of a chapter from the Old Testament followed, and in the evening one from the New. I have always thought Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night" a true representation of the old home, with the one exception that my father did not select any special portion. As Burns says—

"He waled a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God,' he said, with solemn air."

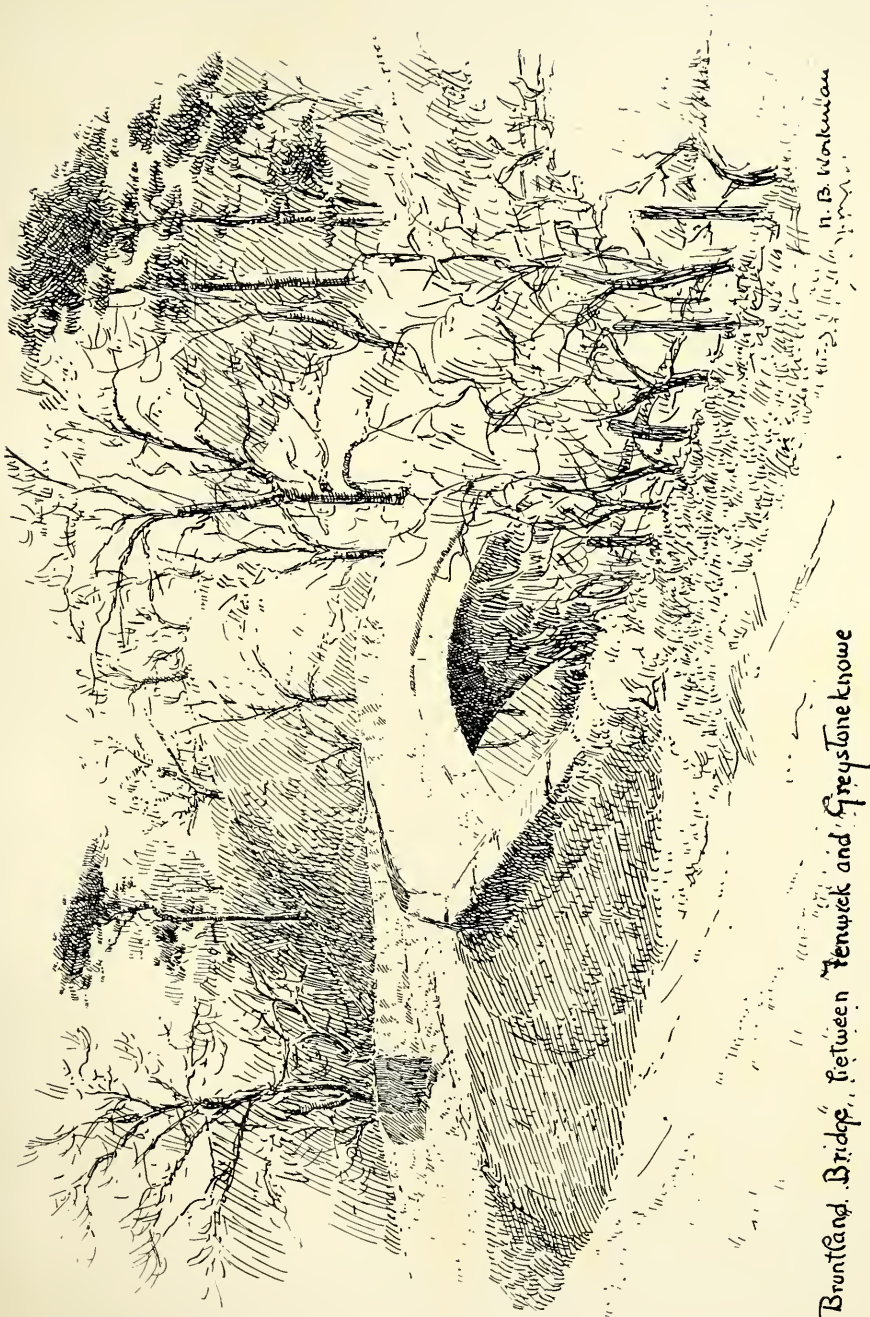
"Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days."

My father began with Genesis and ended with Revelation, taking chapter by chapter, whether short or long, in the daily reading. Genealogy, history, prophesy, psalm, song, gospel and epistle, all these were to him, from beginning to end, God's message to man, not mythology or allegory. To my father the unique thing about the Bible was its continuity of theme, although written by many different writers, in different lands, and at intervals of many hundreds of years. When collected, and bound into one complete book, it formed one message, God's love for man, and, as the outcome of that love, His purpose and scheme of redemption for man. Thus, recognising God's claim upon the individual life, and His Fatherhood of all man, the Brotherhood of all followed as a natural consequence.

" From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad ;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God !"

Both father and mother had a conviction of the duty and the privilege of attendance upon the kirk every Lord's Day. In this respect their example was more than precept. My father was unfailing in his presence at every service, giving " earnest heed to the things that were spoken," from early boyhood until far past fourscore years and ten. He last officiated at the Spring Communion of 1906, a cold, blustery March day. It was quite a pathetic sight to see him, late in life, being pushed up Bruntland Brae, on his way to church, by some of his grandchildren.

The Sabbath Day in our home was a day to be kept holy in thought, in word and deed : it was a day set apart. Reading the Bible or religious books was the only pursuit permitted, and of course the Shorter Catechism was, with each of us, one of our earliest tasks. To memorise and repeat it correctly was no easy



Bruntland Bridge, between Fenwick and Greytonethowe

H. B. Workman

affair, but every difficulty had to be overcome and proficiency attained. My father did, as Burns says,

“ Aye on Sundays dully, nightly,
He, on the Questions, targed us tightly.”

I have found that oatmeal porridge and the Shorter Catechism lay a good foundation upon which to build the physical and moral life.

In my boyhood, too, I remember another day taken occasionally from our week. This was a fast day, every six months, which had to be as closely observed as the Sabbath Day. On one “fast day” I was left at home with my elder brother to look after the younger members of the family. The injunctions laid upon us were very strict and explicit, namely, to read our books, but on no account to play. When father and mother had set forth to Fenwick Church, the temptation to us to go out and have a game in the garden proved too strong to be resisted. The game we decided on was “putting the stone,” and as the excitement increased, in throwing the stone I caught my brother John on the head. The stone cut a deep wound. Then, when it was too late, we remembered our parents’ command. When my father came home, he traced the accident to disobedience, and the reward of disobedience was punishment, which was administered with an emphasis in keeping with the enormity of the transgression. Ever since then I have known the statement to be true, “Be sure your sin will find you out.”

My father’s lifelong and keen interest in Foreign Missionary work was proof of his Christian sympathy with all men. I remember how we all gathered round on Sabbath evening and listened to him as he read stories of endurance and heroism from the Mission Field. These enkindled within me an interest, which still lives, in missionary enterprise. Many of the characteristics of my father have been more clearly and ably set forth by my brother, so to his chapter I refer the

reader for a true appreciation of my father's life at home. As I left Greystone Knowe when very young, my recollections are naturally few. But, on the other hand, I had an advantage denied to my brothers, by reason of their separation from home and country. My practice for many years was to pay my parents at least one visit annually. On one occasion I paid them an unexpected visit. I was driven up from Kilmarnock by my father's old and true friend, Mr. Brown of "The Emporium." When we arrived at Greystone Knowe, Mr. Brown knocked at the door, and my father opened it. We shook hands; then Mr. Brown asked, "Do you know this gentleman?" My father looked earnestly at me and replied, "No, I dinna ken him." "Do you ken me?" asked Mr. Brown. "Oh, yes, I ken you," answered my father, "you are Mr. Brown from 'The Emporium.'" My mother, though ill in bed, hearing the conversation, called out, "Come awa' ben, I think I'll ken you." Does not this incident speak volumes for a mother's instinct?

These yearly visits to the old home afforded me many opportunities of recognising the high principles by which my father was actuated, and also the open-mindedness with which he was prepared to accept any well-considered new idea or development, whether in the social, political, or religious realm. He was truly progressive in everything which he believed would tend to the uplifting of humanity. He was not hasty in judgment, but thought carefully over every matter, before coming to any conclusion. When, however, he arrived at it, his conclusion was definite and final.

Looking back through the vista of years, I have cause to rejoice and to thank God for sparing my father so long to give his wise fatherly counsel to his children. His teaching, example, and influence are sacred in the memory of every member of the family.

As well as being a great reader, he was a very good correspondent. Through him, each member of the family kept in touch with the others. Not only did he

correspond regularly with the members of his own family, but he kept up communication, through long years, with friends at home and abroad. Many came to him to obtain news of their friends in foreign lands.

He used frequently to speak of paying, in his younger days, tenpence for the postage of one letter ; but his correspondence so increased in later years that he found it cost him much more in postage, even though he had to pay only a penny for each letter.

To me alone of the family was it granted to be present at the bedside of both my father and mother, when they passed from this life to the life beyond.

“ They rest from their labours and their works do follow them.”

The upheaval of soul, which the breaking up of the old home brings, none can know save those who have passed through that valley of desolation. The foundations of earth seem to be broken. Heart and flesh fail. Comfort can then be found only by a faith that can pierce

“ Beyond the clouds, and beyond the Tomb.”

Thus was broken up the home at Greystone Knowe. The scenes of early years are now no more. One can truly say, with a pathos which is beyond expression, in the words of the poet Gray :—

“ For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire’s return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

.

“ Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

“ Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”

BY HON. GEO. FOWLDS, M.P., MINISTER OF EDUCATION,
NEW ZEALAND

" This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Where first we started in life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age and at our latest day."

My earliest recollections of my father picture him as an old man, consequently all my ideas of fatherhood have been associated with old age and white hairs, and, when I became a father at twenty-five, for a long time I felt that there was something incongruous in my being in a position of such responsibility. Although my father was old in years (fifty-four) when I was born, he was still young in heart and spirits, and continued so until his end. He was always interested in my boyish games and amusements, and from his " pirn boxes " in the weaver's shop frequently produced some toy or plaything which he had treasured up from a bygone time—something which I had grown tired of and thrown aside, or something which had previously done service with my sister or my elder brothers. If, then, I had not the pleasure or the privilege of a regular supply of new and expensive toys, the joy of novelty was oft renewed, and was none the less real for its being associated with the face of an old friend.

I remember on one occasion smashing my " hurly cart," which had, by the way, done duty with all the older members of the family, and was probably home-made to begin with. In response to my request, father left his loom and came to the door, bringing with him the hammer and the old nail box, both of which had in all likelihood been handed down to him from earlier generations of Greystone Knowe proprietors. When he looked at the wrecked " hurly cart," he asked me how I had broken it. Either in matter or in manner my

answer was evidently unsatisfactory, for before trying his hand on the mutilated property, he felt constrained to try it on me—possibly with the object of impressing on my youthful mind the rights of property to reasonable consideration and fair treatment. I was not inclined to accept the attention he manifestly intended to bestow on me, and so I bolted up the road with him in pursuit. I was overhauled at the roadend above the house, and I have no doubt that the proffered lesson was administered with added earnestness on account of the preliminary preparation.

Father believed with Solomon that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. In most cases, however, he showed himself anxious to arrive at the truth, and to have the offence proved or admitted before administering the punishment ; yet, if subsequent events proved that the innocent had suffered, it was easily seen that he also suffered.

On one occasion I suffered, as I have always thought, unjustly, although it is with some diffidence that I express my opinion on the subject. The facts are these : When I was a boy of nine or ten years of age, I received instructions one Friday morning (market day) to accompany my father and my brother Robert to Kilmarnock. There I was to get a new pair of boots—to me an event of the greatest interest and importance. Off we started, each laden with a basketful of eggs to sell to Michael Scoullar. When we reached Hillhouse road-end, my father noticed that one of my boot laces was loose, and ordered me to tie it up. This took me some time. Meanwhile my father and brother had proceeded along the road. When they reached Bringan road-end, Robert went straight on, but my father stopped. While I was still some distance off, he called out some directions to me, and then turned in towards Bringan Farm. He had told me to hurry up to overtake my brother. Alas ! I understood him to say that I was to wait for him until he came back from the farm. Arriving at the road-end, I put down my basket of eggs and

began to wait patiently, entirely ignorant of the fact that all the time my father was travelling steadily on by Bringan Mill and by the Fenwick Road to Kilmarnock. Through that endless day—forn, hungry, and almost overwhelmed with disappointment, yet fulfilling, as I thought, a sacred duty—I waited on from ten o'clock in the morning until about six o'clock at night. Then at last my father arrived on Darwhilling gig from Kilmarnock, and feeling, no doubt, that I must be cold, he "warmed" me severely, and sent me home on the gig without my new boots, while he returned to Kilmarnock with my basketful of eggs.

Amongst the children at Greystone Knowe father's word was law; and yet a higher testimony of our respect might be added—in most cases his word was accepted as the highest expression of wisdom and justice. To my young mind it was unthinkable that any person could be found so misguided as to call in question the correctness of his views. To do this would give evidence of total depravity. This sentiment of respect and reverence for our father's judgment was developed in the family naturally and almost unconsciously, but it may have been confirmed and strengthened by the fact that all sorts and conditions of people came to him for counsel and advice on matters of both private and public interest. The farm servants of the neighbourhood—men and women alike—would bring to him their cares and troubles: sometimes it might be quarrels with their fellow-servants, sometimes difficulties with their masters or mistresses; but, whatever the occasion of their coming, they always went away with expressions of thankfulness for advice proffered or help rendered. The landholders and large farmers, too, would come to consult with him on their private affairs, or on matters affecting Church and State, and all seemed to defer to his opinion.

I can well remember what an awful shock it was to me when for the first time I heard either him or his opinions spoken of with disrespect. It came about in

this way : A widow and her three sons lived some distance from Greystone Knowe. We had always been on friendly terms, and at the time the incident occurred I happened to be staying with them. Two of the sons had conceived a project on which they had deeply set their hearts. The mother had consulted my father, and he had pronounced against the scheme. She then informed one of the boys that she had decided to refuse her consent, and, in support of her decision, she said that Matthew Fowlds had been consulted and had advised adversely. Inadvertently I overheard the one brother relating to the other the result of the interview with his mother. Imagine my horror when I heard one of the boys, referring to my father, say, " the old d——, what has he got to do with it ? " The enjoyment of my holiday was gone. I longed to get away from that house, out of the atmosphere of treason, back to the abode of loyalty. The friendship between the families remained unbroken, and those young men continued to be frequent visitors at our house. In after years their attitude of reverence and respect for my father to some extent atoned for their almost unpardonable sin, but I think that I never quite forgave them.

From my father I learned one important lesson which has brought me both consolation and suffering, and that was to follow the " Vision " wherever it might lead, regardless of consequences.

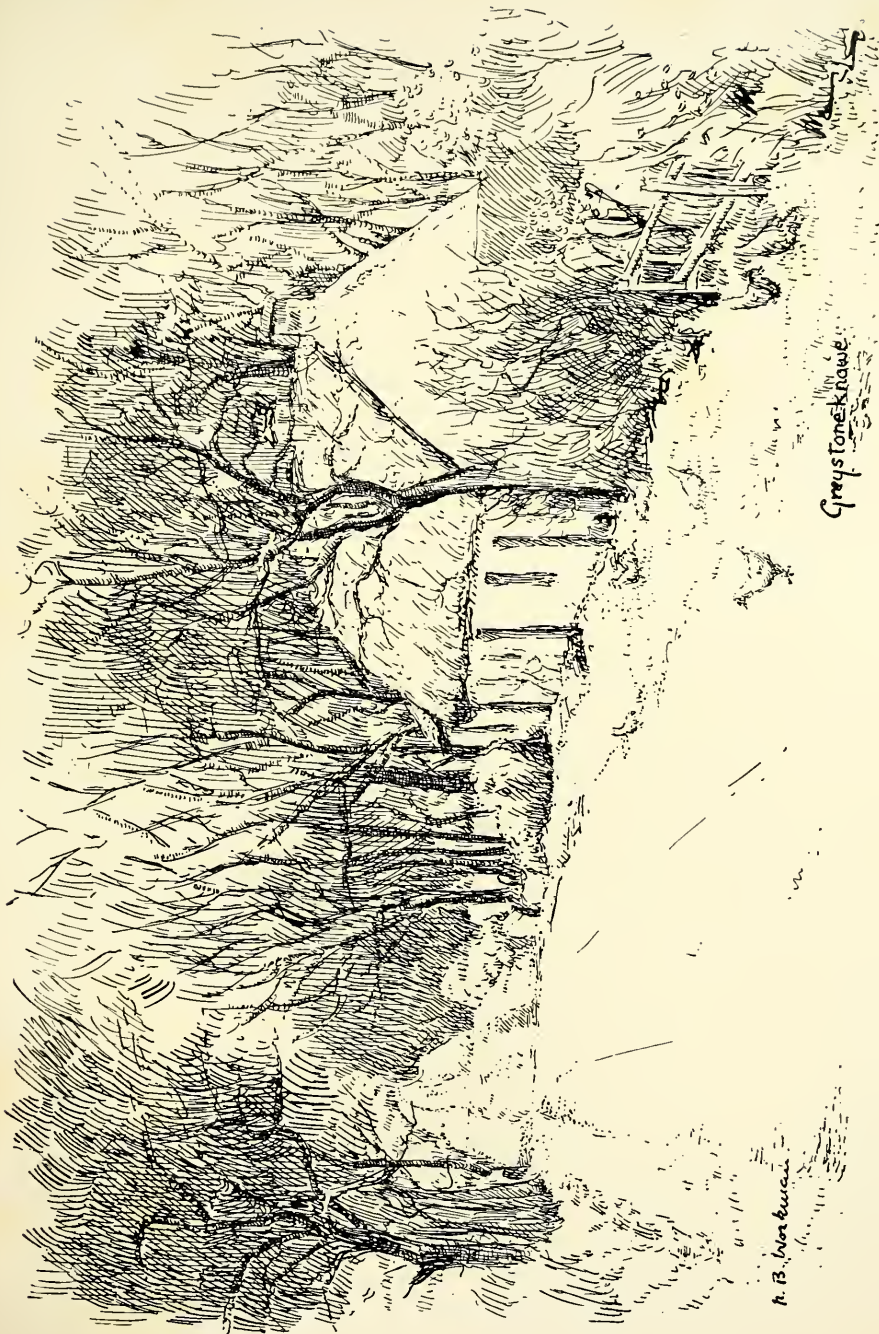
I do not presume to assert that my father never made mistakes, for to err is human. One thing, however, I do maintain is that, whenever, after full consideration, he made up his mind that a certain course was right, he never wavered in his adherence to that course. No temptation of earthly advantage ever seemed to influence him ; no question of self-interest even entered into his calculations of the course he ought to pursue. The cause that appealed to him as right was the cause that had his support. If the cause he espoused was represented by the weak against the strong, or the poor against the rich, it seemed to give added zest to

his advocacy, and to extend the limits of self-sacrifice which he was prepared to undergo in order to see justice done.

I can well remember his spending days and days of his precious time in some of those contests, even when the pot at home was none too well supplied. His early struggles on the Parochial Board, when he stood alone against the great territorial magnates, and the parish minister, showed that this characteristic was almost innate. How different his worldly circumstances might have been in the later years of his life, had he been prepared to trim his sails to favouring winds, and to work in harmony with the great, who had favours to bestow ; but what a wealth of self-respect would have been lost, what loving admiration of family and friends would have been lacking ! In fact, this memorial volume would never have been written.

I can recall many instances of his adherence to causes that meant material loss to himself, some of them involving even the antagonism of former personal friends, whose loss counted for a great deal with him. Some of these it would be improper for me to refer to, for I do not wish to wound the feelings of persons who are still alive. I think, however, that I may refer to the famous dispute between Darwhilling and Midland over the seats in Fenwick Church. Although that was a long and bitter controversy, involving far-reaching issues, I may, I think, safely say that all bitterness has long since passed away. By his presence at my father's centenary dinner, the sprightly, though aged, Laird of Darwhilling (himself nearly a centenarian) showed that the aged warriors had buried the hatchet.

At the time, the influence of my father's advocacy of Midland's claims was severely felt by the whole family living at Greystone Knowe, yet not one of us for a moment ever doubted that our father was actuated by the highest impulses. Now, after the lapse of long years, probably all who participated in the dispute would be prepared to admit that there were faults on



Graystonekrawe

H. B. Wooten

both sides. I mention the matter only to show that neither the antagonism of a rich and powerful neighbour like Darwhilling, nor the loss of his previous friendship, was able to deter my father from entering actively into a fight for what he believed to be right. Worldly wisdom might have dictated another course.

As his early fights on the Parochial Board will probably be referred to by other contributors to this volume, I shall not deal with them in detail. I should like to mention, however, the great gusto, may I say pardonable pride, with which he used to describe his encounters with the representatives of rank and fortune. Even in his latest years this was the only evidence of that idiosyncrasy so common among old people—the joy of fighting their battles over again. He became somewhat impatient with visitors for asking the question, “I suppose you will remember the battle of Waterloo?” His reply invariably was, “Oh, yes, I remember the battle of Waterloo; and I remember a good many things since then.” How much better than talking about Waterloo did he love to enlarge upon the trouble with the “Wee Frees,” or to discuss the merits and qualifications of the different men composing the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet! But carry him back nearly eighty years to his fights on the Parochial Board, and his eyes would sparkle with the light of long ago.

When his own social position and the forces arrayed against him are taken into consideration, it cannot, I think, be denied that the influence he exercised on the Board was truly remarkable. He had acquired accurate information as to the laws under which the Board operated, and, after one or two of his protests to the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh had been decided in his favour, his fellow-members, not being so well read in those laws, were prepared to let him have his own way rather than risk another snub. It was with great glee that he used to tell of the first occasion on which he protested against the action of the Board, and was compelled to put his protest in writing. In a somewhat

superior manner the Chairman said to the Clerk (the late Mr. T. B. Andrews, solicitor, Kilmarnock), "You'd better help him to write out his protest." To this my father replied, "No, thank you; I can manage that myself."

In view of my close identification with Single Tax principles, it is interesting to note that, even in those far-off days, my father was arguing for differential rates on land and on houses. He held that, while in the nature of things houses decreased in value, even if money were continually spent to keep them in repair, yet land maintained its value, or increased in value, without the expenditure of money. That, in a nutshell, is the fundamental Single Tax principle.

In my boyhood our house was a great rendezvous for all kinds of people; all were admitted and welcomed according to their personal worth, and all were treated alike. If it happened to be near mealtime, they would be asked to sit down to breakfast, dinner, or tea, as the case might be. About election times Captain Picken of Hillhouse Lodge would be a frequent visitor, but he had to descend from his carriage, and, while he discussed the political campaign, had to stand by the side of the loom, just as old John Beattie, the ploughman at Rushaw, had to do. Nor must it be forgotten that Captain Picken was on the same side as my father, while John Beattie was a Tory, and John, poor body, had no vote in those days.

John was a very versatile man, and a great talker. It was from him I received my first lesson in astronomy. Hearing him talking to my father about the new moon, I ventured to ask him what became of the old moons. With ready Irish wit he replied that they were cut up into stars with a pair of big shears. I have known something of astronomy ever since.

The only interesting visitor my father could not be bothered with was old Neil Elliot, the Tarbolton packman. To me he was indeed a marvellous man: he possessed boxes full of jewels and trinkets of the

rarest value, and when he sang, it was wonderful, if not delightful. But he had so many explanations to make about the words or the tune that it took him a long time to start his singing. Frequently his explanations drew him away to subjects altogether foreign to the song, and on these he would dwell until he was reminded of his promise to sing. Then he would break off into further explanations. Perhaps it was a lack of the musical faculty that prevented my father from fully appreciating Neil Elliot's qualities.

My father was not a musician, and my wife and children actually tell me that I, too, am not a musician. I think, however, that children are not good judges of their father in that respect. Father never pretended to be able to sing more than one tune, and night and morning, for nearly a hundred years, that tune had to do duty for both long metre and short metre psalms, reminding us of the lines by Charles Murray in "The Lettergae"—

" Plain Paraphrase, or quirky Hymn,
Come a' the same to Peter ;
He has a tune for ilka Psalm,
Nae matter what the metre."

He called it "Coleshill," but some professed critics who heard it confessed that they did not recognise that well-known tune. It may be that the ill-usage it got between the long metre and the short metre psalms had somewhat marred its harmony. At any rate we seldom missed it morning or night. Sometimes, when a very special occasion compelled haste in the morning, my mother would suggest that we might omit the singing and the reading. But I always felt that very little time, if any, was saved—the length of the prayer or grace after breakfast made up for the other omissions. Still, the regularity and the solemnity of family worship in the old home have created in me a deep and abiding appreciation of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night"—

" From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad."

As I understand that other writers will deal with my father's connection with the church, I shall touch on the subject only lightly. With him Religion, the Church, and Sunday were very solemn matters. I do not remember his ever being away from church on account of sickness or bad weather. If he was at home, he attended the service at Fenwick on Sunday morning, and if, in the evening, there was preaching at Waterside or elsewhere within two or three miles, he was there too. I do remember one occasion, however, when he broke the Sabbath day with woeful results, and the experience of that day has always been revived in me whenever I have been out holidaymaking on a Sunday. Father, mother, and I had gone to pay a visit to an old friend of theirs living near Dailly, in South Ayrshire. We arrived on Saturday, and were to return on the following Monday. I had never seen the sea, and I think that neither father nor mother had seen it very often. Our friends therefore decided to drive us in their farmer's cart to Girvan on the Sunday. As we were going down a steep hill the horse fell and skinned both knees. I was sitting on the front of the cart and was thrown out, but without being much hurt. I don't know what my father thought; my mother, however, said that it was a judgment on us for breaking the Sabbath, and I have ever since had a lingering suspicion that she was right.

New Year's Day was the great festival of the year at Greystone Knowe. The older members of the family usually gathered in, and so did some of the collateral branches—uncles, aunts, cousins, etc. It was truly wonderful how elastic the house became on those occasions, and how many people could be accommodated round the family table. The flowing bowl was never much in evidence, but the old Scotch custom of offering every new arrival "a taste" was always observed in my boyhood. I understand it was discontinued for many years before my father's death.

My father was a great reader of the newspapers. For fifty years or more he was a subscriber to the "Ayr

Advertiser," and I think the proprietors of the paper gave him a jubilee year for nothing. He had several partners in the venture, and the paper, after being read in one house, was carried on to the next. Then every six months or so the old papers were most carefully apportioned amongst the members of the syndicate. In those days papers were not so plentiful as they are now.

On Sundays at Greystone Knowe we were not allowed to play about in a boisterous manner. The story of the boy who was told by his mother that he was not to play in the front of the house on Sunday, and who then asked if God could not see him in the backyard, did not apply at Greystone Knowe. All newspapers and weekday books were carefully put away on Saturday nights, and from then till Monday only Sunday books were allowed to be read. On Sunday night we were permitted to fetch water from the spring up the park—the utmost dissipation allowed on that day. In later years, when I grew up and returned home for the week-ends, the newspapers were still tabooed as religiously as ever, but as there was no other opportunity for our referring to matters affecting our secular welfare, these were sometimes discussed. This concession to the exigencies of the occasion will not, it is hoped, be interpreted as implying any material departure from father's principles.

My father took his politics, like his religion, seriously. The excitement arising from the elections, and the visits of politicians to our house enable me to recall elections a long way back. Though I was very young at the time, I can remember reading the speeches made by Lord Rosebery when he first entered the House of Lords, and I can remember hoping, even in those far-off days, that I too might some day be a Member of Parliament. What imaginings will enter the head of a poor weaver's boy!

I have purposely refrained from saying much about the U.P. Church at Fenwick and its saintly minister, Mr. Orr, but I cannot omit from these rambling reminiscences some reference to Mr. Orr's annual visitations to

the Ten-pound-land quarter of the parish. Those were great events at Greystone Knowe. My father used to accompany Mr. Orr on his round of visits, and had to leave home early to meet him at the boundary of the district. It was the custom for them to have lunch or mid-day dinner at our house. Everything was bustle and excitement: the dinner had to be cooked, the table set, and all the best dishes brought out, including the big soup tureen; then everybody had to be dressed in his best clothes, regardless of the danger of their being spoiled at the dinner table. The youngsters had to look up "what was effectual calling," in case some of the subtleties of that troublesome question had escaped their memory. Then Mr. Orr would arrive, his face beaming with all the Beatitudes, and after dinner and the catechism had been safely negotiated, he would dispense peppermint lozenges to the children, and depart, leaving behind an odour of sanctity, which in the memory of the children mingled with the odour of the lozenges.

Years after I had gone into the great world, I went home from Glasgow to spend a short holiday. Mr. Orr's earthly ministrations were drawing to a close, and my father asked me to see him and enquire after his health. He said that Mr. Orr would be pleased if I called; but I suspect that he was thinking more of the influence the call would have upon me than of its influence on Mr. Orr. At any rate that visit has ever since remained with me as a very cherished memory. I felt as if I were in the very presence of one of the angels of God. Just about the time of my visit, the newspapers of the day had frequent references to the life and the works of Thomas Carlyle, and I had read how deeply visitors were impressed and awed in the presence of the great "Sage of Chelsea." But as I stood before Mr. Orr, I felt that I was in the presence of one greater than Carlyle.

Three men have largely influenced my life, and any success I have attained and any character I have developed are mainly due to them. I refer to my

father, to the Rev. Mr. Orr, and to Mr. Meiklejohn, my teacher at the Waterside School. I have put Mr. Meiklejohn last, and in this memorial volume perhaps it is meet that I should do so. But to my dying day I shall always think of Mr. Meiklejohn as one of the elect of God. Personal suffering and sorrow were powerless to mar the benign influence he shed into the souls of the children who came under his care. To have the influence of either Mr. Orr or Mr. Meiklejohn on one's life was a privilege, but to have the influence of both was to have cast upon one a tremendous responsibility.

One word more and my contribution to this memorial volume is finished, so far as my father is concerned. My father had been brought up in a fairly strict school of theological orthodoxy, and to the last he never moved very far from the ancient faith of his fathers. But he showed a wide and generous tolerance towards those who had been led to adopt views differing from his own. He never approved very heartily of the heresy hunts in which leading men of his own and other churches felt called upon to take part. When he was quite an old man I remember that, on one of my visits, the conversation led me into a position where I had either to dissemble or to admit the long distance I had travelled from the Confession of Faith. I disliked hurting my father's feelings, and had therefore hoped that I would be able to avoid a statement of my theological position ; but when the necessity arose I made the statement fully and frankly. Father listened to me with perfect composure. He then told me that he could not see standing ground for himself in my position, but that he quite realised that possibly other people might, and, out of the great wealth of his charity, he added that so long as a man's honest belief ministered to his spiritual life, he had no inclination to find fault—conduct being greater than belief.

During the last twenty-five years of his life I had comparatively few opportunities of coming into contact with him, but on the rare occasions when I did meet

him it seemed to me that his mental powers had abated very little, rather had they mellowed. One valuable faculty he always possessed—the faculty of avoiding disputations with fools. When any foolish person began to talk on a subject he knew nothing about, my father, fond as he was of an argument, would close up like an oyster. As a boy I used to feel angry with him for his reticence, and longed to correct the babbler myself. Indeed, on one occasion I remonstrated with father, and asked him why he did not tell the man he was wrong. His only reply was that it was no use answering a fool according to his folly. I have learned a good deal since those days.

Any account of Greystone Knowe or of my father would be incomplete without some reference to the one who for nearly sixty years shared his joys and sorrows. Our mother was in many respects different from our father, but she had a charm and an influence peculiarly her own. In all her movements she was more alert and active, and her temperament was more sympathetic and demonstrative. She possessed a deeply religious nature, though of a type more emotional than father's, and to the end of her life held strictly to the conceptions of religious truth she had imbibed in her youth. Full of generous impulses, she would gladly give away to friends or neighbours in distress the simple comforts which were often not too plentiful at home. In the management of the house she was exceedingly economical and careful, preferring to save on anything that savoured of luxury rather than on food and necessary clothing.

I find the tender memories of mother's influence too sacred to admit of their being written down even for this memorial column. Suffice it to say that, in reviewing the past, I find that my richest treasures are still to be found in the memories of my father and my mother.



MR. MATTHEW FOWLDS.



MRS. MATTHEW FOWLDS.

BY MRS. GIBSON

Regarding the late Matthew Fowlds, after the death of both my parents and my grandparents, I never knew anything else but to call him father, having been taken to Greystone Knowe when I was six years old, and getting all my schooling at Waterside till I was eleven. I was then sent to America to help his eldest son Matthew, my duty being that of nurse-girl. I was there four years, and came back when mother (Mrs. Fowlds) was ill and not able for the housework. Father always did all he could for us, making the porridge every morning and often preparing breakfast, as well as superintending the feeding of the hens; of course he had his weaving to keep going too. I was home a year and a half at that time till mother got strong again. I took to country work after that, but the time came when the old folks both felt night coming on, so I returned home again, and remained there till they both passed away. Mother was frail for a long time, but her end came very quickly at the last. She had only been two days out of her ordinary health when she died September 1, 1903. I remember how pleased father was when his son Willie came from England at that time very unexpectedly. He arrived on Monday night, and mother died on Tuesday morning. Although so old then, father did all he could to make her comfortable. He was always very attentive to her. We were left our two selves after that, father and I. He worked away at his weaving, and I helped him all I could. I filled all his pirns, but I never could do a stroke of the shuttle, and pleased I was he did all his own weaving to the last. He began a web on the 4th July, 1906, and finished it in September. When he had done with it, he pathetically remarked that he had finished his last web. Although the demand for blankets woven by one of such an advanced age was great, he never charged more than their real worth, although for one of the last

(six) pairs the sum of £5 was voluntarily given. His final web was put in readiness for him by his son Robert on the morning he left the old home to return to America —after the celebration of the centenary.

Father was always pleased when any one came in, although he disliked the curious crowds that came merely to look at him, and to express disappointment at seeing a fresh old man. He liked to talk on Church affairs and politics, being a strong Liberal all his life. Besides our minister, he looked forward with great pleasure to a talk with Mr. Haggo, Mr. J. Brown, Rev. James Barr, and Mr. James Dunlop. Many a talk he had with Mr. Dunlop about old school days, Parochial Boards, and Kirk Sessions. He was a good father to me, and showed me a good example, taking family worship morning and evening, and never sitting down to a meal without asking a blessing.

REMINISCENCES OF A CENTENARIAN

BY REV. JAMES BARR, B.D.

The following reminiscences are culled, most of them, from conversations I had at Greystone Knowe from time to time with the honoured subject of this volume.

THE HOMESTEAD

Greystone Knowe, according to my earlier recollections, was a long, one-storied house of several apartments, roofed with thatch. At a later date the roof of thatch was replaced with one of corrugated iron. The site on which the building stands, with the adjoining garden, was feued by the grandfather of the centenarian in the year 1779—the same year in which my great grandfather and his brother built the house on the farm of Beanscroft, which they had purchased the preceding Martinmas. I have before me the original tack, as signed on 19th February, 1779, between William Boyd of Berryhill, the heritable proprietor, and Matthew Faulds or Foulds, the tenant or feuar. The ground is defined as consisting of forty-seven and one-half falls or thereby, and the tack is for a period of 934 years as from Martinmas, 1778, during all which time the lands, houses, pendicles and pertinents, are to be peaceably “brookied,” or enjoyed, by the said Matthew Faulds and his heirs and executors. The land also carried with it the free liberty of the feuar to cast for his own use the sixth part of the peats on the Walholm part of Berryhill, only he is always to pay “Squadfeal and Road meal for himself,” that is, as I believe, a perquisite in money or in kind to the person in charge of the peatmoss for the use of the turf spade, and for the upkeep of the road into the moss. The heritable proprietor further binds himself and his heirs and executors to grant a new tack to every lineal

descendant on condition, however, of each of these succeeding feuars paying a duplicand or an additional one year's rent, all which is naively and characteristically put down among the privileges graciously granted by the proprietor to the feuar, for what do we not owe to the lords of the soil, and what have we that we did not receive from them ! For the rest the tack is taken up with the obligations resting on Matthew Faulds and his heirs and successors on their part. The feu-duty was fixed at ten shillings a year, and, in addition, two days' work per annum on the Walholm or Berryhill lands when called thereto, and that without fee or reward, save that victuals should be provided. The feuar was further obliged to grind all his victuals at Raith Miln, a provision that would seem to indicate that Berryhill itself originally formed part of the extensive lands of Raith, and with many of the other farm lands around continued to be thirled to Raith Mill in respect that they were bound to have all their corn ground there, and have consequently been called upon almost down to this hour to pay cess as for Raith Mill, a tax that could hardly be paid, if paid it was, with much grace, at least in recent times, as the impost did not go to the common good, and the mill has long ceased to exist. A money payment of four shillings came to be accepted as the equivalent of the two days' stipulated work. In former days Matthew Fowlds, the centenarian, duly rendered the service, but in later life, as we can understand, he was glad to compound in money for his absence from the harvest field. The feu charter contains one other provision, that as Matthew Faulds, the feuar, has at his own expense built the house on Greystone Knowe, he and his heirs were to be relieved of every public burden that might be laid on the land. I am told, however, that this has been held to apply only to the poor rate or such other rate as was in existence or contemplation at the time ; for the law is after all a partial jade, and the landed interests have never suffered much at its hand.

EARLY DAYS

At Greystone Knowe Matthew Fowlds was born on the 22nd May, 1806. When the centennial celebrations were being arranged in his honour, some attempt was made in the public press to make out that he was only ninety-nine years old, but unless all arithmetic is a fraud, and all figures a jugglery, he completed his hundred years of life on 22nd May, 1906. He received his schooling at Grougar.

“ Where in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.”

At the same time that he was at Grougar School there was a lad born to fame in attendance at the school at Fenwick. For it was in 1815 that Robert Pollok, then 17 years of age, came to Fenwick School to prepare himself for College, with a view to the ministry of the Secession Church. While at school, Pollok lodged with his uncle, Peter Dickie, of Horsehill, who in turn was married to one of the Gemmills, long proprietors of that farm, among whose forbears, as we have seen, was Peter Gemmill, who, in 1685, was shot to death at Midland in the cause of the Covenant, and whose martyrdom is reflected in the title of “ Ralph Gemmell ” in Pollok’s “ Tales of the Covenanters.” My grandfather was at school with Pollok, and Matthew Fowlds well remembered the student lad often passing by Greystone Knowe on his way from Horsehill to visit his relatives, the Taylors of Greenside. In view of the long age attained by Pollok’s contemporary, one recalls the language in which the “ Course of Time ” portrays the Millennium :—

“ And Death
Stood waiting for the lapse of tardy Age
That mocked him long.”

At the age of eleven Matthew Fowlds started as a herd boy with Mr. A. Gemmill, of Muirside, who

also by his ancestry was interlinked with the family of the martyr, and whose wife was a great reader, and had herself something of a poetic gift. On the family tombstone in Fenwick Churchyard are engraved lines which she is said to have composed as an epitaph for her daughter Mary, who died at the age of 13, and in anticipation also for herself:—

“ In calm repose my mortal parts doth rest.
The wreck of Nature’s overwhelming tide.
No waves of trouble now disturb my breast,
Still as my daughter, mouldering by my side.”

OLD-TIME CONVEYANCES

Stage coaches, he told me, ran through Fenwick about ten times a day, five up and five down. You could also see great strings of carriers’ carts passing through Fenwick, maybe twenty or thirty in a row. Mackie had ten, Robb had ten, and on occasion, twice or thrice a week, as when they were coming from Ayr, you could see about thirty in a row.

TAXED NEWSPAPERS

There was a 4½d tax on newspapers, but discount was given to the extent that the tax was brought down to 3d per paper. Such a paper as the “Ayr Advertiser” cost 7d, but as it was passed from house to house—and a paper in this way had sometimes as many as seven or eight readers—the cost to each might not be much over a penny.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS

The funeral customs of the olden time have been well rehearsed. Mr. Fowlds told me of the funeral, at which he was present, of a very strict non-hearer in Fenwick parish. There were four courses of refreshments—(1) bread and cheese and ale, (2) biscuits and

whisky, (3) biscuits and wine, (4) biscuits and brandy. Thereafter white clay tobacco pipes were sent round the company.

EMIGRATION

Matthew Fowlds could tell much about the "hungry forties" and the dire experiences of the corn law days. I have before me the Minutes of the Fenwick Emigration Society, founded on April 23rd, 1839. The Society was on a large scale, and evidently widely patronised. The Treasurer had often over £400 in hand, the deposits of intending emigrants, and during all the years covered by these minutes, from 1839 to 1857, there is a constant stream to Canada, New Zealand, and elsewhere. The preamble embodied in the constitution of the Society tells its own tale, which is full of significance for some of our present controversies. It runs thus:—"A fearful gloom is fast thickening over the horizon of our country. Every prospect of comfort to the working man is daily becoming darker and more dreary. Trade and manufactures are rapidly leaving our shores. And, to all appearance, a crisis is at hand, in which the sufferings of the working classes will, in the first instance, form a prominent feature. It is desirable, therefore, that they should have it in their power, as far as possible, to avoid the miseries to which a large portion of the community must be reduced by the depression of wages, scarcity of work, and starvation by hunger through the operation of the Corn Laws. This can be best effected by fleeing from the scene of destitution and distress. But as it cannot be effected without considerable expense, and as few working men can command a sufficient fund for that purpose, unless by the gradual process of weekly deposits, it is hereby proposed to form an association for the purpose of encouraging emigration amongst the working classes, and of acquiring the means necessary for the accomplishment of that object."

RURAL DECLINE

Matthew Fowlds remembered when the population of Fenwick parish was 2000, quite double of what it is to-day. As a matter of fact, the population was in 1801, 1280 ; in 1831, 2018 ; in 1861, 1532 ; and in 1891, 1007. Mr. Fowlds heard Mr. Orr at a social meeting in the church telling that there were forty fewer farm steadings in Fenwick than when he came to it. And there are far fewer cot-houses. Surely one of the greatest problems of our age is the preservation, and the restoring, of those simple cot-houses that were the glory of our country in a bye-gone day, and the peopling of their land again with a bold and happy peasantry, once more their country's pride. Great and far-reaching changes we must have in this country, and have soon, and "back to the land" is one of them. Give us rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire, that cries out :—"Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." We who are alive and remain are privileged to see the first beginnings of better things, but at the same time our country has been called upon to witness a woeful and humiliating spectacle, that of the landed magnates stoutly and selfishly resisting the glorious work of reformation. Twice they have thrown out the Small Holdings Bill, and twice thrown out or wrecked the Land Values Bill for Scotland, and at this moment they are fighting tooth and nail against the incipient taxation of land, meanly desiring to shift the burden from their own broad shoulders on to the bent back of the common people. But wrong is not for ever on the scaffold. The time of our redemption draweth nigh. The people cannot always be kept out of their heritage in the land. The earth hath been given to men's sons. The day of reckoning is come. It is even at the door. Matthew Fowlds saw that day afar off and was glad.

PUBLIC LIFE IN FENWICK

We must not suppose that the quiet of Fenwick was never disturbed in the old days by public contentions, or that the peaceful inhabitants always kept the noiseless tenor of their way. There were some sharp contendings between Tory and Radical, between Churchman and Dissenter. The school question was sometimes as acute at Fenwick or Waterside as it ever has been in any parish in England. When the Rev. Robert Ferguson, parish minister of Fenwick, sent along a message to the teacher at Waterside that he was coming up shortly, under authority of the Presbytery, to examine his school, Dominie Wallace, being a thorough Dissenter, wrote back that he would like very much to see the minister at Waterside, but that he did not consider himself in any sense under the authority of the Presbytery. So began a keen contest which issued in the Dissenters building a school of their own in Waterside, leaving the old school as deserted of children as that Irish school that advertised for a schoolmaster some time ago, "preference to be given to one with at least five children, so as to raise the average attendance of the school." To build a new school proved no easy task. Site and building materials alike were refused both by Lord Glasgow and by Craufurd of Craufurdland. But a site was at length procured from a feu outwith their control, and stones and sand were carted from far. Nor did the Dissenters quit their school until they had won their little battle, and were able to go back to the old school on their own terms. Nor was the conflict less keen at times in the old Parochial Board, and sometimes when outvoted in the Board Matthew Fowlds would take his appeal to the Board of Supervision, and so succeed in carrying the day. Even in these now far-off times he contended for the reduction of the taxes and rates on houses and improvements, maintaining that property of that kind was entirely different from property in land, seeing that houses kept

depreciating in value by time, while land more commonly kept appreciating by time. These principles have now found embodiment in the legislation of various countries, and they are in active operation in many of the towns and cities of New Zealand, where they have their most able and eminent advocate in the Honourable George Fowlds, Minister of Education, himself a disciple of Henry George, and a convinced single taxer. And it is these very principles in their rudimentary forms, as drawn in the finance Bill, that are at present being opposed so stoutly, but, as I am confident, so vainly in the House of Commons.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM

Before the Reform Bill, as Mr. Fowlds remembered, there was only one commoner in Fenwick parish—Craufurd of Craufurdland—who had the vote. Two Peers—Loudoun and Glasgow—were the only other voters. Whether there were any Sessional Orders in these days restraining Peers from taking part, I cannot say. The franchise once granted, it was found in the open voting that there were only four who voted Conservative, and these on their way home were somewhat roughly handled by the Stewarton populace.

COVENANTING TRADITIONS

I have already shewn that tradition is a much surer mode of transmitting truth than many would think. In his earliest years Mr. Fowlds must have seen old men who had conversed with those who remembered something of the Covenanting struggle. But tradition has little to add to what is already written regarding the Covenanting struggle in Fenwick, as doubtless Howie wove all the traditions into his account of the "Scots Worthies." There lingers, however, a tradition that in addition to those who are commonly enumerated as the Fenwick martyrs there was another who was shot down in a field near Dalraith. It was from Mr. Fowlds that I first gathered that the Little Blackwood, where

James White was shot, was near where Moscow now stands rather than at the present Blackwood farm.

In May, 1853, Dr. William Anderson preached his famous sermon in Fenwick on "The Cloud of Witnesses, or Scottish Martyrology," and paid his tribute to the premier place that our parish holds in the Scottish Covenant. In 1854, monuments to William Guthrie and Captain Paton were unveiled in Fenwick Churchyard. Mr. Fowlds was present at this historic ceremony.

NON-HEARERS

The Revolution Settlement of 1690 was very distasteful to those Presbyterians who had set their hearts on securing a Covenanted State and a Covenanted King. Some of these went to form the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Others of the stricter sort in later times brooded over the unhappy and, as they thought, unscriptural estate of the Church in Scotland until they vowed that they would never again enter a church door. Of these non-hearers one of the most famous was John Calderwood, of Clanfin, in the parish of Fenwick. He rigorously abstained on Fast Days from all manner of food, for forty years he never darkened a church door, and when he was desirous of marrying a second time, he could find no minister correct enough in doctrine and practice to marry him, and so he had to go unmarried. Matthew Fowlds told how James Craig, of Raithburn, meeting this John Calderwood, asked him why he would not go to church. "Oh, you know quite well," said Calderwood, "there's no pure Kirk on earth, or I would go to it." "Weel, John," was the answer, "it wouldna be lang a pure Kirk if you and I were in it."

FENWICK MINISTERS

From 1779 to 1782 a great controversy was raging in Fenwick. The people were up in arms against the patron forcing an unwelcome minister upon the congre-

gation, first in the person of Archibald Reid, who afterwards bowed to the storm and withdrew, and then in the case of William Boyd, who was eventually ordained in 1782. He continued minister of Fenwick till his death, in 1828. Mr. Fowlds remembered him well, and told many a racy anecdote of him. On one occasion a wag called Matthew Brown was driving him home from a preaching at Eaglesham. He asked Matthew if he thought the Eaglesham people would be pleased with his services. "Ay, I think they would be gae weel pleased," was the answer, "for I saw a guid wheen o' them laughin'." On another occasion, there being no service in the Burgher Kirk, and consequently an unusually large attendance at the Parish Church, the assistant, a Mr. Bain, asked who would take the pulpit at the first service that day. Mr. Boyd replied, "I'll go up first myself; it'll take the best o' us the day." To Mr. Boyd there succeeded John Geddes Crosbie, who, in 1836, resigned his charge owing to a change in his sentiments. He became an "Angel" of the Catholic Apostolic Church, and died in 1838. To him succeeded Robert Ferguson, who was prevailed on to attempt the rooting out of Dissenters by taking down the houses on the Glebe in which they dwelt. His action caused great indignation in Fenwick, and Mr. Fowlds remembered the burning of his effigy. Poor man, he was so unsuccessful in the rooting out of Dissenters that within a few years he became one himself, for he was translated to St. David's, Edinburgh, in 1843, and was one of those who "came out" at the Disruption. The intrusion of Mr. Boyd in 1782 gave life to the Secession Church. Meetings of Dissenters had been held in Fenwick from 1737 downwards, but now the whole body of the people went over to Dissent. Immediately after the General Assembly of 1782 resolved that the ordination of Mr. Boyd should go forward, a meeting was held to determine which body of Dissenters they should join. 7 voted for the Anti-Burghers, 17 for the Relievers, 36 for the Reformed Presbyterians, but a

large majority over all for the Burghers. Eventually Mr. James Dewar was placed over the new congregation, his ordination taking place on 18th April, 1787. Under Mr. Dewar, Mr. Fowlds was admitted to membership of the church in the year 1823. I have heard him say that Mr. Boyd used jocularly to say that he had done a great deal for the Secession, for they had built a Secession Church at Kilbarchan (Burntshiels—Brenchell) because they did not get him, and they had built one at Fenwick because they did not want him.

CHURCH HISTORY

Mr. Fowlds was at home in Church history. He was familiar with all dates of leading events and described the points at issue in striking and pungent language of his own. Thus, I have heard him say:—"When they saw they could not drive us into Episcopacy they tried to wheedle us owre wi' perpetual Moderators." He well remembered the outbreak of the great Voluntary controversy in the year 1829, when Andrew Marshall, of Kirkintilloch, afterwards Dr. Marshall, preached the famous sermon in which he declared that all civil Establishments of religion were unscriptural, unjust, inefficient and unnecessary. He had some valuable pamphlets on this subject, such as "Ecclesiastical Establishments, opposed alike to Political Equality and Christian Law, by Rev. D. Young, Perth, 1883;" "Speech of the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw at the Public Meeting in Glasgow for the separation of Church and State, March 6th, 1834;" "Second Report of the Glasgow Voluntary Church Society, with the Speeches delivered at the Meeting held on the 3rd March, 1835;" "Christianity and its Establishment contrasted, 1837."

Needless to say, he himself held to the close by the old Voluntary principle, and could defend it by ample quotations from Scripture. He had a keen sense of the oppressions from which the Church had suffered in the past and told how a well-known landlord in the West made it a condition of his feu charters that the feuars

were not to erect a sugar refinery, a Dissenting house, or any other nuisance. Nor was his interest confined to the past. A supporter of the Union of the Churches in 1900, he was prepared for yet larger Unions such as that now being attempted on a grand scale in Canada, but with him it was ever an essential preliminary and condition of all such Unions that there should be a complete separation of Church and State, and a refusal on the part of the Church even to share in State endowments in any form. He had an intelligent grasp of events affecting the Church whether at home or abroad, and when I referred to the subject of French Disestablishment, he said :—" They were in a bigger mess than us, but they have ta'en a bigger loup."

THE GOLDEN EVENING

He was true throughout to the sacred traditions for which his parish is so justly famous. He changed not with the " men of a thousand shifts and wiles." Yet he was ever going forward to new positions and a fuller outlook. He never was a croaker, as old men are sometimes apt to be ; his look was forward, his faith ever that better times were yet to be. And is there anything grander in life than this ? Is not this the best proof of immortality ? Is it not immortality already begun to see a man like an eagle renewing his mighty youth, waxing young again, pluming himself for yet higher flights in Church and in State, after a hundred years of it still pushing the business on, still inspired by deathless and exulting hopes, still giving proof that even in his ashes live their wonted fires, and still saying, and teaching all round him to say :—

" 'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter ;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hope makes the heart thrill lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When wakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round
And heard its voice of living thunder."

A FEW NOTES

BY REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, LL.D., KILMARNOCK

I am happy to have the opportunity of supplying a few notes regarding my old friend Matthew Fowlds. He lived at Greystone Knowe, on the Grassyards Road, where it is three hundred feet above Kilmarnock. During the whole period of my ministry, commencing in 1851, I had been in the habit of taking a study walk every Saturday when the weather was fair. I preferred one that was varied and bracing, with commanding view, and at the same time retired. Such is the road from Kilmarnock to Moscow ; it was therefore frequently my choice. Greystone Knowe was a good-sized cottage on a road parallel to the upper end of this one. Half of the house was a weaver's shop, for Matthew Fowlds was a customer weaver—that is, he wove the original material into cloth for customers. Till he was an old man he was in the habit of visiting Kilmarnock once a week, generally on Saturdays, which involved in all a walk of eight miles and a half. His walk corresponded with mine so far, and thus he and I frequently met, and gradually became acquainted. At times I so far varied my excursion as to make a short digression, which led me to pass his house, and latterly, when I did go, I always called on him. It was eminently pleasant to visit Matthew Fowlds, for I always found him comfortable, contented, happy, and ready for a talk, especially about olden times. He would tell me about Fenwick in those days—about old customs, old roads and former dwellers, supplying many interesting particulars.

He often spoke of the first Secession minister in Fenwick, and would tell how that, when he was old

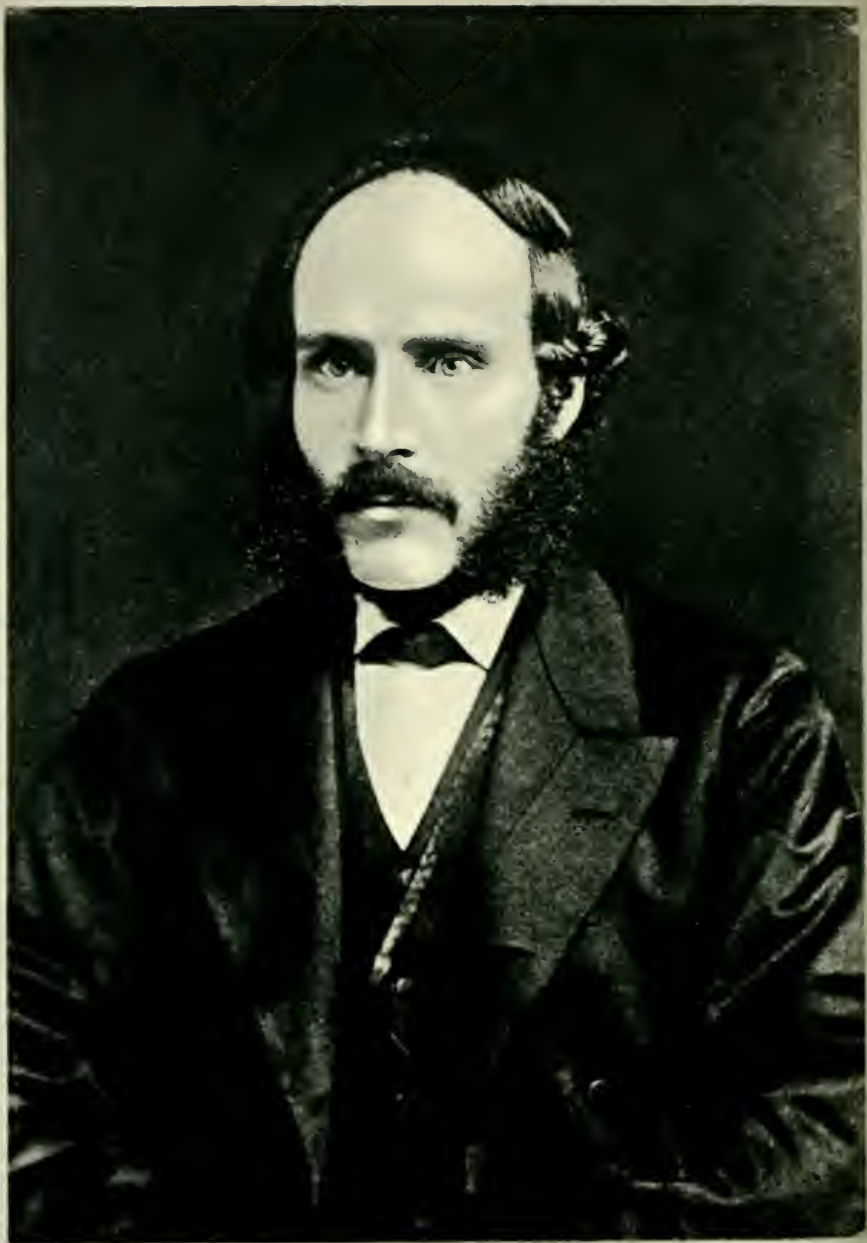
and frail on his feet, he had a carriage and pair to enable him to get the benefit of the fresh air—the carriage, a hand barrow, the horses, two of his elders, who were proud to convey him in this fashion to the church or take him out for an airing. Matthew would tell also of the time when women could spin without a spinning wheel by using little stone whorls, which they cast into the air. They could thus go out to visit on an evening, carrying their wool over their shoulders and their spinner in their pockets. He would speak also of the larger gatherings, which we now call “Harvest Homes,” but which were then known as “Kirns.” They are referred to by Burns in “The Twa Dogs” as among the occasions that helped to relieve the monotony of the poor farmer’s lot—

“As bleak-fac’d Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, ranting Kirns,
When rural life o’ ev’ry station
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, wit slaps, an’ social mirth
Forgets there’s care upon the earth.”

If in the course of conversation I happened to mention Craufurdland old bridge—the most interesting and romantic spot in all the Kilmarnock district—Matthew would declare it was no old bridge to him, as he remembered when it was quite new, the stream, before it was erected, being crossed at a ford higher up, opposite the mill, near Sandbed.

One day I happened to find a plant of flax on the roadside, and asked him, “Have you ever seen flax cultivated?” His reply was—“I have grown it myself. Sent it to the flax mill at that ford we were speaking of. I have had it spun for me, and then have woven it into cloth myself.”

I shall say no more of my old friend. I am myself now spoken of as old—“Old Landsborough”—though I am nearly a score of years younger than the age to which he attained.



Yours, with warm regards,
A.W. Meiklejohn.

REMINISCENCES

BY THE LATE MR. A. W. MEIKLEJOHN

I regard Fenwick as my native place. There I spent twenty years—the most eventful years of my life. There I met Mothers in Israel, whose kindness will remain with me while memory lasts. There I found friends who bore with my grievous shortcomings, and asked me to stay when I felt it was time to go. For the children's sake, for my own sake, it was time to go.

Nowhere have I seen more orderly homes, where the fire was kept burning on the altar. Nowhere have I met children that were more easily managed.

All, nearly all, have taken their places as useful citizens in the world and settled in homes of their own. In Church and State, in Commerce, in Medical Science, some have attained distinction and brought honour to their historic parish.

To the man who was born there, Fenwick is the centre of the universe. The "waves of time and weather" have not effaced his great affection for his native place. The man who has seen Fenwick is kith and kin to him. He revels in the cherished memories of the past, when the wine of youth was throbbing in his veins, recalls the names of nearly every farm and family in the parish, and dwells upon the native kindness, the hearty welcome of the Fenwick farmer and his wife.

I, too, will again go back upon the past, and testify to the warm hearts, the open hands, the domestic virtues of the Fenwick folk; then, as now, they saw no sin in cheerfulness. The wit, the humour, the repartee, the friendliness, the kindness that pervaded their festive gatherings, were refreshing in the highest degree.

No parish, for its size, has sent forth more good and gifted men to take their part in the busy world—men dowered with brains, equipped with character, bearing the impress of the Godly homes in which they were nurtured.

Forty years ago there were old men in Fenwick who, in their early days, carried their Catechism in their bonnets and left their Bibles in the school. On these two text books they were nourished and reared. Though knowing nothing of the isms and ologies of these latter days, a more shrewd, intelligent, God-fearing set of men it would be hard to find.

To this class my old friend Matthew Fowlds belonged. True, he had a more extended curriculum, and had dipped into the classics, which gave him more command of the English tongue; but he was of the same type, stiffened and strengthened with moral fibre and backbone. He had iron in his blood—the blood of the men who fought and bled for the civil and religious liberties we now enjoy. Had he lived in the “killing times,” like the war horse in the Book of Job, he would have sniffed the battle from afar, and sharpened his broadsword as a preparation for the worship of the God of his fathers.

Matthew, for reasons most honourable to him, was late in marrying. One evening he was engaged to preside at a meeting at Waterside, and was *unco dreich* in turning up. “What’s the meanin’ o’ this, Mattha, keepin’ us folks waitin’ here tae a’ ’oors o’ the nicht, when ye kent we couldna get on withoot ye. Whaur ha’e ye been, if it be a fair question?”

“I’m no a’thegither sure,” responded Matthew, “that it is a fair question; but I may just as weel tell ye that I’ve been ha’en a new experience the nicht, I was awa’ seeing the lasses. I hope you dinna see muckle wrang in that.”

I remember Mr. Fowlds when he was getting on in his seventies and thought himself still a youngster. I see him now, as I last saw him, in his ninetieth year.

He had been at the Synod. On his way home he favoured me with a visit.

"It wisna my turn, it was Wyllieland's, but he canna put on his ain claes. I'm thirty years aulder and I can put on mine!"

With a mind as clear as the blue sky, with a wealth of the vernacular that never failed, he rehearsed the sayings and doings of the Synod, and with facts and arguments that could not be gainsaid put me right regarding a decision in which I thought the Synod had not erred on the side of mercy. Like every parent worthy of the name, he thought well and spoke well of his bairns. As I knew them all, save one, he dwelt lovingly on their welfare and prospects, and would not have deemed it a thing incredible had someone predicted that the Benjamin of his family would, ere long, be a Minister of State in the land of the Maoris—the "Brighter Britain" in the Southern Seas.

The Rev. William Orr was a man greatly beloved. No pastor was ever more revered and honoured. He had the devotional instinct in rich measure. His prayers were soothing and comforting. He was a ministering spirit at the bedside of the sick and the dying. He set out on his last pastoral visitation to the Fenwick Moors at seven in the morning. Beginning at Hareshawmill, he wended his way from house to house, up to Craigendunton, down by the Blackbyres, and reached the schoolhouse at Waterside well after a round of the clock. In his soft and mellow voice, the words of the Psalmist,

"Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send,
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend,"

came like a benediction to the stricken home.

Once a year Mr. Orr had the use of the schoolroom at Waterside. There he catechised young and old, from the child of four years to the old man, aye and the

old woman, of three score and ten. Those who failed to appear at the schoolhouse were asked to meet in the session house. There Mr. Hugh Calderwood, of High Blackbyre, a man well up in years, arrived one evening, little dreaming what was in store for him. With the minister beside him at Hareshaw tea table, Hugh recalled his grievance on that occasion.

"I went awa' doon to the session house. There wis naebody there but me, and Mr. Orr speired me every quastion, frae beginnin' tae end!"

"Oh, not them all, Hugh! not them all!"

"Ye did so! ye did so!"

My good friend Matthew Fowlds thought all the world of his worthy old minister, and held his spiritual gifts to be of a high order. "Ye may gang a hale day wi' Mr. Orr, visitin' frae hoose tae hoose, and ye never hear him repeat himself in prayer." Truly a marvellous gift.

Mr. Fowlds was a trustee for Hareshaw School. The Rev. Robert Clark Craig was secretary to the trustees. It would be outwith my commission to speak of all that I owed to Mr. Craig—to his sound judgment, his good sense, his ripe experience. A martyr to bronchial trouble for thirty years, he never knew the joy of a day's perfect health. He had sat at the feet of Chalmers, and was a man mighty in the scriptures. His last service at Waterside was memorable. Some farm servants in the back seat were lacking in decorum. The preacher paused, and, transfixing the culprits with his eyes, let them have it straight from the shoulder—"We are met here to-night for the worship of God, and anything bordering on levity I can not, I will not, tolerate." None but those in close touch with Mr. Craig ever dreamed that under that firm exterior there was such a tender heart, such a rich vein of humour.

A question arose as to the management of Hareshaw School. "It was thought," said Mr. Craig, "that a rearrangement could be easily effected, but when Matthew Fowlds began to throw law and Latin at our heads it was time to mind our P's and Q's."

“ Here,” said Matthew, “ are the conditions of the Trust Deed, laid down in plain English, so plain that he who runs may read. There can be no change without the concurrence of the Trustees. Now concurrence comes from the Latin verb *currere*, to run, and *con*, together. We must go together. This cannot be done without the full consent of the Trustees.”

The veteran of Greystone Knowe was a born fighter. He was never more in his element than when trying to right the wrongs and redress the grievances within the bounds of his own parish. For years he represented the ratepayers at the Parochial Board. There he fought many a stiff battle for the rights and privileges of the deserving poor. Time and again he was outvoted. On one occasion the injustice was so glaring that he ignored defeat, carried his complaint to the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh, and won his case.

Nothing more touching has come my way than the Rev. J. K. Fairlie’s picture of the closing scene of that long strenuous, blameless life—the weary pilgrim, broken and borne down with the burden and heat of the day, taking family worship with his dying breath, commending his family to the mercy of heaven, breathing the spirit of the Psalmist’s prayer :—“ Cast me not off in time of old age.” “ O God, forsake me not now, when I am old and grey-headed.”

The old disciple was neither cast off nor forsaken. The living, thinking, invisible spirit, all that made him what he was, passed away to the Home of the Redeemed.

REMINISCENCES

BY PRINCIPAL A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D.

Mansfield College,
Oxford, 24/10/05.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Thomas W. Orr has kindly sent me a photographic copy of the oil painting which is about to be presented to you on the completion of your hundredth year.

It is a great pleasure to me to think of you. All my earliest memories are associated with your church, and I only wish our younger men were as stalwart and resolute in obedience to their conscience as were the older.

I have put your portrait where I can see it daily. It stands in an honourable place amid friends of my own and great immortals, but to none will I look more proudly than to so venerated and venerable a representative of my mother Church and a type of all that is best in her.

In your age you are a standing reminder to the younger men of how gracious God is and how He still fulfils the ancient word as to the seed of the righteous and as to the preservation of those He still regards as His.

With every expression of esteem,
Believe me,
Sincerely yours,

A. M. FAIRBAIRN

Mr. Matthew Fowlds,
Greystone Knowe,
Darwhilling,
Fenwick.

GREYSTONE KNOWE—A SUMMER AFTERNOON

BY REV. J. K. FAIRLIE

The cottage that bears this picturesque name stands close by the wayside on the road leading from Darwhilling to Kilmarnock. Approach it in that direction, and, when you have turned the bend of the road just beyond Grassyards, and begin to descend the brae, you discover the cottage with its whitewashed walls, its small windows, and its steeply sloping roof, that pleased the eye better in former days when it was deeply covered with thatch. A venerable thorn when in full leaf partly conceals the gable-end nearest you. The tall, climbing rose, and the sweet little monthly rose, and "the bonny brier bush" adorn the front of the humble dwelling, while the clump of old trees, beech and ash and elm, that grow just beyond, afford a pleasing background and a most agreeable shade on a warm summer's day. Just beside them a "wee bit burnie" wimples down on its way to join the Craufurdland Water, and here, seated on the parapet of the little bridge that spans it, you may rest in cool comfort after your three miles' walk from Fenwick.

But step over to the door, and seek an entrance to the house. There is no answer to your modest tap, so, using the easy familiarity of the countryside, you lift the latch, and pushing open the door find yourself in the "trance" that leads right through to the garden at the back. Glance to the left and you see into the weaver's shop, filled with a bewildering confusion of beams, posts, cross sticks, cords and threads. At present the old man is not at his loom. Turn to the right, and you look straight into the kitchen, where the kettle is singing by the fire in anticipation of approaching tea-time, yet there is no one in charge. The house seems deserted. But pass out by the back

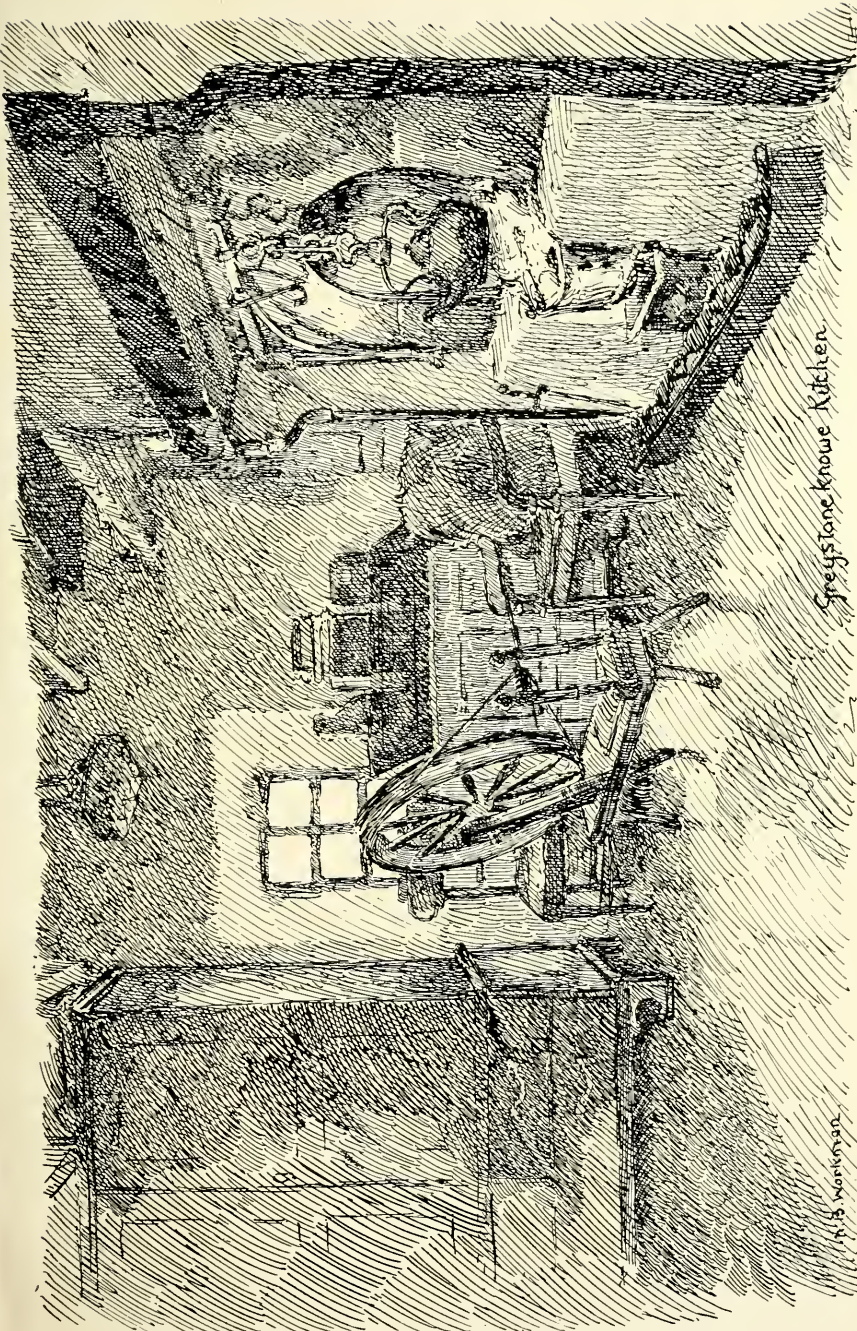
door to the garden, and there you find Matthew, in spite of his nearly five score years, busily engaged hoeing his potatoes, or, as he might express it, "howing a wheen taties." The evenly rows and well drawn up ridges tell that his hand has lost but little of its strength and skill, and that his eye is still keen as ever to detect any deviation from the straight line. These are the later sorts he has been busy among, and with considerable satisfaction he draws your attention to the fact that in the case of the earlier kinds "the shaws are maist meeting atween the drills." Turning from the potato rows, you step in with him among the bushes and admire the prospect of a splendid crop of black currants and of red and white. Most of the garden is taken up with what is likely to yield pecuniary profit, fill the kale pot, or supply stores for the winter ; but flowers have not been forgotten, and had you been here a little earlier in the season your eye would have been delighted with a brave show of golden daffodils, or "glens," as we call them hereabouts. There are the usual fragrant plants too—mint, and balm, and apple ringie or southernwood, and the broad leaves of the Sweet Mary ; a few flowering plants also, some so old-fashioned that even Dr. Landsborough has difficulty in recalling their names. With regret the old man tells you that this department of the garden has hardly received the same attention since his wife passed away. "However," he adds, "Jeanie is a great help."

"And where is Jeanie?"

"Ower there looking after thae hens. Hens are fashious, aye creeping through or fleeing ower intae the garden ; scraping here, and scraping there, they keep the place in a mess."

With that Jeanie comes forward, too many eggs among her fingers to permit a handshake, but smiling her welcome.

"I'm just going in to mask the tea," she says. "You'll stay and take a cup." Soon you are seated at the kitchen table, its snowy cloth well set out with



Greystone Knowe Kitchen.

W. B. Workman.

an appetising variety of good things. See that you partake of each in due order. If you are from the town you are sure to begin with the loaf bread. This is a mistake. Plain things first. Commence with the oat cake and the cheese. Next sample the home baked scones, and while you are praising their quality Matthew will ask you if you ever heard tell of "Mashlum" scones with their various ingredients, including pea flour and bean flour, a great luxury of his youth. Passing from that he speaks of the skim milk cheese of the hard old times, and refers to the story of the visitor at the farmhouse, who shocked his thrifty hostess by helping himself at once to both the butter and the skim milk cheese along with the oat cakes, and who, when his extravagance in taking "kitchen to kitchen" was hinted at, defended himself by saying, "They should never have been separate, guid wife."

Now you are helped to the loaf bread that has come from Kilmarnock, and are encouraged to add to the fresh butter on it some of last year's red currant jelly. Then you finish up with one or two of Jeanie's golden yellow pancakes, on which you have had an eye for some time.

The meal concluded, you hear of letters from America or New Zealand, and, if you are a very intimate friend, the last from George is handed you for perusal, perhaps with the remark—"It's a guid lang ane this time, and there was something in't when it cam' that's no in't noo. George is very mindfu'."

Then you endeavour to draw from our old friend some reminiscences of his early youth, but have only partially succeeded when he breaks off to enquire as to your opinion regarding the present action of the Government, but politics is a big subject, and you must be going. You have not seen the "room" of the house.

There is a room ben there from the kitchen, and though small, a braw, well-furnished room it is, but its use has always been reserved for great occasions, such as the marriage of a daughter or his own golden

wedding. And now the old man accompanies you to the door, and as you take leave gives you a hearty invitation to come back soon, and you readily promise ere long to repeat the pleasant experience of that afternoon. But—our thoughts have been in the past, and now it is too late to take advantage of the invitation so kindly given by the Grand Old Man of Greystone Knowe, for the place that once knew him—knew him for a hundred years—now knows him no more for ever. His home to-day is the Father's House on high.

AN IRREGULARITY

BY THE REV. J. K. FAIRLIE

Though as far as possible from being a formalist in religion, Matthew Fowlds was yet always disposed to attach great importance to the observance of duly prescribed forms in connection with the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs. "Let all things be done decently and in order" was an injunction he had laid to heart, and he was vigilantly solicitous to secure conformity to it, especially so in connection with Communion services. Thus it happened that on one occasion he gave the minister a bad quarter of an hour. This is how it occurred. At the stated half-yearly meeting of Session it had been agreed that, as usual, Thursday of such a date should be observed "as a day of humiliation and prayer," in preparation for the dispensation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the following Sabbath. At those Fast Day services the neighbouring minister generally preached the sermon, the only part of the service taken by the minister of the congregation being the closing prayer, in which he was accustomed to constitute the Session, "which remains constituted over this Communion season," as the minutes have it.

This service had been duly held and at its close the young communicants had been admitted for the first time, and tokens were distributed to members. The sermon had been appropriate to the occasion, sound in doctrine and earnest in appeal, and the attendance had been satisfactory for a Fast Day. Yet Matthew returned home that evening with a troubled mind.

It was not without some disturbing thoughts that on the following Sabbath the old man listened in the forenoon to the "Action" sermon, which set forth the grand abiding truths that centre round the death, which was to be commemorated in the afternoon. During the interval of public worship, along with the other elders, he had been engaged in seeing that the Communion cups were set in order two by two on the table, with the bread on this side and on that, one piece being laid ready to the minister's hand above the divided loaf. With quiet dignity he had taken his part in bearing round to the communicants the sacred symbols of the broken body and shed blood of the Lord. Yet even in the silence of that solemn moment a disturbing thought intruded itself. There was something wrong. The service being concluded, the elders adjourned to the session-house. Then the Moderator put the usual question—Could Mr. Fowlds inform the Session as to the number of those who had communicated on this occasion? The answer was given in due detail—so many members of the congregation, so many "occasional communicants" (members of other congregations who, happening to be present at the church, had accepted the invitation to take part in the observance), making together with the eight elders and the two ministers a total of so many. Without dreaming that there could have been anything amiss, but just because it was a form he had learned from his predecessor, the Moderator put the next question—Were the members of the Session satisfied that everything had been done in proper order?

It was the word Matthew had waited for during three days, and his reply was ready.

"Moderator, there has been an irregularity. The Session never was constituted."

Suddenly it flashed upon the minister that in conducting devotions at the close of public worship on the Fast Day he had forgotten this duty, and omitted to invoke a blessing on "the elders of this congregation, who now *constitute* as a Session in the name of Christ Jesus the King and Head of the Church." There had therefore been no meeting of Session according to Presbyterian rule, and so the admission of young people, the distribution of tokens, and all the subsequent proceedings lacked due authority.

Then how could the minutes be properly entered in the records, when it was impossible to begin:—"The Session having been constituted in prayer by the Moderator," etc. It was an awkward situation, and the minister could only confess his fault, express regret, and ask in confusion whether anything could be done to rectify matters.

The faces of the younger elders wore a blank expression of hopeless perplexity, but here again the old elder had his opportunity, and, thoroughly appeased by the acknowledgment of an error, he now came to the rescue himself.

"Moderator, I have in my mind cases tried before the Presbytery, when it was held that an irregularity at the commencement of a matter made the whole proceedings of no effect, and the Moderator who made the mistake was directed to commence *ab ovo*, that is, 'a' ower again." However, I have kent of other cases where the irregularity was not considered so serious as to have that result, and I submit that this is one of these cases. No doubt prayer was offered, and a blessing asked on the congregation generally, and that we may understand *for this time* included the Session, though it was never actually mentioned; and I would move that the minutes be entered in the usual form."

So, without further discussion, that meeting of Session was closed with the benediction, and the elders

took each his homeward way with the words of peace and blessing in their hearts, and in their minds the thought how true it is—"The words of the wise are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The Moderator has long forgotten what were the texts preached from on that sacramental occasion, but he never can forget the text that was in the background of his old elder's remarks—"Let all things be done decently and in order, for God is not the author of confusion but of peace in all the churches."

CHAPTER V

THREE OLD DOCUMENTS

MATTHEW FOWLDS AND THE LITERARY SOCIETY

From an old Minute Book long preserved by the late Mr. John Fulton, High Fenwick, and now in the hands of his daughter, it appears that a young men's literary association was formed in the parish so far back as the year 1834. It was known as "The Fenwick Improvement of Knowledge Society," and existed for eight years, being succeeded after an interval of four years by "The Fenwick Mutual Improvement Society." In these societies a wide range of subjects—literary, social, political, and philosophical—came under discussion. The aims of the young men were high, as the following extract from one of their "programmes" shows:—

The duty of self culture is imperative on every rational being. Unless the mind be subjected to its salutary influence, it will soon become like inert matter, making no impression on surrounding objects. Education, or the cultivation of the mind, has been reckoned in all ages a necessary adjunct of a civilised community, forming as it does in the bosom a taste for the great, the true, and the beautiful, inspiring the soul with the patriot's ardour, infusing into the mind the wisdom of the sage, creating those elements of

character, and bringing to bear on humanity those influences, which alone constitute the Man. . . .

Keeping the sentiment that Knowledge is good for the soul, continually before our eyes, we would commit our little Society to the waves of time, hoping that it may be the means of accomplishing much good before it be engulfed in the shoreless ocean of eternity.

It was so “engulfed” in the year 1856. However, the present Waterside Mutual Improvement Society may claim to be a revival.

Probably it was to the earlier of the two Societies mentioned above that Mr. Fowlds contributed the paper here reproduced, although, owing to the fact that no minutes for the first few years of the Society’s existence have been preserved, it is impossible to fix the exact date.

The subject to which I propose directing your attention is “The Present Times.” I shall consider what in them is of a cheering tendency, and what there is calculated to excite alarm; endeavour to show what I conceive to be the best means of obviating or removing the dangers which may seem to cause the present excitement, and endeavour to correct what I conceive to be erroneous notions respecting the standard of judging of things.

First, then, in looking at the aspect of the present times, we see much that is calculated to cheer us. They are evidently times of stir and activity. We see in them a tendency to improvement in the arts of civilised life. They are characterised by an ardent thirst after knowledge, an earnest enquiring into the reasons of things, a disposition not to rest content in opinions that have nothing to recommend them but authority and antiquity. There is much in this, no doubt, to shock pious and revering minds; much that has a tendency to create a universal scepticism and doubt, as unphilosophical as the weakest credulity. Still, in this dangerous wildness, we see much

calculated to cheer us, for knowledge is thereby greatly promoted. In the heavings of political society we see the interests of the many more regarded, and the exclusive privileges of the few beginning to be restricted. In the late heavings of political society, I think it is a proof that knowledge is greatly increased that there was so little disturbance, that demagogues gained so little influence over society, and that those who had their country's welfare at heart were so ready to be encouraged. It is, nevertheless, apparent, that the true principles of social order are not understood as they ought to be, for mere agitators do sometimes find much encouragement, and in the late colliers' strikes, and the strikes throughout the manufacturing districts of England, much disorder prevailed. But I think we are not in great danger from violent convulsions at present. The comforts of settled life are being too much sought after, and we are always too loath to give up any of our comforts for whatsoever is laudable and advantageous to be very ready to sacrifice much for what we esteem merely a precarious good. In the universal endeavour after the acquisition of wealth, I think we have sufficient guarantee for the preservation of general tranquility, so that we must not look on the present times with a jealous eye, although there are some that would make us believe that the days in which we live are peculiarly depraved. They tell us of the mechanical age in which we live, and that in everything we do we must have machinery put in order, and have a great deal of noise made. Such individuals would have the human mind fettered up so that it might not be allowed to think for itself. To use a figure with which you are well acquainted, they would have the current of public opinion dammed up to be ready to drive their machinery, only when *they* think fit. But I believe there is no need of this reservoir-making in intellectual pursuits. I believe there is sufficiency in the pure perennial fountain of eternal truth to

gurgle forth in living, limpid rills to drive all the intellectual machinery required at any time ; and now that it has fairly broken forth from its restraining bounds, it will be in vain to attempt to stem its foaming current, even with large stones. This will only produce the roar of the cataract, but cannot long restrain the current. It may indeed drive some of it out of the main stream to stagnate for a while in ponds, and so produce noxious effluvia.

I would now come to the means that I would propose for averting or alleviating the perilous tendency of the times. And the first thing I would say is, let education be more promoted and encouraged, not merely learning to read, write, and cypher, although these are of paramount importance, and ought to be assiduously cultivated, as they are undoubtedly the vehicles of knowledge. And I would have education placed on such a liberal footing as that all, without distinction, might enjoy the benefit of it. But I would especially let the mind be educated, let it be stored with useful knowledge, let children be taught the elements of geography, and also the elements of the mechanical sciences. I understand, however, that this subject is to be taken up by one better able to do it justice, and so I will say no more on it at present.

For those more advanced, let societies be instituted where the powers of the mind may have an opportunity of being improved. We might have societies for the promotion of political knowledge, where historical and political geography might be discussed, and all the laws regarding the social compact ; when we would come to understand better the ends and uses of Government, and the principles on which it ought to be conducted. We would come to possess clearer ideas of the relations the different classes of the community ought to sustain towards each other, and the relations in which the inhabitants of one portion of the globe ought to stand towards the inhabitants

of another, and the intercourse that ought to be kept up between them. We might thus be taught to regard the inhabitants of the most distant parts of the earth as our brother men, and that we could each contribute to other's comforts. And then we would learn more impressively the absurdity of such laws as the Corn Laws, and all such laws as are made only for the benefit of the few to the hurt of the many ; and in a word the duty of permitting that free intercourse which ought to subsist between man and man. For the improvement of our religious knowledge, let fellowship meetings be extensively instituted, where our knowledge would be increased, our religious affections strengthened, where the older and more experienced might guide, instruct, and encourage the young and less experienced, and the knowledge of all might be greatly increased, and that they might not be so readily carried away with every kind of doctrine. Especially would I recommend that mechanics institutions be set apart in every place, where subjects of general knowledge might be dispensed well calculated to give tone to the mind.

I would now wish to turn your attention to what I conceive to be erroneous views regarding the standards by which to form our opinions. I believe we are disposed to place too much confidence in the opinions of men, instead of searching for ourselves what is truth. Especially we are too much inclined to put confidence in our Covenanting forefathers. As a descendant of one of the most illustrious Covenanters of this part of the country, one who laid down his life in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh for his zealous attachment to what he believed to be the truth, I would revere their memory. But their zeal and their integrity will be no palliation of our indolence and carelessness, but the contrary ; it lays us under the deeper obligation to be active, seeing we have the benefit of the example they have left us. And we ought not to look into the roots for that fruit which

the branches alone are calculated to bring forth. What will it avail me that the name of Captain John Paton will float honourably down the stream of Time, when mine shall be lost in oblivion? And as with individuals, so with society generally. I believe very erroneous opinions are entertained regarding the moral nature of the transactions of our fathers, and especially the covenants into which they entered. These covenants are held by some to be of themselves of perpetually binding obligation, which I am disposed to deny. I will therefore give you what I believe to be the scriptural character of the obligation under which we lie by the circumstances of these times, and I hope I will not be deemed stepping any out of place, as lay preaching is condemned by many, and I have no wish to interfere with the pastoral office.* But I hope it will never be interpreted so strictly as to prevent all from doing as the Woman of Samaria did when she found the Saviour. She ran and told the men of her city to "come—see a man that told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

Now I believe we are brought under obligation, not by the covenants, but by the example our fathers left us, in their firm attachment to what they conceived to be truth. And that we are justified in this, the Scripture confirms when it speaks of the duty of following them even as they followed Christ.

Having now occupied your attention so long, I shall very briefly advert to the other part of my subject, viz., to whom properly belongs the superintendence of education, and the appointing and superintending of the teachers of youth? and how far ought we to be influenced by the opinions of our fathers—how far ought we to follow them, and in what ought we to imitate them?

*"Compeared Peter Gemmill, Fenwick town, who had been speaking favourably of lay preaching. After considerable conversation with him on the subject agreed to give him time to consider the Standards of the United Secession Church."

Minute of Session, 1st Dec., 1842.

I would say that it is to parents in the first place that the education of their children properly belongs. But, as it is found more convenient and economical that a teacher should be appointed, whose sole attention should be occupied with education, and who should educate the children of a district, rather than that each should educate their own, the question arises who should appoint the teacher. On this point much difference of opinion has prevailed. Some maintain that it belongs to heritors of certain amount of property, along with a certain functionary, called the parish minister, to appoint and superintend the teachers. Others think that it belongs to the parents. I am decidedly of opinion that it belongs to the parents. But though there are many individuals who have no children, yet as education is of so much advantage to the community generally, all should be disposed to assist in maintaining a teacher in the neighbourhood, and all may be well qualified to assist in the choice of a teacher. I am therefore of opinion that all who assist in erecting and supporting the school, and maintaining the teacher, should have a voice in the selection of the teacher. But again, some will tell us that the present parochial system was adopted by our reforming ancestors and they were good men ; therefore we are bound to imitate their example and to follow in their steps. Now, that they were pious and good men I have no doubt ; but are we therefore to adhere to all their methods or adopt all their opinions ? Surely not.

The deeds of our fathers will not stand us in stead. You will say, are we then not to imitate them ? I would say most undoubtedly we are to imitate the noble examples they have set us. Example is one of the very best principles of our nature, and accordingly we find it appealed to the Word of God. Hence " be ye followers or imitators of us " says an apostle ; hence, also, we find that one of the grand designs of our Lord's coming into the world was that

He might be an example to us ; hence also it is said, " He died for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps."

With these views then before us we would answer the question, " How far are we to imitate the example of our fathers ?" I would say in matters of religious faith, only so far as they followed Christ, and no farther ; and in matters of political faith, only so far as their opinions are consistent with enlightened reason and the public good. In answer to the question in what are we to imitate them, I would say we are to imitate them in rejecting *their* errors, even as they rejected their fathers' errors ; in a word, we are to imitate them in that noble heroism which they displayed in all their contendings for truth and liberty.

When we have read the paper we cannot but admire the broad-mindedness of the writer, and are not surprised that in later years he was so often ready to welcome what some denounced as " modern innovations." In his youth he refused to believe that the days in which he lived were peculiarly depraved, and in old age he was not one of those who are always croaking about the former times being better than these. A direct descendant and an enthusiastic admirer of the Covenanters, he yet had a clear eye for their mistakes and imperfections, and was prepared " to reject their errors even as they rejected the errors of their fathers." His mind, we might say, was open for creed revision, yet at the same time he saw clearly that there was " much scepticism and doubt, which was as unphilosophical as the weakest incredulity." A present day defender of the faith entitles his book " The Credulity of Unbelief." The Fenwick weaver had a grip of that idea more than seventy years ago. His panacea for all the ills of the age, and his prophylactic for its threatening dangers, was education—education secular and religious.

Young Matthew rightly described the times in which he was living as times of stir and activity. A few years

before he wrote, the Reform Bill was passed, slavery suppressed in the British Colonies, the commercial monopoly of the East India Company abolished, trade to the East thrown open to all merchants, and a system of national education for England inaugurated in a small way by a trifling grant towards the erection of schools. In 1839 the discontent of the poorer classes found expression in riotous demands for "The People's Charter," including universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, equal electoral districts, abolition of property qualification for members, and payment for their services. The same year saw the formation of the Anti-Corn Law League. Those, assuredly, were times of stir and activity.

Besides the paper on "The Present Times," a considerable number of other papers have been preserved, which show that the weaver from Greystone Knowe not infrequently took part in the discussions of the Society; but the essay given will suffice to indicate his mental calibre and power of expression.

A LONG TREASURED LETTER,

WITH OBSERVATIONS BY REV. J. K. FAIRLIE

Some biographies are largely composed of extracts from correspondence. We trouble our readers with very little of that nature. However, the letter here given, though long, is yet so full of interest that we have no hesitation about printing it in full. It is from the pen of Alexander Stewart, an old friend of Mr. Fowlds, who left the farm of Raithmuir for Canada in 1842, spending exactly seven weeks on the voyage. He evidently considered that he had made a change for the better, and refers rather disparagingly to the unfruitful fields of old Fenwick. His language on this point may

seem rather inconsistent with the glowing words in which Mr. Orr praises the beauty of his native parish, but it should be borne in mind that the farm Mr. Stewart left is situated on the eastern boundary of the parish, and borders on the bleak moorland, as indeed its name suggests. Then, besides, a country bears one aspect to the practical eye of the farmer, and another to the imaginative soul of the lover of Nature.

The letter is evidently written by Mr. Stewart with a view to enabling his friend to form a judgment regarding the propriety or otherwise of crossing the Atlantic. Hence the numerous details regarding the cost of living and the remuneration for work. So we must think of Matthew Fowlds, at the age of 39, seriously considering whether he should leave his old home at Greystone Knowe, and seek a new one in the West. If the decision had been—"Go," would the old loom, which is now shown as an ancient curiosity in New Zealand, have been transported with him across the Atlantic to be a means of livelihood there at the rate of 4s a day?

At the time this letter was written, the heart of Scotland throbbed with ecclesiastical excitement, and its brain was busy with the most profound theological problems. In 1840 James Morison was ordained, not without some difficulty and discussion, as minister of Clerk's Lane United Secession Church, Kilmarnock, and during the three years that followed, his views on election, the nature of saving faith, and the extent of the Atonement, provoked warm debates in Presbytery and Synod, and not there only, but in almost every town and village throughout the Lowlands of Scotland.

In Fenwick the interest was most intense. Mr. Orr had been Moderator of Session in Clerk's Lane during the vacancy, and had written a most kindly and cordial letter informing Mr. Morison of his election, and offering hearty congratulations. On that account, perhaps, he was all the more vexed by what he, along with many of his brethren, considered Mr. Morison's "disingenuous conduct" in continuing to circulate his tract on "What

must I do to be Saved?" after having promised the Presbytery to suppress it, and by the discovery that the young preacher's views did not accord with his own convictions and the doctrine of the Church, but were tainted with what he believed to be Arminian heresy. Some of his congregation, however, sympathised more or less warmly with Mr. Morison, and he had a hard time trying to keep his flock together in the old pastures. For the most part he was successful, but when the severance of Mr. Morison's connection resulted in the formation of the Evangelical Union, with the minister of Clerk's Lane at its head, a few in Fenwick, being convinced of the scripturalness of the new teaching, resolved to form themselves into a congregation in that connection. One of these, a joiner in the village, provided a place of meeting by adding a second storey to his house, and for a few years the "Morisonians" continued to meet in this upper room, which the staunch adherents of Calvin were wont to refer to as the "Spail Kirk," because of its association with the chips and shavings of the joiner's shop.

This controversy had scarcely begun to quiet down when a great ecclesiastical convulsion moved all Scotland from north to south and east to west. In the same year that Mr. Stewart sailed for Canada, and just about the same time of the year, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland formulated its famous Claim of Right, appealing to the Queen and Government for protection against the encroachments of the Civil Courts. This claim being disregarded, the next year 474 ministers, resolute at all costs to maintain their spiritual independence, relinquished their churches, manses and incomes, and cast themselves for support on the freewill offerings of their people. So originated the Free Church of Scotland in 1843.

A few months previous to this, the parish minister of Fenwick, Mr. Ferguson, was translated to the parish of St. David's, Edinburgh, and shortly afterwards "came out" at the Disruption, with a large portion of his members.

We expected a letter from home last mail - but none has come. We would be glad to hear the news in your place. How does the Free Church get on in Tenn? Have they got a Pastor yet? Has Mrs. Morrison got on - what about the Baptist & Independent in Tenn? Has any Presbytery come up to Nashville and their debating society - any Lab. School by which taught. Has Mrs. Taylor & her family had any more children - My hope is to see you all. I am now married & have got a sweet & handsome woman for a wife. She is a native of Jefferson - came to this country 3 years ago a sister of Mrs. Wallace. I have heard of her before. Got the name in the far west - My sister is that Mrs. Fisher. I have not time to tell the boring do. to do. I believe in the Residuum - a fine man to be present of an Anti-Slavery Society. How does Wilson look? got along with his school. I tell about his temperance and the good food we all order to go to with perfect satisfaction. I have just come back to the place let us not look back - let Southern folk know I am here & the South I see from a coal has fall on my face - is healed. has left a scar. My hand is in a broken one - & I have a good many of them in about 150 miles east of this.

VO.

Matthew Forsyth
 Glasgow Green
 Glasgow
 Scotland



LETTER, 1845, FROM MR. A. STEWART.

Some in the Fenwick congregation followed their late minister's example, and, forsaking the Establishment, formed the "Guthrie Free Church," over which the Rev. Hamilton Gibson was ordained in 1846.

Politically, also, the times were exciting, for those were the days of the Anti-Corn Law League and of the Chartist agitation. About the same time, it should also be remembered, the cause of total abstinence made a great forward movement throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the Scottish Temperance League being formed in 1844.*

These remarks may serve to throw light on certain references in Mr. Stewart's letter, from which, however, we have kept our readers too long.

COBURG, CANADA, WEST,

Feb. 1, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

I received a letter from your brother David by the hand of my brother James last time he left home, but have never till now found a proper opportunity of answering it. I feel obliged to him for the advices he gave me; the points on which he so much insisted I have satisfied my own conscience upon, as I must answer for at the *Great Assize*.

I like this New World pretty well, and have no desire of ever returning to the barren heaths and rushy, spritty fields of old Fenwick again. I have not found a paradise below, but only a part of God's heritage under the curse. The curse pronounced in Gen. iii. 17 upon this revolted province of Jehovah's vast empire extends to both the eastern and western hemispheres—to the whole extent of our globe. Wherever we find human beings we find them fallen and corrupt, and standing in need of the Gospel

*From the Congregational Minutes it appears that in 1837 the Fenwick Temperance Society applied for the use of the Secession Church for public meetings. The request was granted on the ground that the Society was one which had as its object "the relief of human misery and the promotion of the happiness of the human race."

to save them; and wherever we may travel on all points of the compass, we find the material world groaning under the curse of the Almighty, whose counsel shall stand and whose truth endureth unto all generations.

You have no doubt heard many and diversified accounts of America. I shall briefly tell you my opinion of it, without exaggeration or limitation, so far as my experience of it and observation extends. And, in the first place, let me say that *undoubtedly* men get better wages and can live cheaper here than in Scotland. Still America is not what it once was—12 or 20 years ago was a better time for coming to A—— than it is now, as all the front lands accessible by navigation are sold and taken up, and you must go 50 or 100 miles back before you can purchase land at a reasonable price. Also competition in business on the frontiers has caused the mercantile and commercial business to be not such a lucrative concern as it has been, owing to the annual influx of emigrants, who hate to go back if they *can* make a better of it. Still, tradesmen here can make a pretty fair living. A customer weaver can make a dollar a day easy enough—the common rate is 6d per yard for woollen cloth—and the weavers in this immediate neighbourhood are busily employed all the year except a few months in Summer. Mr. Wallace's father-in-law is a weaver. Last year he told me he had woven a mile—1760 yards—which at 6d is £44. He is an old man near 70. He is not able to work much now, having had the fever and ague. I think a good weaver would do well in this neighbourhood.

At the same time it is some hard to get money for work here, they will rather pay you in some kind of trade if they could. They will pay the weaver in pork, oat or flour meal, firewood, etc. Still, cash more or less can be got at times.

One great advantage this country has compared with Britain is the back country we have to fly to

for an overgrown population. When men get too plenty, or wages seem to be reduced on the front, men will rather back to the woods and clear land for themselves than work for small wages. If you go West to the Huron district, about 500 miles from here, you will get land from the Government upon the following terms:—For 100 acres—for the 1st year £1, 2nd year £2, 3rd year £3, etc., to the 12 year, when the land becomes your own. This gives the poor man a good chance. One million acres are yet to dispose of in that quarter. It is a good soil here—produces excellent wheat. It is not so warm in Summer as in the United States, nor so early as it is there. It is some colder in Winter. To-day is very cold, we have to wear thick woollen clothes and mittens all the time, and keep on a good fire of wood to drive away John Frost.

We pay here for a pair of long boots 4 dollars—a dollar here is exactly 4s stg., 5s currency—for making a coat 3 to 5 dollars, trousers 1 dollar, vest 1 dollar. English clothes 50 per cent. higher here than in Scotland, but not near so high as they were years ago—the stores are now so numerous, one tries to undersell another. There are now 34 stores in Coburg, a village not much larger than Stewarton. A carpenter asks 6s sterling for a day's work (without board), mason 8s, men working by the day at labourer's work 2s and board, 4s a day in harvest. Hired men by the month, 10 and 11 dollars in Summer and 7 and 8 in Winter and board. Women 3 and 4 dollars per month, not much higher than at home. Provisions are cheaper here than at home. Wheat, 4s per bushel; oats, 1s 3d and 1s 6d per bushel; potatoes, 1s 6d; beef and pork, 3d and 4d per lb.; butter, 6½d per lb.; cheese, 6d; tobacco, 1s per lb.; whisky, 1s 6d per gallon; apples, 1s 6d per bushel; tea from 2s 6d to 4s, and sugar, 6½d per lb. A house rent 5 and 6 pounds a year. For my house in Coburg I pay 24 dollars a year, 2 rooms in the front street upstairs.

Still, a man by honest industry here may live comfortably and support himself decently—I can, I know—and save something too. We live much better here than at home. We take tea morning and evening—oatmeal, too, sometimes, it is very good here; but we live on flour mostly, it sells at 10s per cwt. It is much finer here than the home flour. I have earned since I came to America 170 dollars. Since I was married on the 12th November last I have earned and received in cash 30 dollars.

In crossing the Atlantic in the Spring of 1842 we had a tedious voyage; were 49 days on sea. We encountered some severe storms; we indeed saw God's wonders in the deep. The raging waves, the immense shoals of fish, the phosphoric fires, the crystal icebergs of immense magnitudes. Yet by the kindness of heaven we were brought in safety to the desired haven. The first time that land was discovered, though dimly seen through the mist, every heart exulted with joy, and in less than 24 hours we entered the mouth of the Hudson, and for two days stood quarantine at *Staten Island*. 24 ships lay quarantined in the bay. Our goods were all examined at the Custom House (though very superficially), and we were at once immersed into the midst of an immense forest of masts in the harbour of New York. We left Alston there, and have not seen him since. Saw Mrs. Muir's sister, Wm. Young, mason, and John Grant's brother-in-law. The latter accompanied us into the steamer for Albany. New York is a very populous and stirring place. The streets all cross each other at right angles, as they do in all the American cities. The houses are four storeys high mostly and built with brick.

We sailed for Albany, 145 miles up the Hudson. We reached it in about 12 hours. Albany is also a large and stirring place, immense lots of carmen and rogues there who accost you as soon as you land, and direct you to such and such a boarding house, and

have their cars ready to take your luggage. That is the flint mill that all the *green horns* have to go through. Many a one has lost his all at such places by the want of attention to his own affairs ; we lost nothing however. After staying at D. Calderwood's two weeks, I went up the Erie Canal for Rochester and Buffalo, paid 1 cent. per mile. Rochester is a large place, contains twenty thousand inhabitants. I went to see the falls of Niagara. They are doubtless a great wonder in Nature. The water pours over the rocks about 150 feet high with tremendous violence. The falls are of horseshoe shape ; the spray rises up all the time. The river below appears a deep green, as level as the floor. The noise is such that two can't converse together at the falls, and even after they move several paces from them people can scarcely hear each other. I then went towards Buffalo per the railway cars, paid 1 dollar for 46 miles. Went to Wm. Mitchell's, brother to Mr. Mitchell, Blair Hill. Remained in that place for nine months—no money in circulation there.

I got boots and cloth for my work. In the Spring of 1843 I went to Rochester, worked there near two months till my brother and J. Stewart, Collierie, came out, then we embarked in the steamer "America" for Canada. We crossed Lake Ontario, which divides the States from U.C., distance 60 miles. The lake is 6 miles from Rochester down the Genesee River. A waterfall of 96 feet is about half a mile below Rochester in the Genesee River. We arrived at Port Hope, from there went to John Wallace's, distance $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. J. W. is cousin to my father. We all hired out. J. S., Collierie, went home on the 28th September. I hired with Mr. Wallace for 13 months ; received 109 dollars. Am now in Coburg, sawing wood for stoves at 3s per cord. Can support myself decently. We attend the Free Church here. Had an election of 12 deacons here last week. There are about 400 members, mostly all Scotch. James, my brother, is

still with Alcern, 1 mile from Coburg, who is elected a deacon.

We expected a letter from home last mail, but none has come. Do write us to let us hear the news in your place. How does the Free Church get on in Fenwick, have they got a pastor yet? How does Morison get on? What about the Baptists and Independents in Kilmarnock? Do any preachers come up to Waterside now? Any debating society? Any Sabbath School? By whom taught? Has Mrs. Taylor, Greenside, had any more children? My respects to her. Tell her I am now married, and have got a smart and handsome woman for a wife. She is a native of Fifeshire. Came to this country three years ago, a sister of Mrs. Wallace's. I have mind of Horsehill yet, though now in the *far west*. My respects to Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, Grassyards. How did the bowing do? Dr. M. I believe is a residuary—a fine man to be preses of an Anti-Patronage Society. How does Wilson Dickey get along with his whisky selling? What about his temperance now? May God give us all grace to go unto perfection, and having put our hand to the plow let us not look back. Let Raithmuir folk know I am well. The stroke I received from a colt on my face is healed; has left a scar. My kind love to John Orr's folks and Mrs. Young. Gavin is about 150 miles east of this.

I have little more to say. May we ever remember the great end for which we were made, and may we strive to have an interest secured with Jesus ere it be everlastingly too late. I find the Saviour precious to me in this foreign land. He is to me a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. But I must conclude, as our weekly prayer meeting holds to-night in the Scotch Schoolhouse at 8 o'clock p.m. My brother-in-law, Mr. Milne, is an elder in the Free Church here and a chief magistrate in this town. I have many an interview with him. He is very kind to me. He

is an excellent man. We bow our knees in family prayer every morning and evening, and if I have contentment with godliness I am as rich as the monarch on the throne. Is it true that old James Howie, Burnhouses, is dead? If you write, direct A. Stewart, care of Mrs. A. Milne, Coburg, Newcastle District, Canada, West.

Yours sincerely,

A. STEWART.

Feb. 12, 1845.

P.S.—Which fills up every vacant space of the quarto sheet, leaving only the outside fold for address.

My brother had 11 dollars per month in Summer, and 8 in Winter. The Church in Canada has also divided at last Synod in June. Some have come over to the Free Church and called themselves the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Our pastor is Mr. Alexander, a good preacher. I had a letter from A. M., Vermont, dated 22nd Jan. He had hurt his fore knee chopping, and had not been able to work any for two months; and got a second daughter. Aunt is well. J. Alston is in Lower Canada. Gets 96 dollars for a year's time.

We have had little snow this Winter, but hard frost since 1st December. Had a heavy fall last week. The sleighs are now running through the streets in dozens, tingling with their bells to give an alarm. Each sleigh has a buffalo skin in it to sit on.

INTERVIEW WITH DAVID BICKET OF RAITHMUIR

It is interesting to observe what different lines of thought this old letter suggests to different minds, to the mind, for instance, of an old Fenwick residenter,

who now occupies the farm which Alexander Stewart left in his youth, and to the mind of the centenarian's youngest son, the New Zealand statesman.

When the letter was taken to be read to the former, his remarks from the far side of the glowing peat fire by which we sat in the farm kitchen were to the following effect :—

“ Did I ken Sandy Stewart ? I ken'd him fine. I mind weel him gaun oot to America, though I'm thinking it's mair than saxty years since syne.

“ Ye hae got a letter frae him ! Na, that canna be. It's no yesterdai that Sandy wrote his last letter. He's been deed this mony a day. Oh, an *auld* letter—a letter frae him tae Mattha Faulds. Ye'll dae noo. That's like enough. Mattha and him were unco great thegither. Weel, what does the letter say ? ”

After the somewhat theological portions at the beginning of the epistle had been read, the remark was—

“ That's just him—Sandy Stewart—the vera man. He had his ain kin' o' notions, but he was vera releegious, vera releegious in his *ain way*.”

It was, however, when the names of persons and places that recalled old times were mentioned, that our octogenarian friend was at his brightest.

“ Mrs. Young o' Wee Horsehill ! a droll kin' o' bodie, and the weans were droll. They had a coo, that they ettled to mak' a cuddy o'. I've had a ride on the back o' it mysel.

“ Auld James Howie o' Burnhooses ; he belanged tae the Cameronian body. He was a grand talker. Aince when he was Presbytery elder the Moderator speir'd ' What na little man was that, that spoke so loud and long and to such little purpose.' ”

“Wilson Dickie—he keepet a change hoose near whaur Nannie Scott’s public used to be. Ye’ll hae mind o’ Nannie Scott. Dacent woman, keepet a rale quate hoose. I’m thinking that afore the hinner en’, Wilson Dickie was a geyan guid customer tae himsel’. It wad whiles tak’ his wife—that was Kate Sim o’ Benbeoch—a’ her time tae keep him in boonds.

“Dr. M—— o’ the Anti-Patronage Society—that wad be Dr. Mitchell. laird o’ Darwhillan in thae days. A kindly, clever bodie. He doctored folk for naething, but he wadna ser’ a’ body, just special cases. They expect’et him tae come oot at the Disruption, but when the time cam’ he thocht he’d better just bide whaur he was. Sae he taigled in the Auld Kirk. That wad be what way he’s ca’d a ‘residuary.’

“Ye’re speirin’ what gar’d Sandy tak’ sic’ a parteekler interest in Horsehill? Fine I can tell ye that. It was the lassies. There were three o’ them—braw lassies—big ticht women. Sandy and a wheen mair o’ the young fellows would hae mony a traik o’er there lang syne.

“Noo, I’ve tell’t ye baith the guid and the ill as regards a heap o’ folk, but mind when ye’re puttin’t in print aboot them that’s awa’, say a’ the guid ye ken o’ them, and nane o’ the ill.”

Right, my good friend. Just so said the wise man of old in another tongue—“De mortuis nil nisi bonum.”

COMMENTARY BY THE HON. GEORGE FOWLDS

The commentary of the Hon. George Fowlds on this interesting letter has now to be presented. His references as to the bearing of some of its contents upon Political Economy are made by one who has carefully studied

the questions involved, especially as affecting a new and rapidly expanding Dominion.

When my father received this letter from Mr. Stewart he would be in his thirty-ninth year. He was married in the following year to Agnes Craig, and, continuing to enjoy life for sixty-two years longer, he finished his earthly pilgrimage only three years ago (1907).

That the letter was highly valued is evident from the fact that it was preserved with so much care, finding a resting-place with the title deeds of Greystone Knowe, the historical document recording the marriage of Captain Paton's granddaughter with the ancestor of Matthew Fowlds, and the Fenwick Weavers' Society Book. The intrinsic merit of the letter no doubt combined with the feeling of friendship for its author in securing its preservation. We may be sure it was eagerly read and its contents freely commented upon round many a fireside in Fenwick parish. It is, however, remarkable that the existence of the letter was entirely unknown to the members of the Greystone Knowe family, until after their father's death. New interests, and the claims of home duties and obligations must have operated to diminish the attractiveness of the new Land of Promise in the West.

Sixty-five years since the letter was written, and yet how full of human interest to the reader of to-day!

The speculative mind might be led to conjecture what would have happened had the recipient of the letter been induced to leave Fenwick and migrate to the promised or promising land of Canada. Fenwick might not have been very different from what it is to-day. The Weavers' Society might have lost its most notable member, the meeting house might have had an empty pew the more, but the village or the parish of Fenwick in all outward characteristics would probably be the same as it is to-day. One personality more or less, even if that personality be an

exceptionally strong one, cannot affect the even tenor of an old civilization as it can the development of a new community. Like the sapling oak, a young settlement may be moulded by the influence of one strong, virile individual; while, on the other hand, the stimulus of a young and vigorous community tends to develop and strengthen even the strongest personality.

Would Matthew Fowlds have acquired the faculty of money-getting and money-keeping if he had emigrated to Canada in 1845? Would he in the new land have evolved the same character and won from his friends and neighbours the same respect as he did in Fenwick? Almost certainly he would never have entered his second century.

What momentous things have happened since the letter was written! How many people living in Coburg, Ontario, or in Fenwick remember anything that happened in 1845? The "barren heaths and rushy, spritty fields of old Fenwick" have changed but little; but what of Canada? The handful of settlers of 1845 has in 1910 increased to a mighty nation.

I suppose the observer would still be able to report that "*undoubtedly* men get better wages," but I am certain he could not truthfully complete the sentence, "and can live more cheaply here than in Scotland." And why? Mr. Stewart himself proceeds, in part at least, to answer that question in his next sentence—"Still America is not what it once was—twelve or twenty years ago was a better time for coming to A. than it is now; *as all the front lands accessible by navigation are sold and taken up, one must go fifty or a hundred miles back before one can purchase land at a reasonable price to those whose wherewith is but small.*" Farther on he adds—"One great advantage this country has, compared with Britain, is the back country we have to fly to for an overgrown population. *When men get too plenty or*

wages seem to be reduced on the front, men will rather go back to the woods and clear land for themselves than work for small wages." To these two paragraphs add in big letters the word PROTECTION, and you have the explanation why men cannot live more cheaply in Canada to-day than they can in Scotland. The backwoods have been appropriated, and the manufacturers are entrenched behind the tariff walls. Living is consequently high, and wages (measured by the true test—their purchasing power) are low.

How easy to trace cause and effect in the elementary stages of the development of society! How difficult midst the complexities of older civilizations! Here we have a comparatively unlettered settler in a new country stating plainly the self-evident relation between land and labour, between rent and wages, while the professors of learning in the ancient halls of wisdom can hardly be discerned amid the dust and confusion which their own sophistries have created.

The two paragraphs quoted from Mr. Stewart's letter express the Law and the Prophets of Political Economy. It is rather a coincidence that while Mr. Stewart was observing and stating so clearly the relation between land and labour in Canada, his friend Matthew Fowlds was valiantly contending on the Parochial Board at Fenwick for the recognition of the same principle!

Political Economy is involved also in the description of the system of barter in that primitive community—"At the same time it is some hard to get money for work here—they will rather pay you in some kind of trade if they could; they will pay the weaver in pork, oat, or flour meal, firewood, etc. Still cash more or less can be got at times"—a suspicion lingering in his mind that cash or tokens are better than oatmeal. Evidently the pork, etc., even at the rate of a dollar's worth a day, did not prove a sufficient inducement to attract Matthew Fowlds from "the barren heaths of old Fenwick" to the Golden West.

Mr. Stewart recognises another important truth of Political Economy. Competition in the exchange of goods, the product of human labour, keeps down the price, while competition for the use of the earth, the raw material of production, raises the price and sends the poor man to the backwoods, to an inferior soil, or to a less accessible situation. The influx of immigrants reduces the price of goods, but it increases the price of land. The immigrants by their labour can increase almost indefinitely the output of goods, but their presence, and natural hatred "to go back," make the land scarce and dear "on the frontiers."

The system of land settlement, however, certainly gave "the poor man a good chance." For one hundred acres a payment of £1 the first year, increasing by £1 each year until the twelfth, when "the land becomes your own." A total payment of £78 spread over twelve years for one hundred acres! Truly an alluring picture—"a million acres," "good soil," "produces excellent wheat."

"We take tea morning and evening." What extravagance this must have seemed to Matthew Fowlds! Tea at 2s 6d to 4s per lb.! "We take oatmeal too sometimes." Just a touch of contempt is indicated regarding the porridge of his native home in the tone of this comment.

New York is "a very populous and stirring place." The "houses 4 stories high mostly and built with brick" may have appeared almost an incredible statement to a native of Fenwick in 1845, but such houses would appear mean and contemptible beside the twenty and thirty storey buildings in New York to-day.

The canny Scot, although a *greenhorn*, was not to be taken in by the car men and rogues who accosted him at Albany, and wanted to take him to a favoured boarding-house. "Many a one has lost their all at such places by the want of attention to their own affairs. We lost nothing, however."

How characteristic of the Scot abroad is the writer's statement—"We expected a letter from home last mail." How suggestive of disappointment the remainder of the sentence—"but none has come; do write and let us hear the news *in your place*." "*In your place*"—already the *Colonial*, although less than three years have elapsed since he left Fenwick! But his heart still beats true to the home of his fathers, for later he speaks of his new home as "this foreign land." He wants to know all about Fenwick, about the Free Church: "Have they got a Pastor yet?" "How does Morison get on?" "What about the Baptists and Independents in Kilmarnock?" "Does any preacher come up to Waterside now?" "Any Debating Society, any Sabbath School, by whom taught?" Evidently cosmopolitan in his sympathies, the writer is yet keenly interested in the old place.

What a touch of humanity in the next paragraph—"Has Mrs. Taylor, Greenside, had any more children? My respects to her. Tell her that I am now married and have got a smart and handsome woman for a wife. She is a native of Fifeshire—came to this country three years ago, a sister of Mrs. Wallace's. I have mind of Horsehill yet though now in the *far West*."

Mrs. Taylor, before she was married, was Miss Dickie, of Horsehill. I believe it was true that before Agnes Craig at Horsehill acted as the magnet to Matthew Fowlds, Miss Dickie and he had laid the foundations of a friendship which continued until that lady's death.

Other inquiries indicate the strength of old friendships and the writer's continued interest in old friends: "My respects to Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, Grassyards. How did the Bowing do?" Ecclesiastical matters in Scotland have still a hold upon his sympathetic nature. "Dr. M., I believe, is a Residuary—a fine man to be president of an Anti-patronage Society." Dr. M. is evidently Dr. Mitchell,

of Darwhilling, who is referred to in Mr. Dunlop's paper on an old Rent Book.

Mr. Stewart having been born among the moss hags which were stained by the blood of the Covenanters, it is fitting and natural that his epistle should give expression to loftier and nobler aspirations than those associated with work and wages, food and raiment, houses and lands. His words are in fine unison with the Shorter Catechism—"May we ever remember the great end for which we were made." And there is perhaps an unconscious reference to William Guthrie, who lived and proclaimed the Evangel in Fenwick, in his expression regarding the "Christian's Saving Interest" which he desired might be his own and his friend's.

The letter contains vivid references to his voyage, which extended to seven weeks (even in those days counted "tedious"). The common experiences of those who go down to the sea in ships, and their impressions, are indicated with force and aptness—"Severe storms" and "raging waves" had still, after three years' interval, their impress on his memory, as well as "God's wonders in the deep," "crystal icebergs," "phosphoric fires," and "immense shoals of fish." And his expression of gratitude that "by the kindness of heaven" he was "brought to his desired haven" finds a sympathetic response in the heart of many a voyager to-day. "The first time that land was discovered, though dimly seen through the mist, every heart exulted with joy."

No less graphic are the touches which indicate his experiences in port, and throughout his tedious inland journeys:—"Quarantined." "Immersed in the midst of an immense forest of masts." "The flint mill through which the greenhorns have to pass." "That wonder of Nature, Niagara." How vividly all these scenes impressed him, and how fitly he describes them! Truly the heavenly gift of poesy is imbedded deep in

the heart of every Scot, even the humblest. Every traveller by sea, and in new and strange lands, can understand it all, can feel the exultant joy, can hear and feel "the grinding of the mill."

But something has been forgotten by Mr. Stewart, or is it that he considers his letter incomplete without the orthodox P.S.? He opens with dollars, and, hastened by the approaching hour of the prayer meeting, runs in staccato through the Canadian Church in general, his church in particular, friends, relations, the weather, and leaves us with the rhythmic music of sleigh bells lingering in our ears. Truly a wonderful letter!

AN OLD RENT RECEIPT BOOK

BY MR. JAMES DUNLOP, C.C., HALLHOUSE

It is an old-fashioned passbook of small size, such as would cost a penny nowadays, and is at least one hundred and fifteen years old. It contains the receipts for the rents of Greystone Knowe for one hundred and fourteen consecutive years, and extends over four generations, although the late Centenarian has made eighty-six payments and is credited with as many receipts. It is in a good state of preservation, being clean and tidy and free from "dogs' ears." It is interesting in itself, interesting on account of the pathos and sentiment inherent in everything that is old, and yet more interesting from the knowledge one may gain, reading between the lines, of the conditions of life borne by our immediate ancestors, and of the vicissitudes through which some of our local estates have passed.

The first thirty-two receipts are signed by William Boyd, who then possessed the estate of Berryhill, and the first discharge is as follows:—

Berryhill, 9th April, 1793.—Then Received from Matthew Fowlds the sume Ten Shillings Sterling in full of his rent of Graystonknow, cropt Siventen hundred and ninety two. Descherged by
Wm. Boyd.

This is a good example of the characterless writing and archaic spelling which pleased our forefathers. Nowadays we are taught not to use the same word too often, but our progenitors improved on this by seldom spelling the same word twice in the same way. Even John Knox spells a word in three different ways on the same page. William Boyd keeps to his own form of spelling throughout, and regularly received the "sume" of ten shillings and duly "descherged" the debt. We understand that the Berryhill estate at that time consisted of two Berryhills, three Blackwoods, three Grassyards, and two Raithmuirs—ten farms in all, maintaining over sixty inhabitants, now consisting of four farms, with less than the half of the population. It is interesting to know that on the Raithmuir farms the runrig system, by which two or more tenants cultivated two rigs about, prevailed within the last century. This system, now obsolete in Ayrshire, is still in vogue in some parts of the Highlands of Scotland.

The Matthew Fowlds referred to was father of the late Centenarian. He succeeded to Greystone Knowe in 1791 on the death of his father (also Matthew Fowlds, who had leased the feu for 934 years in 1778. Whether the first Matthew Fowlds was like the Aberdonian who, on negotiating a similar lease for 999 years, stipulated that on its expiry he would get it renewed for another period on the same terms, is not recorded; but being both a mason and a joiner, he speedily erected a substantial house and commodious shop, which has stood the storm until this day. The site of his feu, which extends to over half an acre, was, as the name indicates, a bare grey stone knowe which had evidently been quarried for a time, but ultimately discarded, possibly for its

inferior quality of stone. It was an out-of-the-way, detached corner and unproductive. Consequently the rent is now considered a moderate one. Succeeding generations of Fowlds, by transporting soil and thorough cultivation, have transformed the grey stone into a fertile and productive garden.

The receipts also give us a glimpse of the industrial revolution that was taking place at the beginning of the century. The reader will notice that the first payment recorded in the book was made in April, whereas it should have been made the November previous, and towards the end of his life we find the decent man, with his large family, paying in September what was due the preceding Martinmas. The reason for this may be that the handloom, which had been used in all civilised countries since prehistoric times, was disappearing before Cartwright's powerloom, which had been in operation for nearly twenty years. The intense opposition to the introduction of machinery, from both masters and men, that had ruined Hargreaves and Compton, was dying down, and the reign of King Steam had begun. No class in the community suffered more from the change than the rural weavers. They had formerly been the most envied of artizans. Now the glory of their craft was waning.

A note of sadness is struck when we come to the receipt for 1820. Payment was then made by the widow, "Mary Smith, for the Hairs (sic) of Matthew Fowlds." This means that the future Centenarian was left fatherless at the age of 14 as the support of his mother and six younger brothers and sisters. Henceforth, for the long period of eighty-six years, we find payment made in his name, within a few days of Martinmas, and often before it. Who can tell the hard work, the care and solicitude of the anxious mother in providing for her fatherless family? But, as the months and the years passed on, what pride and joy and gratitude she would have in finding her first-born such a wise and thoughtful son. For twenty-six years she continued to

reside at Greystone Knowe, removing after her son's marriage in 1846 to Laighmoor, where in 1849 she died.

In 1826 William Boyd of Berryhill was gathered to his fathers, to be succeeded by his son, James Boyd, who draws out and signs, in correct spelling and clerkly hand, the documents until the year 1842. The year 1826 is spoken of still as the year of short corn. Owing to the long-continued drought, the corn in many places was so short that it had to be pulled, and oatmeal reached famine prices, and at the same time was grey and gritty with sand. We have heard Matthew Fowlds, the late Centenarian, say that oats in the Fenwick district were a better crop, owing to the well-known drought-resisting properties of the soil, than in most places, and that when he laid in his stock of oatmeal after harvest, his invariable practice for eighty-six years, it was better meal, and cost him less than in at least one other year, viz., 1836, which he always declared was the latest season and worst harvest in his remembrance, severe frost and snow overtaking the crop before a great part of it was cut. Later on in the season, however, the price of meal rose higher, after the year of the short corn, than it did after the year of the bad harvest.

In 1842 the Boyds sold that part of their estate which contains Greystone Knowe, and it was bought by Dr. James Mitchell, of Darwhilling, a gentleman whose memory is still cherished in the district for the kindly and helpful interest he took in the affairs of the parish. He was an up-to-date and intelligent farmer, and greatly improved his estate by draining and liming and planting hedges and trees. His place was a model of neatness, his hedges being well trimmed, and his gates and all woodwork being painted each year. The woollen mill at Waterside, in which fortunes have been made, was really commenced by him. His skill as a medical man was highly thought of, and while he did not practise, he was always ready to attend in time of need, or at a consultation, but would never charge anything for his

services. He was opposed to the Disruption, and some remember yet how that when Dr. Bonar, of Larbert, and Mr. Wallace, of Barr (deputation from Free Church headquarters), had, by their earnest addresses, made a deep impression on the people to "come out," Dr. Mitchell rose in the body of the meeting and in eloquent terms stated the case for the Establishment. As the first receipt that was signed by this learned and popular gentleman contains a notable addition, it is copied word for word:—

Darwhilling, 22nd Nov., 1843—Received from Matt. Fowlds ten shillings Stg. in full of rent of Greystoneknowe for crop 1843 due at this term of Martinmas—He having wrought also two days as conditioned in the lease thereof.

J. B. Mitchell.

The writing is in a hasty, business hand, but scarcely justifies a story told still of an occasion, on the ice, when it was decided to send a challenge to Stewarton for a parish game. Dr. Mitchell wrote the challenge, and when it was about to be sent off, Mr. Fairlie, the parish schoolmaster, noted for his shrewdness and quiet humour, suggested that they should tell the messenger the purport of the letter, presumably to assist the Stewarton folks in deciphering the Doctor's writing.

The last clause of this receipt brings up the interesting subject of "services." In old Scotland, when money was scarce, and the populace had to live on the produce of their fields, much of the rent was paid in kind—cheese, butter, grain, poultry, etc. In addition there were certain "services" that were required of all tenants, a number of days' labour to be given to the landlord when required. This was a very convenient arrangement for the landlord, as he had always at hand sufficient serfs to do his work when he required them, whom he did not need to feed when he had no use for them. For generations this had been borne, with frequent grumblings

at untimely calls, during seedtime or harvest, but now the industrial revolution was causing a widely different feeling to penetrate into every nook and cranny of the land, where the high rents left tenants but a miserable pittance to exist on. Men were leaving the fields to crowd into the towns, where money was beginning to circulate freely. Farmers had discovered—a fact wholesome to both parties—that a good tenant was more important to a landlord than a landlord, good or bad, was to a tenant. They began to call the compulsory service “*bonnage*,” which manifestly is the Scotch way of saying bondage. So fierce was the resentment against the practice that these irksome and degrading services were abolished on all but the poorer and least progressive estates. On at least one local estate these services are still exacted in a modified form. To the credit of the present genial proprietor of Darwhilling, Mr. Robert Taylor, who purchased the estate in 1851, be it said that he long ago commuted the *douce* weaver’s two hard days’ work in harvest to a modest money payment of three shillings.

Dr. Mitchell held the enlarged estate only for four years, until 1847, after which time Mr. James Boyd, Berryhill, signs three receipts, as trustee on the sequestrated estate. Dr. Mitchell’s failure, amid seeming prosperity, came as a great shock to a wide district, and the cause of it was generally supposed to be some unfortunate speculation. It is satisfactory, however, to remember that his undoubted talents triumphed before his death, and that he retrieved his fortune in the neighbouring county. These frequent changes in ownership, in this district and elsewhere, suggest that our smaller estates, if their proprietors are too proud to work or go into business, are seemingly doomed to disintegration or decay. This is the inevitable result of the law of Primogeniture and Entail, according to which the eldest son has to buy out the rest of the family and saddle himself with an encumbered estate. On the larger estates the position is somewhat relieved by

securing lucrative positions for the younger sons in the Army, Navy, or Episcopal Church.

In 1841 the Darwhilling Estate was bought by Mr. Robert Taylor, Buistonend, Kilmaurs. At this date Matthew Fowlds had already paid rent for thirty years, to four different proprietors, and for the next fifty-six years he pays his rent each year to Robert Taylor, who duly discharges the receipt. That a leaseholder should annually pay rent for the same property for the long period of eighty-six years and for fifty-six to the same proprietor with all the receipts intact, surely constitutes a record. In later years it was a pathetic sight to see the aged portioner, approaching his century, yet quick-eyed and capable, slowly counting out his rent, and the almost nonagenarian recipient taking up the pen and carefully writing out the receipt. It was perhaps a more pathetic sight still to see the venerable pair, driving together, at the funeral of a departed friend—the laird, stately and dignified, driving, the weaver, of slighter build but with strong features and piercing eye, “ca’ing the crack,” sitting by his side. Both men were of strongly marked individuality, at times differing widely, and outspoken in their opinions, but agreeing to differ and living generally amicably together, as near neighbours, for over half a century.

To what can we ascribe such longevity?—such lengthening of the allotted span, and a lengthening of the days, too, which can scarcely be described in the Psalmist’s words “as care and trouble,” for Matthew Fowld’s brain was clear, and his fingers actively at work until he was cut off by an accident; and only last harvest the genial laird, in his ninety-second year, might have been seen busy at work in the harvest field, swinging the scythe around him like a youth of sixty, ahead of his lifter. When congratulated on his prowess, he apologised for not being quite his usual, as he had sprained his ankle some time previously. To what then can we ascribe such longevity and virility? Surely to a sound constitution, to regular and abstemious habits, to

obedience to the commandment "Six days thou shalt (not mayest) work and rest the seventh," to the pure air that blows sweetly o'er the lea or rustles gently among the Darwhilling trees, breathed serenely "far from the madding crowd."

With the Centenarian's death there was only room on the last page of the book for one more receipt, 1907, signed by Robert Taylor in favour of the fourth Matthew Fowlds in succession, son of William Fowlds, Greystone Knowe, Louth, Lincolnshire. Could the book but speak, what an interesting story it would relate.

CHAPTER VI

THREE MEMORABLE OCCASIONS

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

The first of three notable celebrations which Mr. Fowlds was privileged to hold was that of his and Mrs. Fowlds' golden wedding. It was observed in a manner harmonising well with the simple ways of the worthy pair, in the quiet of the ancestral home, the home to which the bride, Agnes Craig, had been brought in August, 1846. It was not possible for the sons to travel from Minnesota and New Zealand in order to join in this festival of thanksgiving, but the members of the family resident in England and Scotland were present.

That memorable day, 21st August, 1846, was remarkable for the one lapse of memory into which Mr. Fowlds had ever been known to fall. Acting upon a kindly word of counsel given him by Mr. Picken, sen., of Glasscock, he had engaged the company and help of two Fenwick friends on the all-important occasion, and that was well. Setting out in good time of day they reached their destination, Lawersbridgend Farm, Mauchline, to find that all was in readiness for the marriage ceremony. But the first requirement of the Rev. Mr. Dalrymple of Tarbolton, the officiating minister, for the production, namely, of the certificate of the proclamation of banns, brought a cloud upon the assembly and unwonted humiliation upon the bridegroom. He had forgotten to



1806 1906.

Married.
21st August.
1846.
9



1821-1903.

bring with him the essential document. Whereat there was blank dismay, and, for a time, no way out of the lamentable impasse could be discovered. However a ray of hope at last penetrated the gloom. One of the Fenwick friends of the bridegroom had happily been present at the Parish Church, and was able to testify that the banns had been duly proclaimed. Mr. Fowlds could also give assurance that the certificate was at Greystone Knowe, and that it would without doubt be forthcoming. Mr. Dalrymple knew enough of Mr. Fowlds to satisfy him that his word was as good as his bond, in the confidence of which he was willing now to proceed. The cloud was lifted from the company, and the marriage ceremony was duly performed.

Possibly Mr. Fowlds' remembrance of this lapse of memory helped to bring out in him, in after time, a greater measure of sympathy with others who may have unwittingly fallen into the like trouble.

In what manner the vows entered upon that day were fulfilled during the fifty years of laborious, but happy wedded life which succeeded it is not needful to say in this place. Large portions of this volume furnish witness and memorial to the faithful affection, mutual confidence, help, and comfort which irradiated the home at Greystone Knowe. And the choicest of Heaven's blessings, which were earnestly sought to hallow their union, have been equally manifest during the long course of their wedded life. The time of year was appropriate for a golden wedding, the rich tints of Autumn were beginning to gild the cornfields. A sense of ripeness, of maturity, of the crown and reward of many anxieties and toils, and the patience of hope, as well as the lengthening shadows, combined to inspire the company with the true spirit of an anniversary that is not often attained.

It was in such circumstances that Mr. Matthew Fowlds, now ninety years of age, and his worthy companion and helpmeet (fifteen years younger) welcomed their guests under the old paternal roof on the afternoon

of Friday, the 21st August, 1896. Among these were their second son, Mr. William Faulds from Louth, Mrs. Faulds and two of their children—Willie and Stella; their daughter Mrs. Handling of Cundry Mains, Lendalfoot; Mr. Matthew Craig from Wales, and Mr. John Craig of Hurlford, brothers of Mrs. Fowlds, with Mrs. Matthew Craig; Mr. and Mrs. M. Fowlds of Hurlford, Mr. and Mrs. Howie of Lochgoin, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Barr of Beanscroft; Miss Kirkwood, bringing with her salutations and kind wishes from her father, the Rev. John Kirkwood of Troon; Miss Fulton of Chiphall, the Rev. J. K. Fairlie, and other friends.

Having, amid genial, pleasant converse, partaken of an excellent tea, and having been afterwards photographed by Miss Kirkwood, the company reassembled in the old home, when the Rev. J. K. Fairlie rose to propose "The Health of the Bride and Bridegroom." In the course of a happy and appropriate address Mr. Fairlie observed—Perhaps he should begin by speaking of the bride. Mrs. Fowlds had done her duty faithfully by her husband, and also by her children, whom she had brought up in the way in which they should go. In many respects Mrs. Fowlds was one of the most remarkable women that he knew. No one, so far as he was aware, had come through so much trouble and survived it so well. In spite of illnesses severe and repeated, she was looking wonderfully well and hearty, and able to entertain them hospitably there that evening. Mr. Fowlds still retained a wonderful degree of strength, and was in possession of all his faculties. The Psalmist said that threescore years and ten, or fourscore years, summed up the bounds of human life, but Mr. Fowlds surpassed the fourscore years by ten, and looked as if he might survive other ten years yet. He was a man who had always taken advantage of his opportunities in his youth, and in old age he had preserved his powers and his memory to a most remarkable degree indeed.

Their family, their neighbours, the congregation of the U.P. Church, and all in the district knew well that

Mr. and Mrs. Fowlds were remarkable for their deep and sincere piety. It had been tested in the past by difficulties and trials through which they had come, and they had remained faithful in their trust of the Eternal Father, who had been their Protector during all these years. He had no doubt that they looked with grateful hearts to Him who had made all things work together for good in the past. To give them an instance of the way in which Mr. Fowlds kept his mind fresh and active, he might mention that he happened to call one day lately, and he found him reading Milton's "Paradise Lost" to his wife and daughter. He was afraid that Mr. Fowlds could put some of them to shame in his acquaintance with literature and the classics of our country.

Mr. Fairlie, on behalf of the family, then presented Mr. Fowlds with a purse of sovereigns. This he regarded as a tangible proof of the kindly interest which they took in the old folks—evidence that they had not forgotten the old home, and that they were thankful for the careful training and upbringing which they had received in their young days. In his own name Mr. Fairlie handed to Mr. Fowlds a handsome Bible, with the following inscription :—

To Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Fowlds, from their pastor, on the occasion of their golden wedding.
21st August, 1896."

Mr. Fowlds, in accepting the gifts, remarked that he was very much overcome by the kindness which had been shown him. He thanked Mr. Fairlie very sincerely for presenting him with such a beautiful Bible. They had been associated together for a long time as members of the Session. He (Mr. Fowlds) was one who spoke his mind freely, and though they might have held different opinions on certain subjects, yet they had always got on well together. Perhaps he had not made the most of his opportunities in his lifetime, but he had always tried

to be engaged in some useful work. He had filled every office in Fenwick United Presbyterian Church except that of treasurer, but he had been sub-treasurer for one day. He had been preses, clerk, and a manager, and for over forty years he had been elder. In parish affairs, too, he had taken some interest. At the time the Poor Law Act was passed he was appointed by the ratepayers as one of the first representatives to the Board. He had always taken a deep interest both in parochial and national affairs, and he hoped he would long continue to do so. He thanked them all very much for the great kindness they had shown to himself and Mrs. Fowlds. In concluding, he mentioned that a member of his family had sent him a very handsome present from New Zealand.

Mr. Wm. Faulds followed with some suitable remarks, expressing the gratification which it afforded him to be present at the golden wedding of his father and mother.

Rev. Mr. Fairlie said he ought to have mentioned the fidelity with which Mr. Fowlds attended church meetings. There was no more regular attender of the church and session than Mr. Fowlds, and when it came to be his turn of being Presbytery or Synod elder, he seldom failed to appear at these Courts. At the Synod before last there had been special notice taken of Mr. Fowlds as one of two elders of ninety years of age who were then attending the Supreme Court of the U.P. Church.

Several members of the company contributed music, and a very happy and enjoyable evening was spent. It should be added that a number of the friends of Mr. Fowlds in Kilmarnock and district anticipated the celebration of the golden wedding by making him the recipient of a handsome presentation at the preceding Christmas.

Mr. William Faulds, in recalling recently some memories of the golden wedding, referred to his mother's feelings of pride and joy on that occasion. The presence of her son and his children, and of her daughter, was

enhanced to her by the presence of members of her own family, two of her brothers among them whom she had not seen for years, some of whom she never met again on earth.

The reminiscences of her two sons, elsewhere recorded, enable us to fill up the picture of the fifty years' wedded life thus happily celebrated.

Mr. William remembers also being struck by the way in which his mother was affected when the time came that she and her husband were left alone. "Now that they are all gone," she would say, "my theme must be, in the words of the hymn—

"Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
Even though it be a Cross
That raiseth me
Nearer to Thee."

Alexander Smith, a man of rare discernment, in writing the fine thought expressed in the following lines, could not have had a finer model than that furnished by the aged pair at Greystone Knowe:—

Husband and wife, who have fought the world side by side, who have common stock of joy and sorrow, and have aged together, are not infrequently found alike in appearance, and in pitch and tone of voice; just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences are each other's *Alter Ego*.

ELDER'S JUBILEE PRESENTATION IN THE ORR MEMORIAL CHURCH

When the Session became aware that Mr. Fowlds was about to complete his fiftieth year of service in the eldership, they immediately took steps to celebrate the event in a befitting manner. The congregation, with hearty and practical sympathy, seconded their proposals.

A handsome sum was speedily contributed to be presented to Mr. Fowlds, together with an illuminated address. All suitable arrangements were made to give appropriate celebration to the jubilee by means of a soiree to be held in the church. This purpose and plan were happily carried out on Monday evening, 3rd July, 1905.

The Rev. J. K. Fairlie occupied the chair, and along with him on the platform were, besides Mr. Fowlds, the Rev. Thos. Whitelaw, D.D., of Kilmarnock; the Rev. Wilson Baird, of Mauchline; the Rev. R. M. Wardrop, Fenwick; and Mr. James Dunlop, of Midland; also two sons of the former minister of the congregation, Mr. Wm. Orr, of Glasgow, and Mr. Thos. W. Orr, London. Apologies for absence from A. B. Paton, Esq., Hareshaw Lodge, and from the Rev. Andrew Burns, Established Church of Fenwick, were read by the Chairman.

After tea and other preliminaries the Chairman, in his opening address, said he was pleased to see so large a gathering—so many members of his own and the other congregations in Fenwick, besides not a few friends from a distance, all met together to do honour to an old man.

A regard for that which was old seemed to be instinctive in human nature. Everyone was interested in the ancient castle that had outlived centuries, or in the old tree that had survived the storms of a thousand winters. This might be partly because age was suggestive of original strength or of innate vitality, and partly because around that which was old there clustered so many memories and associations of the past. For both these reasons they all felt a deep interest in the venerable man who was their guest that evening. They were touched by the memories of bygone days which a look at his face and form recalled, and were astonished at the vitality that had kept him so hale and hearty to the present time. The old castle might be crumbling to decay, but when they looked on Matthew Fowlds that evening it was something very different

from a picturesque ruin that they beheld. The old tree might be little better than a gnarled and withered stump, but of Matthew Fowlds it might be said that he was

“ Like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit
And his leaf fadeth never.”

Yet their feelings with regard to Matthew Fowlds were not merely those of interest and astonishment, but also those of reverence and affection. For he was not only an old man, but a good old man. The hoary head was a crown of glory, when found in the way of righteousness. In that way it was found in his case. The man whom they were met to honour was an elder of the church, and they were commemorating especially, not his century of life, but his half-century as an elder of this congregation. It was his jubilee as a member of Session. He was elected in February, 1855, along with John Gemmill, David Wyllie, William Bicket, Robert Young, and William Fulton. Much to the regret of all, the last-named declined to accept office, as he did again on a later occasion. Mr. Fulton was a most excellent Christian man who had been preses of the congregation for many years. On occasion of that election of elders the Rev. Peter Cairns of Stewarton preached the sermon, choosing his text from Acts vi. 3, “ Look ye out among you seven men of honest report.” Only six elders were then asked for, but remembering who the preacher was, we are quite sure that the sermon in other respects would be suitable to the circumstances. Interest attached to the pulpit intimation calling that meeting, inasmuch as it invited *female* as well as male members to be present, and to take a part in the election. Formerly that privilege was not accorded to women, it being thought that, seeing the meetings were held in the church, to allow them to vote was to infringe the apostle's rule that women should keep silence in the church. Further it was argued that, if the women happened to

be in a majority, they might carry a vote against the men, and so dishonour would be done to another word of Scripture, "I suffer not a woman to usurp authority over a man." It was a pity that more women did not use the privilege they had obtained, and appear in larger numbers at congregational meetings.

When Mr. Fowlds became associated with the Session, the elders then in office were John Dunlop, David Dunlop, Alexander Watt, John Gemmill, James Young, James Boyd, James Dunlop, and Andrew Picken. The first of these, John Dunlop, was at that time within four years of his jubilee, having been elected in 1809 along with seven others, who, however, had all declined office. This jubilee took place in May, 1859, and the following record appears in the minutes:—

The Session, finding that John Dunlop, elder in this congregation, has nearly completed his fifty years in office, and in the useful and honourable discharge of the duties of that office, the Moderator read and presented to him an address expressive of the Session's high esteem of him, and cordial sympathy for him under his increasing infirmities."

There was also another jubilee in the history of the Session, that of John Taylor. There were thus good precedents for taking notice of an elder's fiftieth year of service.

Since its initiation their present purpose had grown in their hands. At first they contemplated presenting to Mr. Fowlds an address, then they found they would have enough money to provide a handsomely illuminated address, and ultimately there was so much generosity shown that they decided to have this public soiree, and to present to Mr. Fowlds a purse of sovereigns together with the address. They were not, as in the case of a previous jubilee of an elder, presenting a Bible, partly because not many years ago a Bible was presented to Mr. Fowlds on the occasion of his golden wedding.

Since then the wife, who had proved a true and faithful helpmeet, for more than fifty years, had been laid to rest. On this occasion of so much interest our friend could not but miss her presence. Her absence, however, was in some measure made up by the loving care and attention of one whom no daughter could have excelled in faithful and tender helpfulness. Mr. Fowlds' family was widely scattered over the world, but they did not forget their old father, and were looking forward to taking part in a centenary celebration in about a year hence.

Mr. Fowlds had always been a loyal son of the church, and was singularly well informed with regard to its history, a considerable part of which lay within his own recollection. He could remember three unions—that of the Burghers and Anti-Burghers in 1820, of the Secession and Relief Churches in 1847, and of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in 1900. He also took a deep interest in the affairs of the country generally, and was well versed in its social and political affairs. When people went to see him, they generally asked if he remembered the battle of Waterloo. Well, of course, he did. but he thought of that battle as ancient history, and was more anxious to discuss the latest news about the "Kirk haunlin'," or about the Army stores scandal, and he could tell them what oats and hay and other feeding stuffs had been sold for by the commissariat department, and what was being paid to buy them back. He was not like some old people who took no interest in anything which did not date back fifty or sixty years.

In conclusion, Mr. Fairlie said that he had left too little time to speak fully of Mr. Fowlds' eminent Christian character. His life on the whole had been peaceful and free from exceptionally great sufferings or sorrows, yet he had been called upon to pass through days of darkness, but even then he was always ready to testify that his joys and comforts had been far more in number than his afflictions. He had borne such trials as had befallen

him with fortitude and resignation, and now, in these far advanced years, he was still a man of true hopefulness, looking forward cheerfully to what might remain of his life here, and trustfully to the unending life hereafter. They hoped that the days that lay before him in this world might be days of peace and comfort, and that in the end he might have the joy of abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of God our Saviour.

Mr. Fairlie then called upon Mr. James Dunlop, of Midland, to present to Mr. Fowlds the congratulatory address, which had been beautifully illuminated by hand in gold, silver, and colours, including in its design a striking portrait of the old man, and a dainty water colour drawing of the church and manse.

In making the presentation Mr. Dunlop said that, while some of his fellow-elders, both through years and experience, were better fitted for this duty, he yielded to no one in his respect and admiration for their grand old man. For fifty years Mr. Fowlds had been a tower of strength to the Session of this congregation. Thirty years before that he was clerk to the managers, and seventy-seven years ago he addressed the Kilmarnock Presbytery as a representative of this congregation in asking for moderation in a call to a minister. Matthew Fowlds, they knew, was a man of no ordinary ability. A lad of brilliant parts, and with only three years at school, he had by his eleventh year progressed so far in the languages as to have read through Ovid and Caesar, and even yet he could run off great screeds of Latin quotations which were bewildering. Dr. Whitelaw had told them what a wonderful man his son, Mr. George Fowlds, M.P., was. To his mind, if Mr. Matthew Fowlds had had the chance of some men there was no position in this realm to which he might not have aspired. While he would have made his mark in any of the professions, he thought in the legal profession he would have been a brilliant luminary, and as a judge his clear penetrating vision, his mastery of grasp, and calm, well-balanced judicial mind would have distinguished

him on the Woolsack. He could not help thinking what a Godsend it would have been if in the year of grace 1904 Matthew Fowlds had been the Lord Chancellor of England. He would go further and say that had the Lord Chancellor—octogenarian as he was—but possessed one hundredth part of the knowledge of Scottish Church law and ecclesiastical history, one hundredth part of the knowledge of Scotsmen and Scottish sentiment; aye, even one hundredth part of the common sense of Matthew Fowlds, what a different state of matters would have prevailed in their beloved Scotland to-day. Tempting as the subject was, time forbade further remark, except to say that in the name of the Session and congregation of this church he had the honour and privilege of presenting Mr. Fowlds with this beautiful illuminated and embellished address. The address was in the following terms:—

TO MATTHEW FOWLDS, GREYSTONE KNOWE, FENWICK.

DEAR SIR,

We, the elders and other members of the Orr Memorial Church, desire most heartily to congratulate you on having completed your fiftieth year of service as an elder in this congregation, and on having entered the hundredth year of your life. Not many are permitted to enjoy so long a term of service, and very few indeed are strengthened to see such an advanced age. So we have special cause for thanksgiving that you, having obtained help of God, continue with us to this day in the enjoyment of all your mental and bodily faculties. As an elder you have always taken a deep interest in the welfare of this congregation, and in that of our whole denomination, with the history of which you are very familiar, having taken part yourself in three of its ecclesiastical unions. You have always been faithful in your attendance at meetings of Session, and also at Presbyteries and Synods, when commissioned to those higher courts of

the Church. In the Session your sound discretion, retentive memory, and accurate knowledge of ecclesiastical rules and forms have been of the greatest assistance. You have ever maintained the most friendly relation with your brother elders, and in private life have displayed the qualities of an upright, consistent Christian. May the closing days of your life be days of peace and preparation for the eternal home, and having served faithfully as an under shepherd may you at last receive from the Chief Shepherd "the crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Signed on behalf of the Session and congregation by

JOHN K. FAIRLIE, Minister.

THOMAS YOUNG, Elder.

JOHN JACK, Elder.

GEORGE SMITH, Elder.

JAMES DUNLOP, Elder.

JAMES LINDSAY, Treasurer.

DAVID MURCHLAND,

Clerk to the Managers.

3rd July, 1905.

In conclusion, Mr. Dunlop said that, although Mr. Fowlds had now reached his hundredth year, they trusted that God in His providence might spare him in all his vigour of mind for some time yet, and when his friends asked them, in the words of Joseph to his brethren, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" they might be able to reply, "Thy servant, our father, is in good health; he is yet alive."

Mr. Thomas W. Orr, in presenting the purse of sovereigns, delivered an interesting address. He said he would not be his father's son if he were not there in the fullest sympathy with the principal business before them that evening. This particular occasion was specially interesting for him, as it was for his brothers and all who were descended from their father. The anthem, "Exalt His Name," sounded a fine keynote—



Matthew Howlds.

Greystoneknowe, Fenwick.

Dear Sir,

The Elders and other Members of the Orr Memorial Church, desire most heartily to congratulate you on having completed your Fiftieth year of service as an Elder in this Congregation, and on having entered the Hundredth year of your life.

Not many are permitted to enjoy so long a term of service, and very few indeed are strengthened to see such an advanced age. So we have special cause for thanksgiving that you, having obtained help of God, continue with us to this day in the enjoyment of all your mental and bodily faculties.

As an Elder you have always taken a deep interest in the welfare of this Congregation, and in that of our whole denomination, with the history of which you are very familiar, having taken part yourself in three of its Ecclesiastical Unions.

You have always been faithful in your attendance at Meetings of Session, and also at Presbyteries and Synods, when commissioned to those higher courts of the Church.

In the Session your sound discretion, retentive memory, and accurate knowledge of ecclesiastical rules and forms have been of the greatest assistance.

You have ever maintained the most friendly relation with your Brethren Elders, and in private life have displayed the qualities of an upright consistent Christian.

May the closing days of your life, be days of peace and preparation for the eternal home, and having served faithfully as an undershepherd may you at last receive from the Chief Shepherd "The crown of glory that fadeeth not away."

Signed in name of the Session and Congregation by

John W. Laidie, Minister.

Thomas Young

Elder.

George Smith

Elder.

John Luck

Elder.

James Glenloph

Elder.

James Lindsay Treasurer.

David Murdoch Clerk to the Managers.

3^d July, 1905.



one that found a response from their venerable friend, in this celebration of the fiftieth year of service to Him, and of entering upon the hundredth year of a life in which His goodness and mercy had been overflowing. He desired to say a word or two on the subject of the important place and power of the elder in Scottish Church history. There were very notable instances in the salient points of our history, when the elders, along with the ministers, came in and saved the land. They had to think of John Knox. If he had been standing alone, or even with the two or three ministers who were with him, what would he have been able to accomplish without stalwart, brave, and tactful men like John Erskine of Dun, and without equally able men like the Earl of Argyle and the Earl of Glencairn? Then, to come to times when a new reformation had to be contended for, when they thought of William Guthrie, who preached within hearing of these walls, and who produced the most wonderful reformation that was ever seen in any parish in Scotland—what would he have been able to effect without his elders—without Sir William Mure of Rowallan and without Captain Paton of Meadowhead? And when they came to the Disruption, there were Chalmers and Cunningham and Candlish, and behind them and beside them there was the strong man of law and sense, Mr. Dunlop, and there was the stronger man of the pen, Hugh Miller, and between them they formed the phalanx that carried all before them. In the history of their beloved Secession, which had been unmistakably as much the work of the elders as of the ministers, the ministers at Gairney Bridge knew that they had the hearts of the stalwart men—farmers, mechanics, shoemakers, and weavers—who stood beside them, and soon the Secession spirit spread over the land. He had an old vision before him of the twelve elders who sat on the crescent seat where the choir were now sitting—those twelve brave men and true who held up the hands and the heart of their pastor. He had the indubitable testimony of his father that they were the stay of the

congregation, and the support and help of the minister. He was always at his best when these twelve elders were near him, and he seemed in touch with them, when he could read their hearts, and feel that they were throbbing in unison and harmony, and the whole place glowed with light divine. These were the elders of his boyish days—they were good men and true, and when they came to the manse, as they did twice a year, about the time of half-yearly Communions, it seemed to ring with their eloquence, with the harmony of good feeling and kindly spirit. They were Greathearts in steadfast friendship, and what Fenwick would have been to him as a boy without these elders he really did not know.

And now he came to speak of his dear and venerable friend, Mr. Fowlds. They would say to him, he had now come to Mizpah, a place of deep and wonderful meaning—Mizpah, where there was testimony to years of faithful work inspired by faith and love. Very significant it was as they read, "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." So might they meet his venerable friend, and so might they lead him to the place of his early vows and consecration—a Bethel of which he could say with Jacob, "I will raise up an altar unto God who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went." Mr. Orr concluded by saying that it was to him a great joy to hand to their dear and venerable friend a substantial token, in current coin of the realm, of the good wishes, the goodwill, and the hearty sympathy which all those present, as well as a goodly number far and near, wished to confer upon him. They wished him all happiness, and trusted that the blessing of God might rest upon him as long as he lived.

Mr. Fowlds, on rising to reply, was received with a hearty outburst of applause. Although looking fresh and well, he was deeply touched, and his voice shook as he gave expression to his gratitude for the kindness of the congregation. "I really don't know what I am to say to you," he said. "I am quite overcome with

so much kindness. I may say that I have been eighty years in the full membership of this church, and that I have occupied all the offices in connection therewith. Since ever I have been associated with the congregation I have always been engaged in something or other. I really cannot reply to all the flattering things that have come from the various speakers—from the Chairman, Dr. Whitelaw, Mr. Orr, and Mr. Dunlop—but I must thank you all for the kindness you have shewn me, and for these very valuable presents. I think I am better not to say much in the meantime. I am very much overcome, and cannot express my feelings. I have only to thank you all very sincerely for the presents you have given me, and for the great kindness you have shewn me throughout all my lifetime. So far as the eldership is concerned I will say, as an old friend of mine used to say, "It is not so much what I have been to the elders, as what the elders have been to me." The elders have been to me exceedingly kind, and they always took my opinions as I gave them. They never ruled over me, and I never tried to rule over them. I must thank you all very sincerely for the great kindness which you have shewn me."

The Rev. Wilson Baird and the Rev. R. M. Wardrop afterwards addressed the meeting, and in the course of the evening the choir, under the leadership of Mr. Dale, rendered several pieces in a very tasteful and pleasing manner.

Votes of thanks were proposed at the close by Mr. William Orr of Glasgow and Mr. David Murchland.

THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION

By Mr. Fowlds' family and friends the 22nd day of May, 1906, was a date long and eagerly anticipated, not without anxiety at times, on which the attainment of his hundred years might be worthily celebrated.

A gracious Providence seemed to smile upon the hopes and plans and prayers which filled the hearts of his family. They were all enabled in health and strength to revisit the old home and to participate in the commemoration. Greystone Knowe assumed unwonted stir and bustle. It had at times the aspect of a small Highland hotel at the height of the season, with all adjacent houses serving as annexes for the overflowing guests.

On the Sabbath preceding the centenary Mr. Fairlie preached an appropriate sermon from these words in John ii. 10, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." He pointed out how true it was in various connections that Christ reverses the usual order of the world. The world generally gives its best first, Christ keeps the best to the last.

In concluding, he said—Our thoughts to-day have been largely of one who in himself illustrates much of what I have been saying, whose hundredth birthday we are hoping to celebrate. We rejoice that all his family (save one) are with him; and that they are able to be present with us to-day, in the place where, for so long, he has regularly and devoutly worshipped God. We thank the great Father for His goodness to him and care over him. We thank Him that He has continued to our friend, in so remarkable a degree, his mental powers and bodily activities. We thank Him more for the influence of his consistent Christian life, and for his usefulness in the congregation. We all congratulate Matthew Fowlds on the attainment of so great an age, and rejoice with him in his joy at seeing all the members of his family gathering from far and near to do him honour, and to manifest their affection for their venerable father.

It seems hardly credible that we should have among us one who was brought up under the ministry of the first pastor of the congregation, and admitted by him to membership; yet such is the fact in regard to Matthew Fowlds. He welcomed the second minister when he as



GRAYSTONE KNOWE, FENWICK, AND MR M. FOWLDS.

*Reproduced from Card of Invitation to
Centenary Dinner, May 22nd, 1946.*

a young man came to Fenwick, and by him he was afterwards ordained to the office of the eldership. He watched him grow old in the service of the Master, and at last pass away to his rest and reward—honoured, revered, and beloved by all. He welcomed the third minister, and for more than a quarter of a century has assisted him by his counsel in the Session, strengthened him by his prayers, and shared with him in the oversight of the congregation.

He has seen many changes, and now is able to look forward without apprehension to the last great change of all. Contemplating the peace and comfort and many joys of his latter days, he is ready, addressing the Master, to exclaim, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now," and, addressing us, who could be better qualified than he to say—

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God ;
See all, nor be afraid.'"

The opening of a tardy Summer seemed to mark the date, 22nd May, 1906, with a fresh burst of sunshine after a season of rain. Many interesting and pleasant reunions had taken place around the kitchen fireside at Greystone Knowe, and at length the gathering at the George Hotel, Kilmarnock, came as the crowning event, unique in many of its elements, of a memorable occasion. The guests of the family assembling to dinner numbered nearly three hundred ladies and gentlemen.

Mr. William Fowlds, Louth, occupied the chair, his father being seated on his right hand, and all the other members of the family were present, viz., Mr. Matthew Fowlds, Mr. Robert Fowlds, and Mr. John Fowlds, from Minnesota, U.S.A. ; Mr. George Fowlds, M.H.R., from Auckland, New Zealand ; and Mrs. Hamilton Handley, from Dailly in our own county.

Provost Hood officiated as croupier. Supporting the Chairman were Sir Joseph Ward, K.C.M.G., and Mr. J. G. W. M. Aitken, M.H.R., from New Zealand; Mr. Thomas W. Orr, London; Rev. J. K. Fairlie and Miss Fairlie, Fenwick; Rev. Dr. Whitelaw and Mrs. Whitelaw, Kilmarnock; Rev. James Barr, B.D., and Mrs. Barr, Glasgow; Rev. Robert Alexander, Dunfermline; Mr. John Brown of the "Emporium," and Mrs. Brown; Mr. John Haggio and Mrs. Haggio; and Mr. George Dunlop, of the "Kilmarnock Standard." Supporting the croupier were Mr. R. M'Nab, M.H.R., from New Zealand; Mr. A. B. Paton, Hareshawmuir; Mr. Hugh Lauder, of the "Emporium," and Mrs. Lauder; Mr. R. Taylor, of Darwhilling; Councillor Blaze, of Louth; Miss Jeanie Clelland, Greystone Knowe; Mr. Wm. Guthrie, of the "Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald"; and Mr. James Dunlop, Midland. The other guests included many leading citizens of Kilmarnock, neighbours of the centenarian from the parish of Fenwick, and friends from all parts of the country. Dinner having been partaken of and the cloth removed,

The Chairman, in proposing "The King," announced that a congratulatory telegram had been received from His Majesty. Lord Knollys telegraphed: "Please convey the King's congratulations to Mr. Matthew Fowlds on the attainment of his hundredth birthday." To that telegram he had sent the following reply: "Father profoundly touched by His Majesty's gracious message, as also whole family and guests at centenary dinner here."

Mr. John Haggio, Town Chamberlain, intimated that letters of apology for absence had been received from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, M.P.; Principal Fairbairn, of Oxford; Mr. William J. Napier, of the Royal Colonial Institute, London; Hon. W. R. Reeves, New Zealand; and many others. A congratulatory telegram was also received from Lord and Lady Onslow. A telegram from friends in Ireland read: "Wish Mr. Fowlds health and strength for many more milestones on the road."

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said he was exceedingly pleased to see his father in that hall, hale, hearty, and well. He was glad to think that all the members of the family were present—five sons and one daughter—and they had come from the ends of the earth to be with their father on this interesting occasion. They were glad to see so many friends and neighbours there to show their respect and esteem for their father. There were many things that he would like to say with regard to the early training of the family at Greystone Knowe. Whenever they were able to walk they had to go to the church on the Sabbath, and it was their privilege to sit under that saintly and devoted man, the Rev. Wm. Orr, whose name is a sweet memory in Fenwick still, and not only in Fenwick but all over the world wherever Fenwick people were to be found. When they went home from church there was a book brought out—the Shorter Catechism, not only to be read, but to be more carefully studied and committed to memory. He deeply regretted that his mother was not with them that night, because for many years she had exercised a great influence on the training of the children in that home. Going on to speak of his father, the Chairman said he had observed in the papers lately that he was described as a staunch Radical and Free Trader. Well, he did not see how he could be anything else than a Free Trader, because he had outlived all competition. He had a complete monopoly in his own profession. He had the open market of the world, and he could command his own price. If he was prepared to take an order for a hundred pairs of blankets that night, he could get his own price. Therefore he did not need protection. The Chairman concluded by extending a very hearty welcome to all the guests.

Rev. Mr. Fairlie, in proposing “Our Guest—Mr. Matthew Fowlds,” said—We are a large company gathered together here this day—larger it would seem than Kilmarnock can conveniently accommodate in one dining hall—and some have come from far, even from

lands beyond the sea that they might be present on this occasion. And why? Because we believe in the sentiment that finds expression in the injunction of the old Book, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honour the face of the old man." And if any one asks further, Why should we honour age? What virtue is there in living long? we answer, length of days affords a presumption at least that the life lived has been a good one, free from those excesses and errors that tend to shorten existence, and we supplement our first text by another, "The hoary head is a crown of glory if it is found in the way of righteousness." There is no doubt of that in regard to Mr. Fowlds; we are honouring one who is not merely an old man but one who is a righteous old man. We honour him because he has displayed throughout so long a life many noble qualities of head and heart. I grant you these qualities have been displayed in a humble sphere. Greystone Knowe is not a palace; the Orr Memorial Church, even by its most enthusiastic admirer, can scarcely be described as a cathedral. But what matters it where the qualities have been displayed? Is virtue less honourable when exemplified by the poor than by the rich? Are diligence and honesty less creditable in the customer weaver than in the merchant prince? Is piety less praiseworthy in a Presbyterian elder than in an Anglican bishop?

" The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

The metal in this case has been tested again and again throughout a long life, and it has never once rung false. We rejoice to learn that the highest in rank in our realm recognises this, and is as glad to-day to join with us in honouring our aged friend as though he were a duke or an earl.

Yet undoubtedly the mere fact that our friend has lived so long deeply impresses us who have been accustomed to think, as the Psalmist thought, of threescore

and ten or fourscore years at the most, as summing up the years of that life of ours which passes swiftly as a weaver's shuttle.

We notice that each one has his own way of trying to bring home to himself what is implied in so great an age. Personally, I feel most impressed by reflecting that when I as a young man was ordained in Fenwick, Matthew Fowlds spoke at the Presbytery dinner in the capacity of the oldest member of Session present. I looked then upon his white hair and venerable face with reverence, and wondered how I could ever presume to preside over a Session in which there were men so greatly my seniors. Quarter of a century has rolled on its way, the young minister's own hair is now getting a little grey, and occasionally he himself is taken, I should say mistaken, for an old man; yet Matthew Fowlds is aye to the fore, and if Fenwick were getting a new minister to-morrow he would be ready once again, as the oldest elder, to welcome him in his turn.

I would speak of Mr. Fowlds as an elder of the church, which office he has held for more than fifty years. No more loyal member of the United Free Church is to be found in Scotland, or one more deeply interested in the ecclesiastical history of his native country. Any day he will go over with you the whole history of the Church of Scotland from the Revolution Settlement to the present time, giving all the dates, and the denominations with the bewildering succession of divisions and unions. He himself has rejoiced over three unions in his own day, and while he deplored the recent decision so adverse to our Church, he never despaired of the Church coming forth triumphantly from her trials.

No man surely more fully possessed the apostolic qualifications for the office of an elder. "Not self-willed," strong willed he may be, having a mind of his own and ready to express it in Session or Presbytery, but no one could ever describe him as "self-willed."

"Not given to wine," but, on the contrary, an abstainer, so long at least as I have known him, and a non-smoker. "Not greedy of filthy lucre," no, but ever eager by hard industry to earn "the glorious privilege of being independent." A canny Scot, after hearing a sermon on Methuselah and his 969 years, remarked, "If that man had onything o' a savin' turn he maun hae laid by a guid pickle siller in his time." But I am sure that even if Mr. Fowlds' age should ultimately rival Methuselah's he will never be one of those who die wickedly rich. "The husband of one wife"—he had more than fifty years of happy wedded life, and his wife died three years ago. "One that ruleth well his own house"—carefully trained at home, his family have been a credit to him, and wherever they are settled in Scotland, England, America, and New Zealand, they have made the family name an honoured name among their neighbours. "Given to hospitality." I and many others have found that there is no more hospitable kitchen than the kitchen at Greystone Knowe. "A good report of them that are without." And here are we to-day with a good report of Matthew Fowlds. "Holding fast the faithful word" is another requirement, to which Mr. Fowlds has been equally true and faithful.

Mr. Fowlds has been a diligent servant of God in the eldership of the Church, faithfully doing his duty in the oversight of the flock, ready to visit the sick and to cheer them, ready to visit the mourners and comfort them, ready to take part in any work in connection with the congregation, always ready to put his ability at the service of the Church. Now he is far advanced in years, marvellously old as it seems to me; and yet he is so bright and cheerful. One asked of an elderly man, "About what age may you be?" "Oh, I'm on the sunny side of seventy." "What! I thought you would have been more than that." "So I am, but still on the sunny side, on the side where Heaven's glory falls more brightly." Our friend is on the bright side

of the century, and there falls on him while he is still with us here the radiance of the other world. Old in years, he is still young in heart, and in the depth of his soul are the eagerness of youth and the strength of manhood, nor has youth more of the warmth of love than glows in his breast to-day. He has had but the one home on earth, and he looks forward now to the one home of all true souls above. He has never, like most of his children, travelled far ; but he has always been a pilgrim and stranger here, and now he looks for the better country, even the heavenly. We honour him for his years—for years that have been spent so nobly ; we honour him because they have been spent in the service of the greatest and best of Masters. I now give you the sentiment of “ Our Guest—the Centenarian.” I am sure that I express the feelings of all when I say we congratulate our friend on the completion of one hundred years, and wish that God in His Providence may spare him with us yet awhile, that his very presence and countenance and gladness of heart may shed their influence and blessing upon us who are younger in years, and who look up with great respect to one who has advanced so far in life’s journey here.

The company then sang two verses of the second Paraphrase, “ O God of Bethel ! ”

Rev. Mr. Barr expressed the great pleasure he had in being present to offer to Mr. Fowlds the congratulations of his neighbours in the homesteads around Grey-stone Knowe, and to assure him of their warm esteem and affectionate regard. He only wished that Mr. Fowlds would let them into the secret of living a hundred years. He had been trying to think out some of the reasons why Mr. Fowlds had managed to complete that long period. He thought that perhaps the soil of Fenwick had something to do with it. His own great-grandfather in Beanscroft had made out ninety-seven years. They knew that it was a soil that produced the strong, stalwart, and long lived men who were called to the front in the great struggles of the past for civil and

religious liberty. Another reason for the great age of Mr. Fowlds was the simple life he had led. A notable Frenchman had written a book entitled "The Simple Life," and his ambition was to transfer something of the simplicity of the rural districts into the rush and roar of city life. Mr. Fowlds had lived a simple, abstinent, and quiet life, and thereby laid the foundation of the health and strength that were not exhausted yet. Mr. Barr here took occasion to say that he thought one of the great problems of the age was the preservation of those simple cothouses that were the glory of our country in a bygone day. We would never solve our great problems in this country until we raised the cry, "Back to the Land."

" Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Another thing that gave Mr. Fowlds health and strength and length of days was that he had always something to do.

" Each morning saw some task begun,
Each evening saw it close,
Something attempted, something done,
Had earned a night's repose."

They did not find that the people who neither toiled nor spun ever reached a hundred years. On the other hand, he might say that Mr. Fowlds had not been overwrought—he was not sweated. If he sweated he had himself to blame. It was the very hard work that was exacted from many in this country that was bringing about shortness of days. When they looked at Mr. Fairlie and himself—overwrought as they were—they could see how they were beginning to turn grey before their time. Another thing that had enabled Mr. Fowlds to live so long was that he had never been called on to lay down his work or retire from it. If he had been in some of the Glasgow warehouses, about forty-five years ago they would have been telling him—as was the case

nowadays—that he was an old man, and they could not have him any longer. Why, at fifty-five their friend was just in his youth; he was just beginning to open out into a fuller and richer life, and grander days. Another reason why he had lived so long was that he had very little to do with doctors and medicines. If he had been a doctor's patient, he would not have survived. And this confirmed what he had already said about the soil of Fenwick. Fenwick had always had the greatest difficulty in maintaining a doctor. The people managed to keep three ministers quite easily, but he had known times when a doctor was not to be found in the parish. Their friend had been careful also to avoid the lawyers. On more than one occasion he had acted as lawyer himself.

Another thing that helped Mr. Fowlds was that he not only kept his body in activity, but he kept his mind at work also. He had a well-informed mind, rich in knowledge of great and lasting books, not knowing anything about the novel that was born yesterday and would die to-morrow, but knowing well the works of Thomas Boston and John Bunyan, and all the great writers that would last for ages to come. Beyond all that he had strong convictions and fixed principles. The blood of the Covenanters was in his veins, and he stood firm and fast by the principles that he so intelligently held. Withal, he had a quaint and quiet humour that came out pleasingly in all his descriptions.

Above all and to crown all, the parish of Fenwick was a parish of great and sacred traditions, and they had heard how true in his home life Mr. Fowlds had been to these. Reference had been made to the Rev. Mr. Orr—a name which was revered in the parish, a name honoured by himself and well remembered, for the second prize he ever received in his life was one that Mr. Orr brought along to Waterside School to be given as a kind of consolation prize to any boy who had not got a prize otherwise. In conclusion, they rejoiced with their friend on attaining this great age, but they

also rejoiced with the family who were there intact—all save that mute shadow which was watching all ; and they were proud to think that the family occupied such high places in different spheres, and were taking prominent parts in the rule of their adopted countries. On behalf of his neighbours he offered Mr. Fowlds the heartiest congratulations, and hoped that he might still have many days before him.

Mr John Brown, on being called upon, said—I esteem it a very high honour indeed to be permitted to take part in the proceedings of an occasion so unique and so interesting, when we are met to celebrate the centenary of our worthy friend, Mr. Matthew Fowlds. There are eminent gentlemen here this evening who from the stores of their intellectual knowledge will no doubt tell us of the wonderful social and political changes, of the triumphs of Art, of the achievements of Science, and of the marvellous progress that has been made in every department of human life during the hundred years that have passed since Mr. Fowlds first saw the light of day ; and there are others again who will speak from intimate personal knowledge, as Mr. Fairlie and Mr. Barr have already done, of the beautiful life which Mr. Fowlds has lived, of the lofty character he has borne, of the honourable part he has played in his own sphere of life, and of the inspiration he has been, not only in his own family, but to many others who have come under his kindly and wholesome influence. It is not my intention, therefore, to detain you with any lengthened remarks. My simple duty is to hand over to Mr. Fowlds a token of regard from a number of his friends and admirers. When it became known that this centenary celebration was to take place, it occurred to several of us that something should be done by way of recognising the auspicious event, and the happy suggestion was made that it would be a most appropriate thing if we could secure a fine painting of Mr. Fowlds at his loom, recently executed by the rising young artist, Mr. Monro S. Orr. No sooner was the idea ventilated

than subscriptions came pouring in upon us, with the result that we have been able to accomplish our purpose, and the coveted picture is now here for presentation to our venerable friend. I have therefore to ask you, Mr. Fowlds, in name of the subscribers, to accept of this painting as a token of their respect and esteem, and in appreciation of your true Scottish character, and the purity and piety of your long life. We trust that in this, the evening of your days, you may be blessed with peace and every comfort, and that you may yet have a goodly time to live in the dear old home of Greystone Knowe, round which for you there cluster memories of the most tender and precious kind. I have exceedingly great pleasure in being the medium of conveying to you this gift, accompanied by the best wishes of the subscribers. Mr. Brown also intimated that the following gifts had been sent for Mr. Fowlds:—Walking stick from Mr. Wesley Spragg, Auckland; walking stick from Messrs. J. & W. Campbell & Co., Glasgow; beautiful embroidered rug from employees of Mr. George Fowlds, Auckland; gold quartz and volcanic stone from Mr. Wm. White, Auckland; wall motto from Mrs. Charles Smith, Auckland; umbrella from Mr. William Fowlds, Louth; and a sum of money from Mrs. Muir, Lonaconing, Maryland, U.S.A.

Mr. Matthew Fowlds, on rising to reply, was received with hearty and prolonged applause. He was looking wonderfully fresh and vigorous, although he appeared to be considerably affected by the enthusiastic reception accorded to him. After pausing for a moment or two to look around the assembled company, he said—I am obliged to you for the presentation you have made to me, and for the extraordinary remarks you have made about my abilities and what not. In the meantime, I am fairly nonplussed and not able to reply to you. But I must say that I thank you exceedingly for that beautiful picture which you have presented to me. Perhaps I should mention some of the things that have happened during the long time I have lived. When I

was a boy there was not a man in Fenwick who was a voter except those that owned the land. But we got a Reform Bill passed, and things are entirely different now. I should like to mention another great reform that we have had since then—I mean the reform of the Post Office. I was speaking to a gentleman the other day, and he had never heard before that in those early days the nobility got all their letters sent through the Post Office without paying anything, but the poor folk had to pay for theirs. It was the aristocracy that made the laws, and they always took care of themselves, and it was very difficult to interfere with their privileges. I myself have paid tenpence for a letter which was not going very far. But I may say that I am ten times dearer for letters now than I was then, for I send and receive far more of them. In the old days you generally had something very important to say when you sent a letter, because it was so costly, but you can write a letter at any time now when the postage is so cheap. The Post Office, in my young days, was sometimes deceived, for carriers picked up bits of bundles and took them to various places. This was against the law, but they did it, and the Government did not manage to catch them. Some of the speakers have been referring to some of the things I have done in my time. Well, I may say that I was greatly handicapped in a way, because by the time my schooling was passed my father died, and when I was fourteen years of age I was left as the eldest of a family of six. That was a terrible handicap. I may say that I never had money all my days, I had just as much as keep me. As some of the speakers have been saying, there have been great changes in my time. In the district that I come from there are two or three places where great changes have taken place. Hillhouse was in two, with two landlords; now it is only one. At Blackwood there were three farms; now it is all in one. At Grassyards there were also three; now there is only one. There are some places gone down altogether in our quarter. In the parish at present there are only

two descendants of inhabitants who were in it when I was a boy. The one is at Beanscroft, and the other is John Wilson, who had to buy a place for himself. But I am afraid I will have to beg your pardon and not say any more. I thank you very cordially for that picture you have presented to me, but as I have no place for it at home, I have been thinking it would be better to put it into the Dick Institute in Kilmarnock, and I beg to ask Provost Hood to accept it from me as a gift to be placed in that building.

Mr. Thomas W. Orr, in proposing the health of "His Kinsmen," referred in appropriate and felicitous terms to the members of the Fowlds family, speaking especially of Mr. George Fowlds, with whom he had long been intimately acquainted. Mr. Orr's remarks were embellished with several apt poetical quotations from the Ayrshire Bard.

Mr. George Fowlds, who was heartily received, said he esteemed it a great honour to have the opportunity of responding to this toast as the youngest member of the first generation of the Fowlds family. The honour was all the greater in respect that the toast had been proposed by a son of that worthy man who for more than fifty years had been his father's minister—aye, more than his minister—his friend, his counsellor; nay, his brother, that man who had left the impress of his character upon all the Fowlds family, and on all the families that had come under his influence in the parish of Fenwick. It was to him (Mr. Fowlds) a source of very great pleasure that Mr. Thomas W. Orr was with them that evening. This was not by any means an occasion when any flowing speech should come or be expected from any sons of the guest of the evening. The feeling of the family ought to be, and it was, one of deep and profound gratitude to God, in that their father had been spared throughout so many years, and that he had been vouchsafed such a large and full measure of health and strength. He could not help feeling how different would have been that night's function if by

his father's side had been his worthy mother. They as children had a great deal to be thankful for to their father, but he was no less certain that they had a great deal to be thankful for to their mother. The influence that she had left upon that home would long be felt. It might be that on the intellectual and physical side they owed most to their father, but there was a warm-heartedness, a glow of enthusiasm that went through everything, that kindled and animated everything which their mother touched, and which he rejoiced to see coming out also in some members of the family. He desired to say a few words respecting three lives that had closely touched his own. Anything of character which he had he owed largely to the teaching of three men. The first, of course, was his father, whose merits they had heard proclaimed that night by other speakers, and which it was unnecessary for him to enlarge further upon. If there was one thing he prized more than another as a heritage from his father, it was his fearless advocacy of everything which he believed to be right. His judgment might have been wrong, but, granted that he had surveyed the position, and come to a conclusion, no fear of earthly loss, no fear of the discouragement or the frowning of those who were supposed to be great, no fear of any pecuniary disadvantages could deter him from the advocacy of that which he believed to be right. There was nothing that he (the speaker) prized more than a little bit of that same character and spirit. His friends who were there from New Zealand, and whom he very heartily welcomed, could bear testimony that what he had adopted from conviction he would be found fighting for, whether it was popular or unpopular, and that no temptation of political preferment had ever been known to sway him from the advocacy of those principles which he believed to be true.

There was another man whose name he wished to mention, and that was his worthy schoolmaster, Mr. Meiklejohn. The boys who had come through Waterside School knew the influence of his character, and the

effect of his teaching. Mr. Meiklejohn was one of the best men he had ever known. The third man he referred to was his old minister, Mr. Orr. He might say, in short, that he got a special physical gift from his father, intellectual development from Mr. Meiklejohn, and spiritual stimulus from the Rev. Mr. Orr. On behalf of the family he desired to thank the company for their presence that evening, and for the kindness and courtesy which many of them had shown to their father while the members of his family were far away. Many of them had gone from Kilmarnock, Glasgow, London, and other places on a pilgrimage to the old home at Grey-stone Knowe, and they had done much to cheer and comfort their father and those who were taking the place of the children. It was hard for the children to go away, and it was hard for the old man that they should have gone so far away, but never a word was said by father or mother to dissuade them from going ; in fact, their mother used to say to them, " If you do the best for yourselves, you will do the best for us."

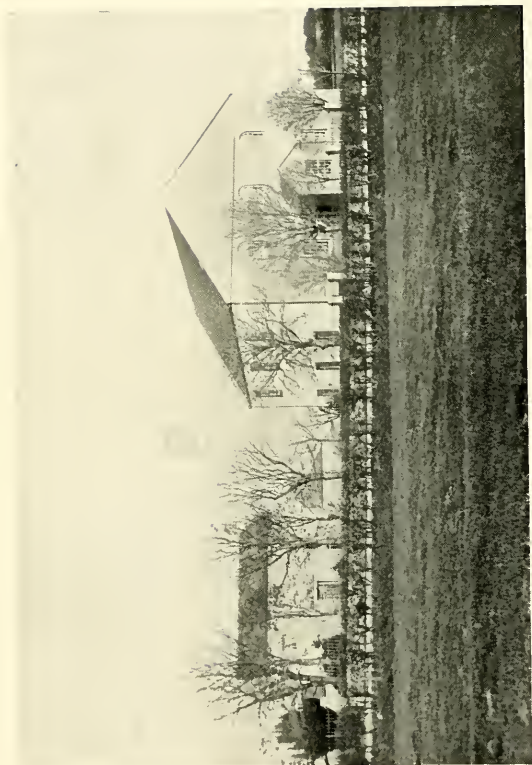
Mr. Fowlds then read a number of telegrams and cablegrams which had been received in the course of the evening. One telegram simply bore: " Psalm xci. 16." The reference is, " With long life will I satisfy him and shew him my salvation." Another telegram read: " One hundred and one profound heartfelt greetings from Louth friends to you and your fortunate guests." The following were the cablegrams:—(1) " The Parliamentary supporters of your son, George Fowlds, M.H.R., congratulate you on having reached the hundredth anniversary of your birthday. They rejoice with you and him in the celebration and send you greetings of heartfelt goodwill." (2) " Congratulations on attaining your centenary. May the Almighty spare you to see your son Premier of New Zealand." (3) " Hearty congratulations. May the great Architect of the universe keep your spirit with us for ever." (4) From Mr. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, addressed

to Mr. George Fowlds : “ Kindly convey to your revered and aged father our heartfelt congratulations and good wishes in connection with the centennial birthday celebrations.” Mr. Fowlds, in concluding, expressed his thanks to Mr. John Brown, Mr. John Haggio, Mr. Hugh Lauder, Mr. M. M. Osborne, and Mr. T. W. Orr, for the great assistance they had given him in making the arrangements for that gathering.

Mr. Matthew Fowlds, jun., on behalf of the family, then presented Miss Jeanie Clelland, who keeps the centenarian's house, with a beautiful gold neck chain as a souvenir of the interesting occasion.

Mr. Aitken, M.H.R., in an able and felicitous speech, proposed “ His Church,” referring to the centenarian's warm attachment to the Orr Memorial congregation at Fenwick, and to his loyal adherence to the United Free Church of Scotland as formed in 1900. Mr. Aitken also took occasion to pay a warm tribute to the personal worth and political ability of Mr. George Fowlds. He coupled the toast with the names of Rev. Dr. Whitelaw and Mr. James Dunlop, Midland.

Rev. Dr. Whitelaw, in replying, said—Before responding to the toast which has been proposed in such admirable terms, or saying anything about Mr. Fowlds' church, I should like, with your permission, to say something about Mr. Fowlds himself. And before I speak in my own name I desire to discharge a duty with which I was entrusted by the Presbytery of Irvine and Kilmarnock, with the United Presbyterian section of which Mr. Fowlds was so long and so honourably connected. That duty is to convey to Mr. Fowlds their congratulations on the long and happy life he has been privileged to enjoy, their appreciation of the valuable services he has been enabled to render within their bounds, their satisfaction in the honour now being paid to him, and their heartfelt wish and prayer that in the evening of life he may be cheered by the love of his family and friends and supported by the favour and blessing of God.



ORR MEMORIAL UNITED FREE CHURCH.

*Reproduced from Card of Invitation to
Centenary Dinner, May 22nd, 1966.*

Speaking for myself, let me say it has been my privilege to count Mr. Fowlds among my friends and acquaintances for upwards of a quarter of a century, and throughout that long period I have never known or heard anything about him except good. I have spoken with him at his church in Fenwick, I have listened to him in the Presbytery at Kilmarnock, and I have foregathered with him on the road when he was travelling home from the market, basket on arm, and I have always found him the same hale and hearty, genial and kindly, happy and contented, wise and sagacious old man—one of Nature's gentlemen, what Marie Corelli calls one of God's good men. To-night I am at a loss whether to wonder most at his length of years, his vigour of mind, or his graciousness of character. What has been the secret of his long life it is not difficult to tell. He is reported to have said himself that before a man can expect to live so long he must have been born in Fenwick, then he must live in Fenwick, and he must not smoke. I frankly recognise the advantage a person has in having been born and in having spent his days among the fresh breezes on the edge of the moor ; but I am disposed to ascribe the longevity of our venerable friend to some other factors besides these—to his plain living, humble disposition, and simple piety. Better even than that, Mr. Fowlds must have cultivated a contented mind and not allowed black care to rob him of that serenity of soul which is indispensable to long life. But best of all, Mr. Fowlds must have learned the secret of a long life from the Old Book, which tells of an elixir vitæ, an elixir of life that has never been surpassed—"What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days that he may see good ? Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile ; depart from evil and do good, seek peace and pursue it."

Thinking of our venerable friend as a man, I regard him as a splendid specimen of the kind of peasantry for which Scotland was distinguished about the beginning and up to the middle of the last century, the sturdy,

stalwart, independent, prudent, cautious, and sagacious chiefs commonly to be found among handloom weavers, who were brought up on "parritch and the Shorter Catechism"—a race of men we can hardly expect to rear again, now that oatmeal has given way to tea and slops, and the Shorter Catechism has been supplanted by "Tit Bits" and penny horrors. As an elder Mr. Fowlds will stand out successfully as a noble sample of the kind of office-bearer the Secession Church of last century produced.

Mr. Fowlds, as you have heard, was born among the Burghers. In 1747 the church of the Erskines divided into two parties concerning the lawfulness of taking the burghess oath, which held those who took it bound to approve of the religion established in the Church of Scotland. The Anti-Burghers thought the oath committed them to approve of the existing Establishment, which they did not, and so they declined to take the oath; the Burghers held that the oath committed them only to approve of the religion without saying anything at all about the Establishment, and they allowed their people to take the oath. When the two parties came together in 1820-1 Mr. Fowlds was a young lad of fourteen. His church then became the United Secession Church. At the mature age of 41 he saw the union of the Seceders and Relievers in 1847, and then entered the United Presbyterian Church. And recently in 1900 he has witnessed the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, so that now his church is the United Free Church of Scotland. Mr. Fowlds has thus had the unique experience of not only living under five British Sovereigns, but of having belonged to four Scottish Churches.

Before I sit down I must be allowed to speak a word about Mr. Fowlds' sons, and in particular about that one who is best known to me—Mr. George, the able and respected Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, who has in filial love returned from that distant colony, the Britain of the Southern

hemisphere, to do honour to his venerable parent. To that parent it must be a joy to see a son not only so successful in life, but so honoured as Mr. George is. A few years ago it was my privilege to visit Wellington and to learn something of the way in which business was conducted in the New Zealand House of Representatives; and in presence of the members of that House who are here to-night, and whose presence is not only a compliment to their colleague, but an honour to his father and a grace to our meeting, in their presence I do not hesitate to say, without any intention to flatter, that I was much impressed by the political ability and oratorical power of the members of that Assembly, and in particular of our friend Mr. Fowlds, whom I heard speak with great eloquence and power for the space of an hour, and I felt somewhat proud to think that he was a Fenwick boy, and that for some time he had been connected with our own King Street Church. To him and to his colleagues I am sure we accord a hearty welcome to the old country, and as hearty a wish that, on returning to the land of their adoption, they may be able to advance it in all that constitutes the material, mental, and moral greatness of a people. New Zealand, I may say, is a delightful country to live in, and a country in which Scotsmen, like Mr. Fowlds and Mr. Aitken, are sure to prosper. It has sunny skies, fertile fields, rich mines, and an enterprising population. Its statesmen are intelligent and capable, its working people are well fed and well paid, and its possibilities of progress are almost unlimited. With more people to cultivate the soil, to work the mines, to manufacture the raw material, and to consume the manufactured articles as well as to develop oversea trade, there is no reason why, before this century has reached its middle course, New Zealand should not be a great and powerful nation.

Mr. James Dunlop, in replying, said—After the able and exhaustive speech to which we have just listened from one so gifted, so learned, and distinguished in divinity and letters as Dr. Whitelaw is, I feel that at

this hour of the evening the most appropriate thing I could do would be to maintain a becoming and eloquent silence. However, as representing the church which Matthew Fowlds helped to build, and the congregation of which he has been an active working member and office-bearer for the past eighty years, I would for one moment crave your kind forbearance. On 6th June, 1782, the people of Fenwick, resenting to a man the patron's nominee, seceded from the Establishment, and formed themselves into a Burgher congregation, which to-day is known as the Orr Memorial United Free Church. The life of Matthew Fowlds is closely interwoven with the history of that church. The church had only exceeded its majority by four years, when the congregation first listened in respectful silence to the voice of Matthew Fowlds. With that independence and outspokenness, characteristic of him all his days, I believe that, when good old Mr. Dewar sprinkled the symbol of baptism on his face, he would resent it with no uncertain or subdued sound. Be that as it may, we know that about eighty years ago he was elected to the important office of clerk to the managers, and that two years later he appeared before the Presbytery as a Commissioner from Fenwick, asking for moderation in a call. Those were stirring times, when a great split in the congregation was threatened through the merits of two rival candidates, Mr. MacKelvie and Mr. Marshall. Largely through Mr. Fowlds' energy and watchfulness the two rival candidates were ultimately departed from, and a happy and harmonious settlement was made when the venerated Rev. William Orr commenced his long and much blessed ministry. Fifty-one years ago Mr. Fowlds was elected an elder, and last year the congregation had the privilege of celebrating his jubilee. The Rev. Mr. Barr has given his opinion that to the soil and fresh air of Fenwick is largely due the longevity, virility, and success of its inhabitants at home and abroad.

I agree with Mr. Aitken, who has so well proposed this toast, that the Church and religious influences have

been more important factors. Nurtured in the Covenanted traditions and the fearless and self-reliant independent principles of the United Presbyterian Church, they have been taught to trust in God only, and never to fear the face of man. When I tell you that you may take Matthew Fowlds and George Fowlds as a fair sample of men in all parts of the world which our church has produced, you will admit that her work as a church has not been in vain, but that she has shared in the Divine blessing.

We hear a great deal about the Church having lost its power. I can remember over thirty years ago the revered Mr. Orr (then approaching his jubilee) and Mr. Matthew Fowlds, his trusty old elder then, commencing their annual pastoral visitation at our house at, I think, seven o'clock in the morning, and it was an examination as well as a visit. I point no moral, but if Dr. Whitelaw had been to follow me I would have propounded the question—Where are the ministers nowadays at seven o'clock in the morning? In conclusion, I have to say that the earnest desire and prayer of every member of the congregation is that he who by his pure, honourable, and upright life has been as a beacon light in the district, may yet be spared to shed that light for some years to come.

Mr. R. M'Nab, M.H.R., in an eloquent and interesting speech, proposed the "Town and Trade of Kilmarnock." In a passing reference to Mr. George Fowlds, he remarked that his influence had been very great in the promotion of common sense legislation on financial lines, and in connection with the licensing question in New Zealand.

Provost Hood, in replying to the toast, thanked Mr. Matthew Fowlds very heartily for being good enough to hand over his portrait to the town of Kilmarnock. He could assure them that as a work of art it would be highly valued by the community and by the many visitors who came to the Dick Institute.

Mr. Robert Taylor, of Darwhilling, proposed "Britons Beyond the Seas." In the course of his

remarks he referred to the fact that Mr. Fowlds and he had been near and friendly neighbours for a period of 54 years. Mr. Fowlds had always been diligent in business, and perhaps one of the secrets of his long life might be found in the old saying that a man was never happier than when he was working. In the district to which he belonged Mr. Fowlds had many good friends and not a single enemy.

Sir Joseph Ward, K.C.M.G., in replying to the toast, delivered an admirable speech, in which he dwelt upon the development of New Zealand and its future possibilities. He referred to Mr. George Fowlds as one of the colony's most respected Parliamentarians, one who had made his way by the strength of his intellect and the integrity of his character. In concluding he extended his congratulations to the veteran guest, and warmly shook him by the hand, amid a hearty round of applause.

Councillor Blaze proposed "The Chairman and the Croupier," and testified to the high estimation in which the Chairman was held in Louth.

During the evening songs were tastefully rendered by Miss Marie Thompson, Miss Ivy Fowlds, and Mr. William Guthrie, the accompaniments being tastefully played by Mr. William Thomson, and Miss Agnes Fowlds contributed a pianoforte solo in an accomplished manner.

The family of Mr. Fowlds, who were the hosts of the festival, extended their thoughtful kindness to the children of Fenwick, Waterside, and Grougar Schools, each scholar receiving, through the teachers, a suitable gift, and also, as a memento of the centenary, a copy of the card of invitation.

Very pleasant, halcyon days, never to be forgotten, followed the centenary celebration, before the members of the Greystone Knowe family were again dispersed to their own homes in their own lands. The venerable head of the house enjoyed them with his wonted serenity and cheerfulness. He had in no way suffered from the

excitement of a celebration that would have proved trying to many a much younger man. There were quiet reunions at the homes of neighbours and relatives—among others at the home of Mr. R. Taylor, J.P., of Darwhilling. At these gatherings the old man was genial and bright—his quaint humour not seldom captivating the company. When some one referred to his hopeful entering upon his second century, he responded, “Yes, I have a better start with this one than I had with the first. I couldna gang alane then ; I can do that noo.”

Mr. Fowlds was very happy in the company of his grandchildren. The sprightliness and vivacity of his intercourse with them formed a fine feature of these halcyon days. He took great delight in their animated and lively conversation, which lent a new colouring and warmth to the old home. His New Zealand granddaughter, Miss Agnes Fowlds, won his heart by her helpful, gentle, and kindly manner with him. This led him, on one occasion, to make this remark to the rest of the family—a kind of audible reflection—“She’s a fine bit lassie, that lassie o’ George’s,” little imagining that she herself was within hearing. The charmingly captivating testimony was treasured, and will long be treasured by her of whom, and by those to whom it was spoken. It is an indication of a genial, responsive spirit, in old age capable of hearty appreciation of the young, and of lively reciprocal intercourse with them.

These halcyon days were “swift winged.” The time soon came for breaking up the happy reunion. It was with keen reluctance, and yet with a sense of gratitude, that the parting time came. But not without the parting benediction of the old man—

“Who proffered up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven’s clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would in the way His wisdom sees the best
For them, and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.”

When all had taken their departure, and the unwonted stir and excitement at Greystone Knowe had given place to its habitual quietude and repose, the old man, in contentment and resignation, resumed the old familiar ways. The words of the poet, with happy exactitude, depict him :—

" In sober state,
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless led
The tenor of his way."

He resumed his loved occupation at the loom, and the simple, frugal habits which were a second nature to him.

The medical adviser of Mr. Fowlds testified that all his vital organs were sound, and in the fine working trim of those of a healthy young man, so that, accidents excepted, there was every reason to anticipate some years yet of healthful and useful life. *Accidents excepted!* Even the young and vigorous have no immunity from them, while, in some respects, they are more likely to befall the aged.

Meantime the weeks and months passed in quiet contentment and in healthful activity. When the loom and the shuttle were at length left silent and at rest, the work of knitting was steadily pursued with nimble hands, his mental forces remaining fresh and active, alert to note all the incidents and interests of the day, near and remote. Mr. Fowlds' last letter, which was penned only three days before the accident happened which brought all his activities to an end, is an ample indication of this :—

GREYSTONE KNOWE, DARWHILLING,

January 25th, 1907.

DEAR MR. ORR,—I received your kind letter saying you were sending a group of the New Zealand Cabinet—one here, and one to Kilmarnock for the Dick Institute. Ours arrived to-day, and I have to

thank you sincerely for it, and have to thank you for the nice frame you have put on it. We have very stormy weather at present, snow falling to-night. I have no news to send but what you will see in the papers—a great calamity in Jamaica—one of our Ayrshire public men lost his life. I am glad to say we are both well, hoping this will find you all the same. With kind regards from us both.

Yours sincerely,

MATTHEW FOWLDS.

CHAPTER VII

CLOSING SCENES

Very keen and deep were the emotions which stirred the hearts of his friends when the tidings came that Matthew Fowlds had breathed his last sigh, in the home which had rejoiced at his birth more than a hundred years before. The impressive and pathetic lines of Mrs. Hemans came up to memory as the sad truth was realised :—

“ Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North Wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death.”

During his long life the attitude of his spirit was that which is described in the words of Job—“ All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.” This feeling had naturally become more marked now that he had finished his last web, and the voice of the loom, his life-long companion, was stilled.

Some words written by his esteemed friend, Mr. John Haggio, who visited him on the two days following the accident which led to his end, will enable the reader to picture the scene, so full of pathos, which drew him to Greystone Knowe, in the fulness of his sympathy for his stricken friend. On the 30th January, 1907, Mr. Haggio thus wrote :—

I happened to be at Greystone Knowe this forenoon when your letter arrived, hence my writing to you at

this time. I am sorry to inform you that our friend Mr. Fowlds met with a somewhat nasty accident yesterday morning, falling on the floor, and was unable to rise, and had to be assisted to his bed.

It appears that his custom is to rise when Jeanie returns from Grassyards with milk. Yesterday morning, however, he rose in her absence, with the result that on her return she found him lying on the floor in a helpless condition.

When I saw him to-day, I was told that he was much better, but I confess that I did not like the look on his face, which may be due to the shock he received from the fall. He recognised me and spoke to me cheerily, and bade me come back again.

The opinion I have formed is that, if he does not require to remain long in bed, he may recover after a few days' rest, but I would be afraid, if he is compelled to be in bed for a considerable time, complications might set in, but we will hope for the best.

On the following day, 1st February, Mr. Haggö wrote again :—

I am sorry to tell you that my worst fears have been realised, and that our venerable friend died last night a few minutes before midnight. I was with him yesterday again and noticed a great change. He had fallen into what I might call a state of torpor. He recognised me, and I heard him pronounce my name, but otherwise his articulation could not be made out.

I waited with Jeanie and a friend who was assisting her, for some time, but could of course do nothing but comfort and cheer them to the best of my ability, which I did. I left him at four o'clock, saying farewell, as I was sure that I would never see him again.

After adding that Mrs. Handling, Mr. Fowlds' daughter, and his son William, from Louth, had both

arrived in time to see their father in life, Mr. Haggio adds :—

I scarcely feel able to write more to-day, as the departure of our friend has been to me as if I have lost one very near and dear to me.

The pitcher goes often to the well but is broken at last.

I shall miss our old friend so much. I esteemed and loved him and found him always interesting, and often impressive.

Yours in sorrow,

JOHN HAGGO.

These words of a staunch and attached friend of Mr. Fowlds are accurately descriptive of the feelings of a wide circle, of the regard and affection in which Mr. Fowlds was held by all who were privileged to hold intercourse with him. Other letters from the Rev. Dr. Lambert, and from Mr. James Dunlop and Mr. M. B. Watt tell of the same strong attachment and deep sympathy. The impressions of the Rev. J. K. Fairlie, his friend and pastor, were likewise recorded in sympathetic letters, but these are fully set forth in the touching description by him of the closing scene given in his funeral sermon.

In Orr Memorial United Free Church on Sabbath, 3rd February, following the day of Mr. Fowlds' death,

Rev. J. K. Fairlie preached from Matt. vi. 10, the second petition of the Lord's prayer—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Towards the close he said—The text from which I have spoken to-day is that which, as you know, would have been my subject in any case, and I little imagined when I began to think about it last week that circumstances would occur which would make it peculiarly appropriate. It seems to me that, in the life of the venerable elder who has passed away from among us, we find a beautiful example of how the will of God should be done by men on earth,

and it remains for us, by our humble acquiescence in the Providence which has called him from our midst, to show that we acknowledge that will as supreme. There should be both the active and the passive acknowledgment of the divine will. There are times when we are called upon to do it, and other times when we are required to bow to it. Of Matthew Fowlds we may confidently say that during his long life he sincerely endeavoured to do the will of God, and was content to do it in the lowly sphere of life in which Providence had placed him.

He was not anxious to glorify God in some great way, but was thankful to serve Him in the humblest way. Yet, when called to duties in a wider sphere than that of his home and ordinary occupation, he was not slow to respond, but took his part in the business of the parish, and interested himself in the affairs of the nation. But his deepest concern was about matters belonging to the Church of Christ in our land. The peace and prosperity of the congregation, in which he was for eighty years a member, for many years a manager, and afterwards, for more than fifty years, an elder, lay very near to his heart. He was greatly interested in our recent election of elders, and was much gratified when he heard that all chosen had accepted office. And it was not this congregation alone that concerned him, but the whole United Church, and the very last question he asked me, just the day before his death, was whether all this trouble about the Kirks had been quite settled yet. So much has been said and written about Matthew Fowlds that it is needless for me now to enter into any details regarding his life or character. He was a man to be respected for his intelligence, honoured for his Christian principle, and loved for his goodness of heart. Apart from the fact that he lived to so great an age, he was a man to be noted and esteemed, and age seemed only to bring out his best qualities.

Some there are whom the cares and trials of a long life make crabbed and sour, but he mellowed with age, like the old violin, whose tone becomes so sweet that

its value is increased a hundredfold, and it seems almost to possess a soul. He had learned "the art of growing old gracefully." Or rather, perhaps, I should say, he possessed the secret of perpetual youth—a strong trust in the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, "who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Many have looked forward to old age with fear, and complained of it when it overtook them, but not he. To grow old is sad indeed, if what you want is to hold back the receding years, to keep your hair from growing white, your eyes from becoming dim, and the wrinkles from chiselling their way across your brow. But, if from all these vicissitudes to which life subjects you, you draw a bit of wisdom, of profit, of goodness, to grow old is to become free and large. One of the most beautiful things in the world is an old person, who, made better by experience—more generous, more charitable—loves mankind in spite of its faults, and admires youth without the slightest tendency to mimic or to envy it. So was it with our friend, as years brought to him a deeper wisdom, and a wider charity, and a broader outlook. He was ready to depart. A few years ago his one earthly wish seemed to be that he might be permitted, God willing, to reach his rooth birthday, and to see once again the faces of his children ; and it was a great joy to him to have all his family gathered round him nine months ago, when so many united to do him honour. After that he could say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word." His hopes and wishes were only regarding the things beyond, if at least he might have an easy passage across the flood to the heavenly side.

And I think this wish was granted also, for it was strange how little he appeared to suffer during the last few days—conscious of other things, he seemed hardly conscious of his pain. In proof of that I may mention that the day after his accident he wished to conduct family worship as usual. The chapter in

ordinary course for the morning was the one we read from the Old Testament, that soul-stirring chapter beginning, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," telling of the passage of the Red Sea, and ending with the words, "They came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters." Then the old man from his bed uplifted his voice in earnest supplication, that the great Jehovah, who of old delivered His people from the oppression of Pharaoh, would deliver him and his from all evil; that He who guided His people by the pillar of cloud and of fire, and led them dry shod through the flood, would conduct them by His counsel in all their earthly journey, and take them every one at last, though it might be as through fire and through water, to a wealthy place—the land of promise.

And had he not a remarkable answer to his prayer, so far as he himself was concerned? Did he not go through the flood almost dry shod? Was not the promise fulfilled in his case, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee?" And has he not reached a better resting place even than Elim with its twelve wells, and three score and ten palm trees—even a place by the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb," where grows the tree of life yielding twelve manner of fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? In the evening again he wished to conduct devotional exercises, and the chapter in ordinary course was read for him, the 14th of Revelation, as far as that verse in the middle of it—"Write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Here the reader's feelings overpowered her voice, and another had to conclude. Then the aged saint once more sought to raise his voice in prayer, but his strength was ebbing fast. He could utter only broken sentences, and the prayer unfinished on earth, passed into the endless praises of the heavenly

city. And we now can say, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." We may have regrets that his days were shortened, as he himself expressed it, by an accidental fall, occurring during the few minutes' absence of one who has long watched over him and cared for him with tenderest affection. But, was it not better that his passing should have been as it was, rather than that he should have lived on to become gradually weaker and weaker in mind and body—a burden to himself and a care to others? We have no regrets, but can cheerfully say, "The will of the Lord be done." Our sympathy goes out to-day to those who mourn a loved father, to those of them at home who have the satisfaction of paying the last tender and sacred rites to the departed, and to those whose homes are far across the sea, and who will hear with tender regret that their aged father no longer occupies his accustomed place by the fireside of the old home in Greystone Knowe. Unlike his children, he knew but one home on earth, and now he has entered the one home of all true souls above. Unlike them he never travelled far in the world, but he was ever a pilgrim and a stranger in the earth, a sojourner with God as all his fathers were. And now he has reached the better country, even the heavenly.

In former days when the spirit of the old Norse hero passed, they laid his body in the galley that had so often borne him to victory, and, trimming the sails to bear the vessel towards the setting sun, sent him out on his last and lonely voyage. So we may think of the aged man, like the sea-king of old, laid to rest in the bosom of his ship, beneath the mast with the golden flag flying above his head, and sent forth alone into the sea of eternity to meet God, and with Him to live for ever.

Speaking to the children from the words—"I have rolled up like a weaver my life; he will cut me off from the loom," Isaiah xxxviii. 12 (revised version), Mr.

Fairlie referred to the fact that Matthew Fowlds, for more than fourscore years, had followed the humble but old and honourable occupation of a handloom weaver—an occupation that had now become so nearly extinct that he feared the children would hardly understand the figure of the text. He then explained how a web was woven, the threads of the warp being attached to the beam, the shuttle shot between them, the web as it was woven wound up on the beam, and, when finished, cut off from the loom. We are all weavers weaving the web of our own life, and every day that passes is like another cast of the shuttle. "Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle" which flies so quickly from side to side that it is difficult for the eye to follow it, and in the case of the power loom quite impossible. Every throw of the shuttle draws a thread after it, and every day, with its thoughts and deeds, makes a part of our life and character. Every sinful word or action is like a tangled yarn or spoiled pattern in the web. We may think the defects and flaws of little consequence when they are, as it were, rolled up on the beam, but one day the web will be cut off, unrolled and inspected, "for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one of us shall give account of himself to God." The faults will not pass unnoticed; God grant they may be forgiven. A few months ago Matthew Fowlds said he had completed his last web; he would never put another in the loom, for he did not want to leave any half-done work. It would be a grand thing if we each could say in the end, "I have left no half-done work"; a grand thing if we could say as Jesus said, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." Our work can never be perfect as His was, yet if we are faithful, trusting Jesus for help to do right and for pardon when we have failed, then may not we too, like Him, in the end say, "It is finished"—the web of life being completed, its pattern a true copy of the perfect example.

THE FUNERAL

MONDAY, 4th FEBRUARY, 1907

It was appropriate that upon the funeral day of one who had seen so many Winters, Nature should have thrown her mantle of white over the upland district, as if to add impressiveness to the occasion. A short service was held at Greystone Knowe, the residence of the deceased. Rev. James Barr, B.D., Glasgow, read the lesson, and Rev. J. K. Fairlie, Fenwick, engaged in prayer. The cortege then wended its way to the Orr Memorial U.F. Church. The coffin, covered with beautiful wreaths, was borne by the office-bearers and deposited in front of the pulpit, on the Communion table beside which Mr. Fowlds had so often stood while discharging his duties as senior elder of the congregation. Rev. Mr. Fairlie presided, and was supported by the Rev. Andrew Burns (parish minister), and Rev. R. M. Wardrop (Guthrie U.F. Church), Fenwick; Rev. Dr. Whitelaw, Kilmarnock; Rev. Wilson Baird, Mauchline; Rev. James Barr, B.D.; and Mr. T. W. Orr. There was a large company of mourners, including a goodly number of ladies, and there were also present the children with their teachers of both Hareshaw and Fenwick Public Schools. The company joined in singing "Our God, our help in ages past." Passages of Scripture were read by Rev. Mr. Wardrop and Rev. Mr. Burns, after which Dr. Whitelaw engaged in prayer.

The hymn, "Now the labourer's task is o'er," was sung, and Rev. Wilson Baird pronounced the benediction. The coffin was then borne back to the hearse, the congregation remaining standing the while, and the organ playing the "Dead March." The company marched four-deep to the cemetery, which is situated on a sloping piece of ground to the north of the village. The coffin

bore the simple intimation: "Matthew Fowlds, born 22nd May, 1806; died 31st January, 1907." The pall-bearers were Mr. William Fowlds, son of deceased; Mr. Handling, son-in-law; Mr. Matthew Handling, grandson; Mr. Fowlds, Hurlford; Mr. T. W. Orr, London; Mr. John Scorgie, stationmaster, Port-Glasgow; Mr. John Howie, Lochgoin; and Mr. Young, Croilburn. From the Centenarian's resting place there is visible a wide stretch of country hallowed by memories of the Covenanters, of whose principles he was such a staunch supporter, and many interesting associations are called up by the names of Greystone Knowe, Midland, Wyllieland, Skernieland, Darwhilling, Horsehill, Berryhill, Aitkenhead, Beanscroft, and Fleminghill—all of which places can be seen from this God's acre. The company was a representative one, including nearly all the neighbouring farmers (many whose fathers and grandfathers had been contemporaries of the deceased), the laird of Darwhilling, Mr. Taylor, now himself a nonagenarian and still as straight and as firm of step as a young soldier; Rev. Dr. Lambert, a noted theologian; Rev. Mr. Barr, son of the late laird of Beanscroft; Rev. Dr. Whitelaw, who took a very warm interest in the Centenarian; Mr. T. W. Orr; Mr. James Dunlop, Midland; Mr. James Dunlop, of Gree; Mr. Gemmill, Aitkenhead; Mr. John Haggio, Town Chamberlain, Kilmarnock; Mr. John Brown, of "The Emporium"; Mr. Matthew B. Watt, retired farmer; Mr. M. M. Osborne, and many others.

AN IMPRESSION

The dominant impression carried with me on coming away from the heart-moving scene was its brightness. Never do I remember my native village so suffused with outward light as during the time when the procession was on the way from Greystone Knowe,

following the earthly remains of our honoured and venerated friend. There was even something phenomenal in its perfectness which filled the heart and soul. On my night journey north I found over Yorkshire and Cumberland hills and moors a deep covering of snow, which the moon was flooding with glorious light. I could not help thinking that Wordsworth's lines—

" But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Will lead thee to thy grave."—

had singular force and propriety as applied to our aged friend, in whose last obsequies it was our errand and our sorrowful privilege to take part. The Sabbath services had in some degree this unwonted brightness. But, after a fresh fall of snow early on Monday, the sun dispersed the leaden clouds, and semi-transparent, lustrous, fleecy cloudlets were mingled with blue sky of infinite depth, until, after midday, in the calm and the brilliance, almost June warmth was experienced. I thought I had seen and studied my beloved native place under every possible phase of sky and landscape. Yet I confess that its aspect upon that memorable day transcended anything which I can recall. Gazing along the road towards Low Fenwick from the upper end of the embankment, its direction about one o'clock was right in line with the sun. The effect was as of a lane of sparkling diamonds bordered by burnished silver. We felt bound at least to be thankful for so celestial a vision, and, to the chief mourners, it must have brought a gleam of cheer and of solace. Had some poet witnessed it, he might well have been inspired to sing us a variant from the well-known song, in some such form as this—

" Now in her white mantle sweet Nature arrays."

But I need not say that the eye sought and found more than that which was manifest to the sense. It was chiefly as the outward and visible symbol of a grander and



FENWICK, 4TH FEBRUARY, 1907

enduring light that the sunlight on the snow spoke to the heart of the mourners.

The gracious sunshine in the soul of our departed friend had long been manifested in fruits of righteousness and peace ; and we could understand more fully the words of Eliphaz—

“ Thou shalt come to thy grave
In a full age :
Like as a shock of corn
Cometh in, in his season.”

The brilliance and the beauty of ripened fruitfulness was what was felt to be the outstanding lesson of a century of stainless and beneficent life. There were other elements that lent impressiveness to the occasion. The school children had been considerably granted a half-holiday, in order that they might witness the funeral of the oldest man in the parish. Their presence and their breathless silence in church, and their orderly formation in the procession to the cemetery was a welcome and appropriate tribute of their veneration for age, and wisdom, and ripeness of character—a proof that their parents and instructors had not let them forget the precept—“Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honour the face of the old man.” Then as the simple coffin with its three beautiful wreaths was borne into the church upon the shoulders of the elders, and laid upon the table he had served worthily for over half-a-century, the large company instinctively rose up and stood, in testimony, eloquent though silent, to his life and work being held by them in grateful memory. The presence and sympathetic participation of all three ministers of the parish, side by side, likewise bore witness to the universality of the respect in which the aged Christian was held. Not soon will Fenwick forget the solid phalanx, not often witnessed, marching with one heart behind the hearse up to the summit of the village, and round and down into the sheltered nook, with Skernieland as its northern rampart, where the new

Cemetery has now become a more hallowed spot than heretofore. The brief but heartfelt prayer in which the old man's loved pastor then closed the solemnities of the day will long live in the memory of the large company from far and near, who slowly dispersed with something of the feeling, if not all the experience, of Jacob when he said, "How dreadful is this place ; this is none other—but the gate of Heaven."

T. W. ORR.



APPENDIX

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

THE FOLLOWING RECORD IS EXTRACTED FROM MARY SMITH'S
BIBLE.

(Mary Smith was the daughter of John Smith, Grassyards, and was married to Matthew Fowlds, the father of the Centenarian. Her Bible is now in possession of her grandson, Matthew Fowlds of Hurlford).

Mary Smith her Holy Bible in Grassyards Parish of Fenwick.

Matthew Fowlds born 22nd May, 1806.

John Fowlds born 6th January 1808.

Mary Fowlds born 30th June 1810.

George Fowlds born 9th July 1812.

Martha Fowlds born 3rd February 1817.

David Smith Fowlds born 12th October 1820.

Matthew Fowlds died September 24th 1820 aged 59 years.

Mary Smith (his widow) died June 13th 1849 aged 66 years.

George Fowlds (their son) died November 26th 1830 aged 18 years.

David Fowlds (their son) died 1852 aged 32 years.

THE LINE OF SUCCESSION OF MR. FOWLDS FROM CAPTAIN JOHN
PATON OF MEADOWLAND.

His daughter Janet Paton married Thomas Taylor of Craigends,
Fenwick.

Their daughter Mary Taylor married James Fowlds of Glaister
in 1725 in pursuance of the Marriage Contract (referred to
by Rev. James Barr, B.D.).

Their Son, Matthew Fowlds,* married Sarah Brown (same
family as the Browns of Whinpark).

Their Son, Matthew Fowlds of Greystone Knowe, married Mary
Smith of Grassyards.

Their Son, Matthew Fowlds (the subject of this memorial),
married Agnes Craig, daughter of William Craig and Janet
Jamieson from Holmes Farm, near Strathaven, 21st August
1846.

THEIR CHILDREN'S BIRTHS ARE THUS RECORDED IN THE GREY-
STONE KNOWE FAMILY BIBLE :—

Matthew born June 10th 1847.

William born April 22nd 1849.

John born August 27th 1851.

Robert born February 10th 1856.

Janet born February 11th 1858.

George born September 15th 1860.

* There was another son, Allan, of the same marriage, who was of Burnhead,
whose son Andrew is well remembered as the venerable headle.

James and John also were sons of the same James Fowlds by a former
marriage.

At the townhead of Hinnich the seventeenth day of April 1788
Twenty ~~five~~ years. It is mutually contracted agreed
officially ended betwixt the parties following. To wit James
Ffoulds in Glaston of Rowallan on the one part and Mary Tailor
lawfull daughter to the decessit Thomas Tailor sometime in
Craigends of Herthawmair with the special advice and consent
of Samuel-falcon her mother on the other part In manner
form & effect as after follows That is to say forasmuch as
The said James foulds & Mary Tailor have conceived an
mutual love and affection each (etc) of them for another
Therefore they hereby accept each other for their lawfull promised
spouses and binds and obliges them by the faith and troth
of their bodies to compleat and solemnize the holy bond of
matrimony with all solemnities requisit and usual
conform to the practises of the Kirk betwixt the date hereof
and the day of next to come or sooner
as the said parties shall think fitt In contemplation of
this which marriage The said James foulds before he
procurer his said future spouse and children that may
be procurer betwixt them If in the first provides to his
Three children of his first-marriage viz James Elze and
Jenat foulds all chaill the sum of Three hundred pounds
Scotts money being one hundred pounds money forsaide to each
of them And binds and obliges him his heirs and successors
 WHATSOEVER to pay the same to them when they attain to the age
of majority or marriage and that in full satisfaction of all that
they can ask or claim of him as his part of his portion natural
or otherwaies either by this man's death or his when it shall
happen & goodwille allwys And in case any or or both of the male
children forsaide shall intyre to see to trades and if it be thought
as reasonable by their friends that they have a part or baill of their
portions for that end Then the said James foulds obliges
him and his forsaids to give it And in the second place the said
James foulds contracts to himself and the said Mary Tailor
his affisat spouse and the children that may be procurer of
the marriage betwixt them all goods and gear debts
and sommes of money come cattell hog's meat sheep forsaight
and plenishing utensells and homewells that he has pertaining
and belonging to him any manner of way And if it shall
happen that he be removed by death before his said spouse
and leave no children of that marriage behind him Then
and in that case he hereby provides to his said future
James foulds
Mary Tailor her warts

Spouse the full and equall half of all his free gear to be disposed of att her pleasure reserving the other half of his gear to be disposed of as he may think fitt And of ther be children one or more existant of the marriage betwixt them, ~~then~~ the said Spouse is only to have the third part of all the free gear And on the other hand the said Mary tailor with consent foresaid contracts to the said said James ffoulds her future husband all goods & gear Debts and sommes of money that she has pertaining and belonging to her or that may fall and accrefe to her any manner of way During the standing of the marriage which provisions mentioned shall stand and be to the said Mary tailor and are by these presents with consent foresaid accepted by her in full satisfaction of all fund or benefit she may ask or claim by or through the doers of the said James ffoulds her future husband And for the more security both parties consents to the registration hereof the Books of Courtell and session or in any other Judges Books convenient Therein to remain for conservation And if need be that letters of homing and other effects used her may be direct here upon in form as effects And for that effect constitutes

the pro^d In witness whereof this and the preceding pages whereof these presents consists was written on stamped paper by Miriam Battatque of Gardvorn Both parties having sub^d the presents both this & the preceding pages att Glaster of Row allan the twenty ninth day of April 1725 twenty fyve years before these witnesses James Brown of townhead of finnick and John Brown po^r of Grassyeards & the said Miriam Battatque.

James Brown witness
John Brown witness
Miriam Battatque witness

James ffoulds
Mary MT tailor
her marks

Acquetted on the outside Contract of Marriage
Betwixt James ffoulds and Mary Taylor 1725.



ROBERT FOWLDS,
1856—1908.

ROBERT FOWLDS

BORN FEBRUARY 10th, 1856; DIED FEBRUARY 18th, 1908.

No break in the circle of the five sons and one daughter born to Matthew Fowlds and Agnes Craig had taken place so long as the father lived. That circle, however, was destined to be broken little more than a year after the old man's death. Robert, the third son, who had spent the last hours of his visit to Grey-stone Knowe in fixing and adjusting his father's last web, died February 18, 1908.

In the article which follows, copied from the "Lincoln County Advertiser," there is ample testimony to the high character he had sustained in the land of his adoption. There is also interesting evidence that the marked characteristics of his father and mother were manifest in his strenuous and honourable career, in the new land, which has attracted so much of Scotland's finest manhood.

Robert Fowlds answered the call of Death and passed to the Great Beyond on February 18th, 1908, in the house of his brother Matthew at Arco, Minnesota. He was taken ill while staying with his brother about Christmas time. An operation was deemed necessary, but proved to be of no avail, death putting an end to his sufferings, which he bore with fortitude.

The last sad rites in his honour were conducted at Arco last Friday afternoon. Rev. H. W. Cannon, pastor of Ivanhoe Methodist Episcopal Church, officiated. Short, impressive ceremonies were held at Matthew Fowlds' residence, north of Arco, and the funeral procession started from there. The Congregational Church was crowded with people, who had come to do honour to their friend and neighbour, and to take a last look at the mortal remains of one they had learned to love and honour. There were several beautiful floral tributes. At the last resting place in the new Arco Cemetery, the body was gently lowered into the grave and farewell words were said. The exercises were carried out as nearly as possible as they had been requested by Mr. Fowlds during the last week of his life, and the choir from Ivanhoe rendered the songs which the departed one had most loved.

The life and work of Robert Fowlds in this community and Lyon County, where he formerly lived, is pointed out as a shining example of the Christian who lives the life he professes. A man of noble, generous impulses, of honour and integrity above and beyond reproach, there was no selfishness or sordidness in his character. He lived and desired only to help those about him. Sorrows he had many—his life was one round of disappointment, but there was never a com-

plaining word, and he was ever the first to lighten the sorrows of others. Those who knew him intimately knew him as a tower of strength, ever counselling higher ambitions and nobler impulses. His life was marked by habits of economy, thrift and industry, and he yet found time to keep in touch with the issues which arose in national and State affairs and the great problems which constantly arise in affairs, of State. He was possessed of strong convictions, yet was not carried away by prejudice or hastily formed conclusions.

He was born at Fenwick, Ayrshire, Scotland, on February 10th, 1856, and grew to manhood there. He emigrated to America, landing in New York on July 15th, 1879. After spending three years in Illinois at various lines of work, he came to Minnesota and engaged in agricultural pursuits, for which he was trained as a boy. He rented a farm for five years and then purchased one in Lyon County. Here he was married to Jean F. Picken, who had come from Scotland to join him. Five sons and one daughter were born to them. They came to Lincoln County in 1902, and for the past several years had resided in the Franzen Farm in Ash Lake township. He was one of the best known farmers in the county, and was actively interested in farmers' co-operative movements, as well as in Christian effort. In September, 1906, he stood as candidate for State Senator, and was acclaimed as amply qualified to represent the district in the Upper House of the great State of Minnesota, but he failed to secure election.

His death at the early age of 52 is deeply lamented by the community at large. The place he has left in the activities of the world will long remain vacant ; few men can fill it as he did.

To his brother at Louth, on hearing of the death of his father, Robert wrote (20th February, 1907) :—

I received your letter of February 2nd a few days ago, bearing the sad news of father's sudden call to come up higher.

On first receiving the news I was profoundly moved. . . .
 But since thinking it over, I have become somewhat reconciled. He had never been a burden either to himself or anyone else. His work was done, and he was suddenly called home. . . .
 I feel now that all is well. He has gone home to his reward, and to meet with loved ones over yonder. We have lost a good father, but our loss is heaven's gain. My prayer is that we, his sons and daughter, may so emulate his life here that when we shall be called away, those we may leave behind us shall have the same blessed assurance that we have gone to the Better Land. . . . His was a long and well-spent life.

O.H.M.S.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

22 MAY, 1906.

To M'Bryde, Orr & Haswell,

Jewin Crescent, E.C.

With reference to your letter, will you please convey the King's congratulations to Mr. Matthew Fowlds on the attainment of his hundredth birthday.

KNOLLYS.

CENTENARY CONGRATULATIONS

From among many letters and messages of congratulation received in connection with the Centenary, the following have been selected for inclusion in this memorial. They indicate the very widespread interest and sympathy which the celebration of the Centenarian's hundredth birthday called forth from the highest in our land, and from many in far distant lands.

10 DOWNING STREET,
WHITEHALL, S.W.
MARCH 17th 1906.

SIR,

I am directed by the Prime Minister to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant and to thank you for the interesting portrait of Mr. Matthew Fowlds, and also the account of this venerable elector which you were good enough to send.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was much interested to read this account of Mr. Fowlds and to see his portrait.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

Thomas W. Orr, Esq.

49 DUNDONALD ROAD,
KILMARNOCK, JUNE 13th, '06.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

Please accept my most sincere, though rather late, congratulations on your hundredth birthday. Long may you be spared with us still, to enjoy the society of your family and of your many friends.

Many thanks for sending Mr. Crawford and myself an invitation to your large dinner party. We were both there and enjoyed it very much, and although we had not the pleasure then of speaking to you personally, we saw you very plainly, and heard your speech, and our voices joined in the cheers which greeted you.

I hope to see you by and bye. Just at present I am rather busy with household cares of many kinds, but I hope to have more leisure soon and then I shall take a run out to Greystone

Knowe. You must have been very proud of your distinguished family and of your telegram from the King himself. Tell Jeanie that I saw her too, and was much pleased that she was remembered on the great occasion also.

With very kindest regards,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

HELEN J. CRAWFORD.

LONACONING, MAY 21, '06.

Mr. Matthew Fowlds,
Scotland.

KIND FRIEND,

I would be pleased to hear from you as to how you are getting along, and also to learn if your son George is with you. I was greatly disappointed by not getting to see him on his way ; for a month I looked for him every day until the time of your one hundredth birthday drew nigh, and then I gave up looking, supposing he had gone some other way.

Allow me to extend to you all our best wishes for a pleasant journey throughout the remaining days of your life. God certainly has been kind to you in granting such a long lease of life. I am pleased to say for myself I am getting along wonderfully well, but find the weight of years weighing heavily upon me. Aunt Lizzie is still able to get around, though getting feeble also. Tell George, if he is there, I would like to see him if his journey brings him at all near our part of the country. I expect by the time this reaches you, you will all be gathered together and enjoying the great blessing of once more looking into each others faces after so long a separation. As we think of this it reminds us of the blessed time to come when we shall all meet in the great life beyond, where there will be no sorrowful partings nor sad farewells. There is to be a time of restoring of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets (Acts iii. 21). In that good time every man shall sit under his own fig tree and none shall harm or molest in all God's holy mountain.

Yours kindly and respectfully,

MRS. MARY MUIR

(Sister of Mrs. Matthew Fowlds).

Lonaconing,
Maryland.

4 STERNHOLD AVENUE,
STREATHAM HILL, S.W.,
LONDON, SATURDAY, 24/3/1906.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

I take the liberty of joining with the Fenwick folks in wishing you a happy birthday—having read with deep interest of your long life in great blessing and happiness, in labour and in love, in much and acceptable work in the Church, and I trust that you and I and all dear to us in the years to come may be kept increasingly near to Him who giveth all—willing strenuously to work, or suffer in loving submission, as He may deem best.

A thought moreover came to me that you might have known my uncle, the late Rev. William Reid, who in the early days of his ministry was an assistant at Fenwick, after of Dundee, and died minister of Collessie Free Church. If you have any remembrance of him it might please you to let me know.

My wife further would be glad to know something more of your work if that is convenient or agreeable to you. I may say to you that I am an old naval surgeon, retired from the service for the last twenty years.

The united welfare of your family must bring you great comfort and thankfulness. Permit me to add my own best of good wishes in every way, remaining yours very faithfully,

JOHN CARMICHAEL REID.

22 FOREST ROAD, WEST,
NOTTINGHAM, MAY 21st, 1906.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

I telegraphed to you from London. It would have been a great honour and pleasure to me to have been present at the dinner in which so many friends unite with his family in celebrating the centenary of your father's birth.

It would have given me special pleasure to propose the toast which you named to me, "Your father's church," which was also the church of my fathers, and especially "that local church" of which your father has been a member and office-bearer during so many of the hundred years in which he has been graciously upheld by God.

The Church in Fenwick—which is associated in my memory with the name of the Rev. Mr. Orr, who often visited the Secession Church in Newmilns when I was a boy—has borne faithful witness to those covenanting principles which were illustriously defended by the heroes and martyrs who worshipped in the moorlands of your parish and joyfully sacrificed their lives for

their faith. The venerable and saintly man whom you reverently honour to-morrow has always seemed to me to have breathed the spirit of those olden times and of the godly men who not only saved the faith of the country, but who set an example of sublime courage and endurance which has thrilled and tempered the souls of their children and of their followers in the Faith. Let us thank God that he made those Scotchmen of the seventeenth century strong and valiant in the hour of our country's peril, and that He has permitted us to see in our old and honoured friend one who was born of that Godly seed, and who has shown us in our time much of the heroic grace, the calm dignity, the patient fidelity, and the unswerving consistency of the fathers of his Church and of the covenanting heroes of Fenwick parish.

With sincere regards to all his family and reverent regard to the honoured friend whose centennial birthday you celebrate,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

(PROFESSOR) J. B. PATON.

27 FOTHERINGAY ROAD,
POLLOKSHIELDS, W.,
GLASGOW, 21ST MAY, 1906.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

As a native of Fenwick, whose ancestors have dwelt there for over two hundred years, I offer you my warmest congratulations on your centenary. I was originally of Gardrumhill, latterly of Moorend. My memory goes back nearly fifty years (long to me, but short compared to you) to the U.P. Church, or "Meeting House," as it was termed, when on a Communion Sabbath I sat in the gallery, and looked with reverence on the faces of our dear and beloved pastor, Mr. Orr; of members of Session, Matthew Fowlds, Andrew Picken, James Dunlop, John Gemmill, Robert Young, etc. "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs."

Would we efface these scenes even if we could? To many in after years their memory has often been as a "wall of fire" to guard them from the tempter's power.

While length of days has been given to you as it is given to few, I may hope that you will still (for a time) be with us here, and during what remains of your earthly pilgrimage, may peace be within your walls, and at eventide may there be light.

I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

PETER G. BARR.

16 BEACONSFIELD PLACE,
ABERDEEN, MAY 21, 1906.

DEAR MR. FOWLS,

I would like to unite with the many friends of yours at home and abroad in offering you heartiest congratulations upon reaching your rooth birthday. I observe from the "Glasgow Herald" that you are still hale and hearty and still following your life-long occupation. May you be as strong spiritually as you have been physically. I have myself seen sixty-three Winters, and when I was born you would not be quite at your prime though thirty-seven years of age. I suppose you would reach your highest strength at fifty or sixty—what might be called your meridian.

I have been a minister in the Granite City for more than thirty-one years. I spent three years while in my teens in New Zealand. After an absence of forty years I revisited it, and incidentally on the public highway met with your son, in company with a great friend of his—a nephew of mine—Robert M'Nab, M.H.R., Knapdale, Mataura. They will be rejoicing with you. It must be a great comfort to you to have a son a Member of the House of Representatives of so promising a country as New Zealand.

A Wigtownshire man as I am, I always feel that I am not far from my ancestral home when I reach Ayrshire. I was within a very little of being an Ayrshire minister, as successor of Bannatyne, Old Cumnock. If my lot had been cast so near my native county I would, long ago, have been personally acquainted with the hero of Fenwick, for whom I wish all the blessings of the Covenant of Love.

Yours faithfully,

ANDREW M'QUEEN, B.D.

162 ST. VINCENT STREET,
GLASGOW, 15 MAY, 1906.

DEAR SIR,

I accept with very special pleasure the invitation to the Centenary Dinner in honour of my much respected friend, Mr. Matthew Fowls; indeed, he was the friend also of my late father, my grandfather, and great-grandfather, and I look forward with much interest to the gathering.

Yours faithfully,

J. LEIPER GEMMILL.

John Haggo, Esq.



SIR JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.

MR. R. McNAB.
MR. M. FOWLES.

HON. GEORGE FOWLES.



PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE.

Wellington, Nov. 4th, 1908.

Hon. G. Fowlds,
Wellington.

Dear Mr Fowlds,

I am very glad to hear that the remarkable career of your father, the late Mr Matthew Fowlds, is to be the subject of a memorial volume by Mr T. W. Orr. The publication will I am sure be heartily welcomed by the many who enjoyed the friendship of your father.

I recall with the greatest pleasure my visit to Kilmarnock, on the occasion of the hundredth birthday of Mr Fowlds, as one of the most interesting ceremonies at which it has been my privilege to be present. I shall not readily forget the vigorous eloquence he displayed in replying to the toast of his health. To me, his speech, dealing as it did with the progress made during his lifetime in education, railway and postal facilities, and all branches of public utility, was full of interest.

From the conversation I had with your father I judged him to be a man of exceptionally keen and clear observation; and the cheerful way in which he responded to the many calls made upon him on that day showed him to be of more than ordinary strength both intellectually and physically.

I had hoped that, as, in spite of his great age, I had left him at Greystone Knowe in "a green old age and looking like the oak, worn but still steady", he would have been some time longer spared to his many friends, and was sorry indeed to hear of the fatal result of the accident which befell him.

Sincerely yours,

13 WILTON STREET,
GLASGOW, 16th MAY, 1906.

Were it possible, Mr. Fowlds, for me to be present, nothing would please me more than to take part in that interesting and historic function in the George Hotel on the 22nd.

Your venerable father is a wonderful old man. He has lived through one of the most notable centuries in the world's history and has been loyal throughout to the principles of civil and religious liberty for which his forefathers fought and bled. In the Parochial Board he vindicated the rights and privileges of the poorer members of the community with a zeal and determination that would not accept defeat, carrying his protest on one occasion to the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh and winning his case.

Not a few of the fathers and mothers in the parish of Fenwick and neighbourhood were evolved from a sturdy, happy-hearted, well-bred race of boys and girls bearing the stamp and impress of the orderly homes in which they were reared. What, my dear sir, do you, your sister and brothers, not owe to the training and discipline in the old home at Greystone Knowe, which nerved you with moral fibre and backbone and fitted you to take your places as useful citizens in the world?

May your dear old father have strength and guidance for the time that remains. May his heart be warmed and his spirit refreshed with the presence of his children and his children's children who have come from far and near to do him honour on his hundredth birthday.

In the gloaming of his long and well-spent life he may with hope and confidence breathe the psalmist's touching prayer—"Cast me not off in time of old age; O God, forsake me not now, when I am old and grey-headed."

For old time's sake,

I am,

My dear George,

Still, as in days gone by,

Your servant and friend,

A. W. MEIKLEJOHN.

(Telegram.)

22nd MAY, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds,
Fenwick.

Best congratulations on your hundredth birthday.

DAVID DUNLOP,
Winslow, Bucks.

(Telegram.)

22nd MAY, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds,
Greystone Knowe,
Fenwick.

Hearty congratulations on your hundredth anniversary.
Wishing all success for to-day's function from the Taylors,
Hyndlands, Glasgow.

(Telegram.)

22nd MAY, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds,
Kilmarnock.

Heartiest congratulations on hundredth birthday.

MR. AND MRS. DUNLOP AND FAMILY.
Seymour Road, Hornsey, London.

(Telegram.)

22nd MAY, 1906.

Fowlds,
George Hotel,
Kilmarnock.

Dear Grandfather, Willie and I congratulate you on your
hundredth birthday. With love. Your grandson,

ROBERT HANDLING,
Moorston.

(Telegram.)

LOUTH, 22nd MAY, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds,
George Hotel,
Kilmarnock.

101 profound heartfelt greetings from Louth friends to you
and fortunate guests.

HILLIER.

GRASSENDALE,
LIVERPOOL, 21ST MAY, 1906.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

I am delighted to be able to join the multitude of those who know and respect you in congratulating you on having completed your centenary. I hope you will have a most happy birthday.

I ordered a copy of the picture of your ancestor, Captain Paton (in the Cave), to be sent to you as my birthday gift. I shall be calling on Messrs. Hugh Paton & Son, Edinburgh, to-morrow, and shall find out then whether it has been sent yet or not. I am sure you will like to have it.

Yours sincerely,

J. R. PATON.

7 GRANVILLE STREET,
GLASGOW, 21ST MAY, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds, Esq.,
George Hotel,
Kilmarnock.

DEAR SIR,

Although a stranger, but of the same uncommon name, let me congratulate you and trust you may see yet many years,

Yours, etc.,

W. M. FOWLDS.

COLONIAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
21ST MAY, 1906.

Mr. Matthew Fowlds,
George Hotel,
Kilmarnock.

DEAR SIR,

Permit me (though a stranger) to offer my sincere and hearty congratulations on this eventful day.

Wishing you every blessing,

Yours truly,

WALTER M. HITCHCOCK (C.M.S.).

WALLACE BUILDINGS,
GREENOCK, 23rd MAY, 1906.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

I am sorry I could not stay to the close of last night's gathering, having to leave by the 9.25 p.m. train to get connection with Greenock, and so had to come away without being able to bid you good-bye, and thank you for having included me—a stranger—among your guests.

I tender my congratulations to the whole of your family, to the sons and daughters having a father so highly esteemed by all after the hard test of time, and to the father, whose children, through his influence, are endeavouring to "hold up their ends of the stick."

Wishing you a safe and pleasant voyage to our distant little New Zealand, with kind regards,

Yours faithfully,

W. H. TIZARD.

FAIR VIEW,
LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE,
MAY 21st, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

Although it is not possible for me to accept your kind invitation for your Centenary Dinner to-morrow, yet I wish to be included among your well-wishers.

We have never met in person, still, somehow or other, I seem to regard you as an old friend and acquaintance. In such a spirit, therefore, I ask you to accept my hearty wishes for many happy returns of your birthday.

What I have heard and read about you makes me eager to find other of our veterans possessing so youthful a spirit. Yours, truly, has been an example that should inspire all who have known you to live the strenuous life. Your public spirit and your loyalty to the Church show that you have realised the larger life of fellowship with God. You have been faithful in that committed to your charge, and the Father has blessed you with an increase of days. I pray, therefore, that all who gather on the morrow with you, at such a unique celebration, may catch something of your fine spirit which shall constrain them to emulate such a noble example as you have set before the world.

May God cause His face to shine upon you and give you peace. May He bless you with an increased portion of the true riches. May He be "light and leading" to you now and for ever.

My wife joins in my prayers and wishes, and we trust that your birthday will be filled with joy.

I am,

Yours in Christian Service,

(Rev.) HUGH PARRY.

137 INGRAM STREET,
GLASGOW, 18th MAY, 1906.

Mr. W. Faulds,
Louth.

DEAR SIR,

Our Mr. G. H. Peters has called our attention to the extremely interesting event taking place in your family in the accomplishment of the centenary of your respected father. We congratulate the old gentleman warmly on this unique occasion, and would be pleased if you would favour us by conveying to him our hearty good wishes. We feel honoured by your request that we should be represented at the function, which takes place in the George Hotel, Kilmarnock, on the 22nd instant, tangibly to give effect to the warmth of feeling evoked by this interesting event. We are sending our Chief Superintendent, who has been in our service for nearly half-a-century, and are advising the Town Chamberlain of Kilmarnock that he will be present. We purpose sending your father a tangible token of our good wishes.

With best respects,

We remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

J. & W. CAMPBELL & CO.

The scholars of the Fenwick Public School, along with their teachers, offer their heartiest congratulations to Mr. Matthew Fowlds on his attaining his hundredth birthday.

They trust that he may still be spared to see a few more returns of his birthday and that God in His goodness will continue to sustain and support him in his declining days and bless him abundantly.

Fenwick,
21st May, 1906.

TO A FATHER ON HIS ATTAINING HIS 100TH YEAR.

" And canst thou, father, for a moment think
That we thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought ! Where'er our steps may roam—
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age."

All that is good and best
I wish thee and thine in
God's name.

" A STRANGER."

Kenwood, Barnton,
Midlothian.

NEW ZEALAND TRIBUTES

A FRAGMENT

God's blessing rests on that hoary head
 Of a hundred years to-day ;
 We list and rejoice to hear his voice
 Tell of God's " Perfect Way,"
 While he sits majestic as a King,
 And over our hearts holds sway.

" Goodness and mercy sure," he says,
 " Have followed all the way ;
 Here I stand, kept by God's hand,"
 A hundred years to-day.
 " My cup with blessing overflows,"
 Guided by Love's pure ray.

.

" The Reaper is ready with His scythe,
 And I am ready too ;
 Through Faith's wide door I see the shore,
 And the glory shining through.
 The Mother awaits me there, my lads,
 And I'll wait there for you."

With kind regards from

M. A. ANDERSON.

Mount Albert,
 Auckland.

(Telegram.)

21ST MAY, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds,
 Greystone Knowe,
 Darwhilling, Kilmarnock.

Cable from New Zealand. Rangiora friends heartily congratulate you on attaining hundredth birthday. Wish you health and strength to pass many more milestones.

BUDDO & BOYD.

WESTMINSTER CHAMBERS,
13 VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, S.W., 14 MAY, 1906.

To Mr. John Haggo,
Kilmarnock.

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely sorry that I cannot accept the very kind invitation of the family of Mr. Matthew Fowlds to be present on the 22nd instant. I need hardly say that it would have given me very great pleasure to make one of the company that will celebrate Mr. Fowlds' one-hundredth birthday. Unfortunately I am engaged both on the 22nd and on the following day, and it will be impossible for me to leave London at that time. All I can do, therefore, is to ask to be allowed to offer my heartiest congratulations to Mr. Fowlds on the very happy occasion to be celebrated.

I can only say that in giving New Zealand a very capable colonist and an honourable and progressive politician, Mr. Fowlds, Senior, has established a claim on the gratitude of the colony which I have the honour to represent in England.

Yours very sincerely,

W. P. REEVES.
(High Commissioner for New Zealand.)

AUCKLAND, N.Z.,
11th APRIL, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

If my memory serves me rightly, the Centenary Celebration in which you are to take part occurs on 23rd May, so that this letter will be in time to enable you to present to your father heartiest and kindest congratulations and good wishes from Mrs. Lyon and myself when the day arrives. Of course we have not seen him, but some memories I have that run a long way back enable me, I think, very fairly to picture him and his surroundings. And at all events, we can cordially respect and honour him for the sterling qualities which he has transmitted to, and no doubt helped to cultivate in, his son whom we do know.

We trust that your gathering may be a very bright and joyous one to you all, and that rich blessing from the Father of us all may rest upon each of you, and especially on him whose hundredth birthday you celebrate.

Yours very truly,

W. H. LYON.



NEW ZEALAND



HELD AT

CHRISTCHURCH

NOVEMBER, 1906, TO APRIL, 1907

CERTIFICATE OF AWARD

GOLD MEDAL.

To *The Kaiairoa Woollen Manufacturing Coy Ltd*

For Flannels Woven by W. Mathew Toulde in his 50 years -

W. Mathew

PRESIDENT.

H. Munro

GENERAL MANAGER

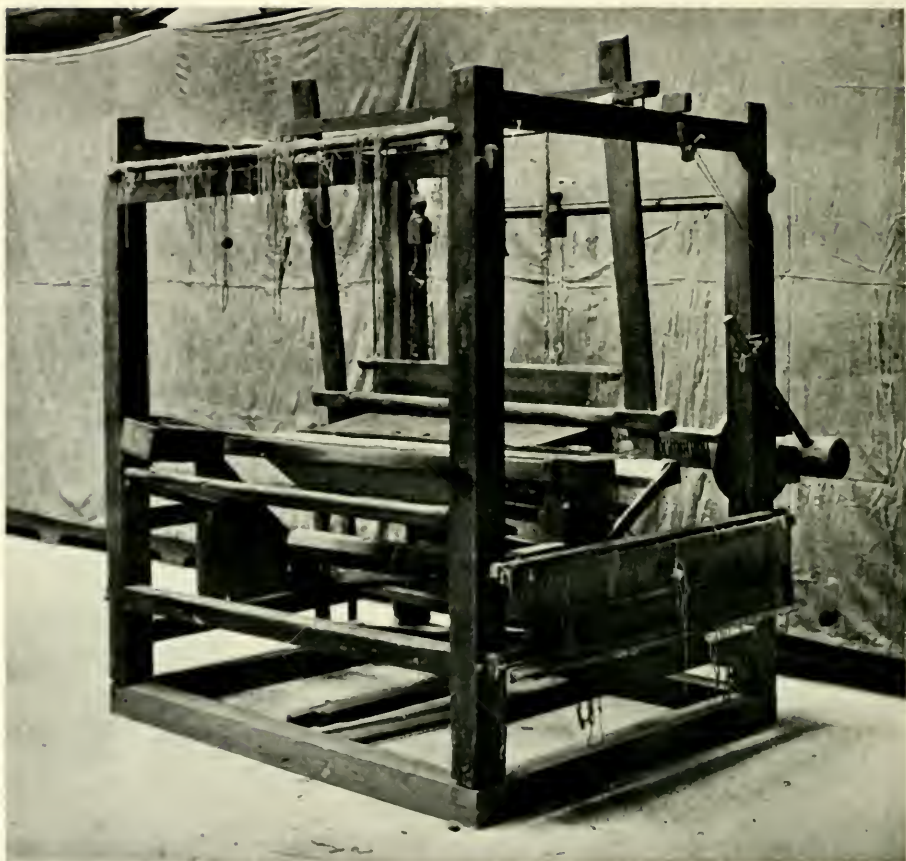




GREYSTONE KNOWE.

From a Photograph by Rev. J. K. Fairlie.

*Reproduced from The Weekly Graphic and
New Zealand Mail of 14th April, 1909.*



OLD LOOM IN AUCKLAND MUSEUM.

From a Photograph by Rev. J. K. Fairlie.

*Reproduced from The Weekly Graphic and
New Zealand Mail of 11th April, 1909.*

(Telegram.)

21st MAY, 1906.

George Fowlds, Esq., of New Zealand,
Fenwick, near Kilmarnock.

Please convey congratulations to your worthy father. Kind regards for yourself.

A. GRANT,
New Zealand Railways.

(Cable from New Zealand.)

22nd MAY, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds,
Greystone Knowe,
Kilmarnock, Glasgow.

The Parliamentary supporters of your worthy son, George Fowlds, Esq., M.H.R., for the Grey Lynn Electorate, New Zealand, congratulate you on having reached the hundredth anniversary of your birthday. They rejoice with you and him in its celebration and send you greetings of heartiest goodwill.

Jenkin, King, Baidon, T. Jenkin, Ellisdon, Stevenson,
Moore, Bradburn, Creamer, Houldsworth, Bellhouse,
White, Chairmen and Secretaries of Committees.

(Cable from New Zealand.)

MAY 22nd, 1906.

Matthew Fowlds,
Greystone Knowe,
Kilmarnock, Glasgow.

Congratulations on attaining your centenary. May the Almighty spare you to see your son Premier of New Zealand.

C. SEXTON,
Auckland.

(Telegram.)

GREYMOUTH,
1 MARCH, 1906.

Robert M'Nab, M.H.R.,
'Frisco Steamer,
Auckland.

Wish you pleasant voyage and safe return. Kindly add my congratulations to Mr. Fowlds on his father attaining his centenary, and give my best wishes for pleasant gathering.

ARTHUR GUINNESS
(Speaker of the House of Representatives,
New Zealand.)

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE,
KILMARNOCK,
4th JUNE, 1906.

DEAR SIR,

I am instructed by the Town Council of this Burgh to return you their best thanks for the handsome gift of your portrait, which has been hung in the Dick Institute, and to express the hope that you may still be spared for many years to come.

Yours truly,

W. MIDDLEMAS.

Mr. Matthew Fowlds,
Greystone Knowe,
Fenwick.

LETTERS OF SYMPATHY AND CONDOLENCE

FEBRUARY, 1907.

The following are selected from very numerous letters received on occasion of Mr. Fowlds' death :—

WALKERFIELD,
JUNIPER GREEN, 1/2/07.

DEAR FRIEND,

Seeing from to-night's "Evening News" a notice of your dear father's death, I ask you to kindly accept of the sympathy of myself and my wife, and will be obliged if you will be so good as to mention this to your brothers and sister. I was just thinking about him to-day and wondering how he was bearing up under this extremely cold weather, but still hoping I would see him at least once again before his final transition. But God has arranged otherwise. Like the Patriarch of old he has gone to his rest full of years and has set us all an example of a simple, faithful life.

Perhaps you may have heard him speak of my wife and me. He used to stay with us in Edinburgh when he came to the Synod meetings. He was very fond of my wife and used to tell her my father and he were born in the same house, their mothers being sisters, but my father died in 1869 in Kilmarnock.

Will you kindly also convey my sympathy to Jeanie (I always forget her surname). This will make a change to her, but I would like to keep in touch with her.

I am just recovering from a severe attack of influenza, and find writing rather a strain, so will you kindly excuse this scrawly, hurried note.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES PATON.

IRVINE BANK,
CROSBY,
NEAR LIVERPOOL,
FEBRUARY 2, '07.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

I am exceedingly grieved to receive your intimation of the death of your excellent and venerable father, and beg

very sincerely to assure you and Jeanie and all the members of the family of my warm sympathy. I do not need to tell you how much I esteemed and admired him, as did all who knew him.

If I had been able, I should certainly have been with you at the funeral on Monday.

Believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

A. B. PATON.

13 HERRIET STREET,
POLLOKSHIELDS,
GLASGOW,
4th FEBRUARY, 1907.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

I have received by this morning's post your mindful invitation to attend the funeral of your dear father.

I regret deeply the accident that has brought to a close the earthly life of my most worthy and venerable friend, and I should have wished to be with you on the sad occasion; but my precarious health and the inclement weather quite forbid it.

Again assuring you of my deep regret and most sincere sympathy.

I am,

Yours very truly,

JOHN MUIR.

(Grandson of Andrew Fowlds.)

TRINITY LODGE,
LOUTH,
FEBRUARY 4, 1907.

DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

Thro' being more or less isolated, I did not hear of your father's death till yesterday afternoon, but feared the news conveyed by the telegram meant something worse. I am afraid perhaps the last hours would be accompanied by suffering, but sincerely hope such was not the case.

If I were inclined to forget the treat of last May, the picture of your father hanging in my hall would prevent my so doing, and now I can hardly believe that he has gone and must ever associate him with that arm chair at Greystone Knowe.

I had in my mind another little trip Kilmarnock way next May 22nd just to wish him happy returns ; but such was not to be it seems.

Of course I have not heard any details, and am anxious to do so, but my mind is carried to that quiet countryside carpeted with beautiful white snow and a sad funeral cortege winding its way down the circuitous lane leading to the kirk on the hillside. I can almost hear the words of the minister, so vivid is my memory of the surroundings there, and although the occasion is a very sad one, I could wish that I had been with you to see the last honour done to one I had such deep respect for. It is pleasing to think that he was spared long enough to see your brother's elevation to Cabinet rank in the New Zealand Government, of which he must have been very proud.

Kindly convey my sympathy to his housekeeper when you write.

With kind regards to all,

Yours sincerely,

E. BROUGHAM BACH.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LOUTH,
FEBRUARY 5th, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. FOWLDS,

My wife and I are in deepest sympathy with you in your sad bereavement. The news came to us a great shock, for it all happened so suddenly, but surely our Times are not in our own hands, and a Sovereign will knows what is best.

It will, undoubtedly, be a great consolation to you to look back upon a life which was not only rich in years, but also replete in fruit-bearing. From all that I read and heard of your father I gather that he was indeed a light shining before men, and his works will, of a surety, follow him.

I had hoped to have had the privilege and pleasure—which I missed last year—of seeing and conversing with him this Summer, for I had purposed passing through Fenwick on my way to the Highlands. But this was not to be, and I am profoundly sorry.

And now, Mr. Fowlds, I think I know you well enough to know that you will have no vain regrets ; sadness and sorrow will naturally fill your heart just now, but I am persuaded that your faith is such that will cause you to see the triumphant issues involved.

The allotted human space had long since been passed, and, as I have said, the years were rich in gracious service.

"To live," with Mr. Fowlds, "was Christ," but to be forever with his Lord is surely the consummation of all his life and hope. There is truth and comfort in these lines of the poet:—

"E'en for the dead I will not bind my soul to grief;
 Death cannot long divide.
 For is it not as though the rose that climbed my garden wall
 Has blossomed on the other side?
 Death doth hide,
 But not divide;
 Thou art but on Christ's other side!
 Thou art with Christ, and Christ with me;
 In Christ united still are we."

May God give His Grace to triumph over the passing sorrow.
 May He cause the light of His Countenance to fall upon you and guide you into the way of peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Read (Mrs. Parry's father and mother) unite with us in deep sympathy with you at this time.

With sincere regards and prayers from my wife and myself to you and Mrs. Fowlds.

Yours, in the service of Christ,

HUGH PARRY.

UNITED FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

PRESBYTERY OF IRVINE AND KILMARNOCK.

GALSTON, FEBRUARY 7, 1907.

DEAR SIR,

I am instructed by my Presbytery to convey to you and other members of your family an expression of their sympathy in the death of your father, Mr. Matthew Fowlds, whom the Presbytery hold in high esteem for his long and consistent life and his manifold services as an Elder in the Orr Memorial Church at Fenwick.

I am, dear Sir,
 Yours faithfully,

J. G. SUTHERLAND,
 Presbytery Clerk.

GREYSTONE KNOWE, FENWICK, AND NEW ZEALAND

Not the least pleasing circumstance connected with the closing period of Mr. Fowlds' life was the whole-hearted way in which so many in New Zealand came to regard him as, in a sense, a possession of their own.

Fenwick folks, who have many kinsmen in the Dominion, have been glad and proud to observe this warm appreciation of their grand old man.

The names of many of our earlier emigrants are held in esteem and affection to this hour.

Their departure occasioned a sense of painful loss to those left at home. Still more painful was the wrench to the hearts of the brave pioneers—the Dickies of Gainhill, the Watts of Glenleitch, Muirs of Skernieland. The taking leave of them on board the crowded sailing vessel at Greenock (with few of the amenities and comforts which are secured to modern voyagers) was a heartrending affair. They sacrificed much for the land of their adoption, and glad are we to know that that goodly land has proved a recompense to them, their children, and children's children.

A steady stream of the best that Fenwick could bestow has followed them. Dunlops of Highfield, worthy of the noble patriarch, John Dunlop of Drumboy; Curries of Blair; Findlays of Grassyards; Galts and Boyds of High Fenwick, Browns, Youngs, Mackerrows, Gemmells, ye are all remembered with sympathy, with pride and with high hope; and every indication of prosperity to your Dominion is a source of joy to Fenwick.

At the Centenary Celebration no fewer than four members of the New Zealand House of Representatives were present, and took prominent share in the proceedings—one of them the present Prime Minister. This brought New Zealand and Fenwick into very warm sympathy. A pleasant souvenir of this remarkable circumstance was secured by a photographic group of Mr. Fowlds with Sir Joseph Ward, the Hon. R. M'Nab, and the Hon. George Fowlds, which readers in New Zealand and at home may be glad to see here reproduced.

The very genial and kindly letter of reminiscence of the gathering, sent by the Dominion's Prime Minister, furnishes another interesting exhibit in this New Zealand collection, as do likewise the numerous tributes addressed by New Zealand friends to the Centenarian.

Through the Kaiapoi Company a gold medal of the Christchurch Exhibition was awarded for the excellence of blankets

woven by Mr. Fowlds in his hundredth year. A reduced *fac-simile* of the Certificate conferring the same finds likewise its natural place here.

The "Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail" of 14th April, 1909, presented its readers with a very admirable "Greystone Knowe" page, from which we are able to reproduce here two illustrations—that of the old home of our Centenarian Weaver (from a photograph by the Rev. J. K. Fairlie), and that of his old loom as it now stands in its new home in Auckland Museum.

Our New Zealand gallery would hardly be complete if it lacked a view of the residence at Mount Albert, Auckland, of the Hon. George Fowlds. Its name, Greystone Knowe, is evidence that its owner has desired to keep fresh in memory and in heart the fine traditions, sacred associations, and healthful influences of the home of his father for more than a hundred years.

THE END.

